

YOUNG WOMEN SUFFER MOST

These Two Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ayer's Cliff, Quebec. — "I have been teaching for three years, and at the end of the year I always feel tired and have no appetite. I was a wful sick each month, too, having pains in my back until sometimes I was obliged to stop working. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I heard many women telling how good it was so I thought it would help me. And it did. Now I take six bottles every year and recommend it to others." — DONALDA FANTEUX, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.

"Unable to Work"
Canning, Nova Scotia. — "I had irregular periods and great suffering at those times, the pains causing vomiting and fainting. I was teaching school and often for some hours I would be unable to attend to my work. Through an advertisement in the papers I knew of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has been of great benefit to me, the troubles being completely relieved." — LAURA J. EATON, Canning, King's County, Nova Scotia.

SMILES
My husband has a perfectly even disposition. He is mad all the time.

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SMILES

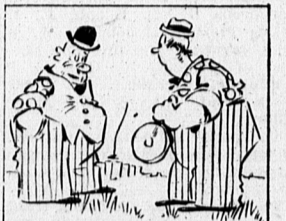


DYED TOO MUCH NOW
"Do you think if I diet it would improve my complexion?"
"It's dyed too much now I think."



HOW ABOUT NOW?
"I was in Chicago a year ago and I met a lot of live people out there."
"Yes, but that was a year ago."

TOO NEAR
"I'm in love with a girl in Nebraska. But I'm really afraid, sir, to ask her. To be my fair bride."
"What's the hitch?" I replied.
"I've a wife, sir, at home in Alaska."



NO STRINGS TO IT
"You're giving me this banjo for Xmas, aren't you?"
"Of course. Why do you ask?"
"I see there're no strings to it."



YES, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD
"He is an auctioneer you know and make a large amount of money every time I conduct a sale."
"She: Well, for crying out loud!"



KNEW IT WEEKS BEFORE
"His store burned last night. I knew it was doomed as soon as I saw it."
"I knew it was doomed week before I saw it."

Mrs. Newly Wed, to the Milkman: "I hope you keep your cows in the pasture."
"Oh, yes."
"Well, I'm so glad. I've heard that pasture-ized milk is the best," lars annually.

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HEARTS AFIRE

By Mae Christie

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Explosion

Peter Armstrong worked incessantly in his laboratory. It was the one love that remained to him in this disturbing, topsyturvy universe.

Time and again he wanted to tell Virginia—gently, for he couldn't bear to hurt a woman—what a stupid blunder their engagement was! But Virginia's facile emotions had been definitely touched. Convinced as she was, she knew that Peter's heart had not yet melted towards her, and—like that type of woman—the 'out-of-reach' had wondrous charm for her.

"I am in love with him," she told Mrs. Vansittart and her friends. "He's the one man in the world for me. I'll never look at anybody else."
"Take care he doesn't!" Mrs. Vansittart had teased. "The old rules of the Game, as played by you, my dear, won't always work with an unknown quantity like Peter Armstrong. He's different."
"It's his very difference that attracts me," said Virginia, for once speaking the truth.

"Plus his indifference," supplemented a candid friend, sotto voce. It was lucky that Virginia didn't hear, for the lady's temper was none too good, of late. The course of true love, with its various bumps and bruises, had jangled her nerves considerably. And—slippery and unreliable herself—she couldn't quite credit the Page child with keeping her promise not to tell about the elm-tree episode!

She—Virginia—had taken the boxes away in her little car, dispatching some of the things to London, and burying the remainder at the bottom of a cupboard in her bedroom at the Towers. She had locked the cupboard carefully, and was trying to replace the stolen goods, cautiously, one by one, when no one was about.

It was a risky and a thankless job, but done it must be, for who knew at what day or hour the prying Page girl might march in to see if the promise had been carried out! Meantime, Peter was distressingly inattentive.
"I told you I wasn't a lady's man," I'm sorry, Virginia, but the leopard cannot change his spots. He had laughed apologetically, though his heart was far from light.
"Perhaps the leopard would like to change his lady-love?" She had suggested, furious within, but trying to seem arch.

He had been unflatteringly silent, then. She had hit the nail too neatly on the head.
"There was no word about a wedding day. But that was the bride's prerogative, wasn't it?"
She broached Mrs. Vansittart on the subject of marriage settlements.
"Not having a mother of my own, I'm sure you'll do it for me?"
"Do what, Virginia?"
"Arrange with Peter about the money he must settle on me dear. A heart-to-heart talk."
"Hand-to-pocket, you mean!" The

Prudence Page had not been far from Pear-Tree Cottage when the accident occurred. The noise of the explosion startled her, filling her with dreadful premonition.
"Peter! The laboratory!" She ran, with love's intuition, straight for the scene of the disaster, arriving there before anyone else had.

The many windows of the laboratory were completely blown away. The garden and the field on which the shed abutted were strewn with broken glass and bits of bottles.
A queer, pungent smell came from within.
Without a moment's hesitation, Prudence tried to force the door open.
It had jammed.
She pushed and thrust in vain. Then, heedless of torn frock and a cut on her foot, she scrambled through a broken window, calling:
"Peter! Peter! Are you there?"
No answer.
She dropped from the window to the stone floor within, and gave a cry, as she saw, amid the wreckage, Peter lying crumpled, face forward, as though, amid disaster, he had tried to save himself.

"Peter!" Prudence rushed to him, and kneeling down—she put her arms about his shoulders. "Peter! Speak to me! Oh, Peter!"
Ghastly silence.
"Peter!" The agonized cry rang through the wrecked shed.
Something warm and wet dripped on her hand, red-coloured. It was blood.
"Peter, dearest!" With a mighty effort she contrived to ease his head round, so that it fell against her shoulder. "Peter, wake

older woman had laughed brusquely. "No, No. I'm not old enough or wise enough to be your mother. And I'm sure you'll strike a much better bargain yourself. I'm no good at haggling."
Virginia had been furious, but had to boot up her wrath, as free board and lodging at Wyndham Towers 'wasn't to be sneezed at,' to use her own poetic phraseology. Besides, it was the only place she could visit in the neighbourhood, and it was near Peter.

She set off for Pear-Tree Cottage, looking very fetching in lavender organdie gown.
Peter was, as usual, hard at work.
"You can't stay long. In a few minutes, I shall be doing rather a risky experiment," said he bluntly. "I'm sure you don't want your hair and eyebrows singed away."
Virginia gave a startled squeal. "You wouldn't be half as handsome with your hair burnt off. Oh, do be careful, Peter darling."
"Peter darling" looked rather grim.

"I thought you were keen about money, Virginia. An inventor in this special line has got to take a heap of risks, as a matter of fact, my invention is practically complete, and only waiting to be patented, but today's work may lead to a vast improvement. See?"
"Financially?" Virginia was all agog. Money did talk. And what did Peter's hair and eyebrows matter, weighed against hard cash!
Peter nodded, a measuring flask in one hand, and a piquette in the other.

"Run along now."
Virginia lingered. Peter somehow made her feel rather small and ignorant.
"You never tell me anything. How do explosions happen, for instance?" (She'd like to blow the Page child sky-high, and quite a lot of other people, too!)
Peter, in a bored manner, and in a school-marm's voice, droned, for her benefit:
"Explosion is the violent expansion taking place as the result of a chemical action between substances existing in close admixture, and having a highly exothermic action on combination. It is started by the application of heat, or of concussion to the mixture. Accidental laboratory explosions are usually due to the formation of two substances in contact with one another, such substances combining exothermically with such violence as to form rapid evolution of gases."

"Stop! Stop!" Virginia put her two hands daintily to her ears. "I don't understand a word of it. I'm off. You'll dine at the Twers tonight, Peter?"
"Yes, if I've finished in time," said the young man absent-mindedly, his thoughts quite evidently not on the young woman before him.
She went away, chagrined, careering at top speed in her car through the country roads.

"What's that?" A dull, muffled roar, like a cannon going off, caused her to pull up sharply, jump out and examine her tyres. "They're all right, and yet I could have sworn one of them had burst!"
Climbing back into the seat, she decided that the noise had been a distant clap of thunder, for the day was sultry.
Little did she guess that at that moment her fiancé, Peter Armstrong, was lying, an inert and helpless mass, upon the floor of his wrecked laboratory!

"An explosion," said the girl quickly. "I'm afraid he's badly hurt."
One of the neighbours, who had a 'ony-top outside,' hurried for the doctor, while the others forced her door, and the big constable, with the help of another man, carried the unconscious Armstrong into the bedroom on the ground floor of Pear-Tree Cottage.
Someone ran for brandy, and old Nanette, wringing her hands, kept wailing:
"He is dead."
"To Prudence, the whole thing was a terrible nightmare. It was only when Janet Mercer, cool and composed, arrived upon the scene, that she went home.
The doctor's diagnosis had been very guarded. Until he'd got a second opinion, one couldn't say the exact extent of the injuries. There were complications. An operation might be necessary. Yes, it was serious. Extremely so. One couldn't tell yet what the chances were. . . .
There were some bad signs. Heart action very feeble. Shock. And danger of collapse, as always in these cases.
The other doctor had been telephoned for, from the local post-office. He was on his way, by car.



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Disappointment In Selection Of Port Churchill

Means The Building Of 90 Additional Miles of Railway And Besides 6 Million Dollars Have Already Been Spent On Port Nelson
WINNIPEG, Aug. 12. — As far as the on-to-the Hudson Bay Association is concerned, changing of the ports at Hudson Bay is a disappointment. H. L. Layet, Vice President, said today in commenting on the announcement that Frederick Palmer, consulting engineer, and Hon. Charles A. Dun-

Disappointment In Selection Of Port Churchill

ing, Minister of Railways, favored Churchill as the logical terminus of the railway instead of Port Nelson.
The association had several reasons for being surprised at the decision. Mr. Layet said it would be at least two years, he thought, before the territory between Limestone and Churchill, the territory surveyed for a possible railroad, would be ready for a road bed because the country was wet and marshy. The association also felt that the change in policy involved construction of 90 additional miles of steel, whereas only 60 miles remained to complete the railway to Port Nelson; also six million dollars had been spent on Port Nelson harbor.
Mr. Layet referred to the report of W. A. Howden, chief engineer of the Department of Railways,

Disappointment In Selection Of Port Churchill

who gave evidence before the Senate Committee in 1920, setting forth the advantages of making Port Nelson the Hudson Bay port.
NEARLY REFUSED PRINCE'S REQUEST
OSHAWA, Aug. 13.—Sergeant F. W. Brown, postman, who because of saving the Prince of Wales' life when the Prince was four years old, was invited to meet the Prince at government house garden party, nearly refused the Prince's invitation to be present.
Brown owns no morning dress or silk hat and he felt that he should not appear before the prince without them.
Had it not been for the kindness of an Oshawa citizen, who loaned the necessary dress Sergeant Brown would have missed what was one of the outstanding events of his life.

Disappointment In Selection Of Port Churchill

They would telegraph to town for an eminent surgeon, if second opinion advised it.
Prudence, her head full of the doctor's disjointed gruff talk, walked with leaden feet towards her home. "The news had spread, and her mother was at the garden gate, looking very anxious."
"Poor Mr. Armstrong!"
"He's still living," breathed Prudence, speaking as though she were in a sort of trance. "Janet Mercer is undertaking the case, and they've telegraphed for a night nurse, too. Lord Cumberland was passing in his racing-car. . . . he knows Peter. . . . he says he'll get the best that's to be had, doctors, surgeons, nurses and all. Everything is being done."
At half-past nine that night, when the night nurse came on duty, Janet Mercer came to Green Gables for a breath of air.
"He's been partly conscious, partly delirious, but there's hope," she said to trembling Prudence. Then she added, anxiously: "The worst trouble's with his eyes."
"What?"
"Yes. The explosion was a very bad one."
"Can—can he see?" asked Prudence, thunderstruck.
(To Be Continued.)

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—By Arthur Chapouille