

TORTURED BY KIDNEY TROUBLE

Quickly Relieved By Short Treatment With "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MADAM LALONDE

170 CHAMPLAIN ST., MONTREAL, P.Q. "I am writing to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This fruit medicine relieved me when I had given up all hope of recovering my health.

"I suffered terribly from Kidney Trouble, Dyspepsia and Weakness. I had these troubles for years and all the medicine I took did not do me any good.

"I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' and I tried them. After I had taken a few boxes, I was entirely relieved of the Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia, and had gained in strength.

"I hope those who suffer with Kidney Trouble, Dyspepsia and Weakness will take 'Fruit-a-tives' to recover their health."

JEANNETTE LALONDE.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

GOLD ATTRACTING DIVERS

Placer miners are going after gold on the bed of the upper Fraser river, and wearing diving suits to it, according to the reports reaching Vancouver from the interior of British Columbia. Two gangs of deep sea miners already are at work at Lillooet and at the confluence of the Chilcotin and Fraser rivers. Each outfit, working a three-hour day in all, is said to be getting from \$700 to \$1,000 a day in their "pokes."

Some enthusiastic prospectors are claiming that if the Fraser could only be diverted for a hundred miles Britains war debt would be wiped out in six months with the gold which could be picked up in its bed by hand.

The use of the aeroplane in prospecting on mountain claims also has been tried up there with success.

A Sweetheart at Thirty

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S TRANSFORMATION

By Marion Rubincam

BUD

Chapter 26 "We're here Aunt Enid! Isn't it funny? I said turning to me as the passengers began gathering up wraps and baggage and filing out of the train.

We assembled all our belongings, and we had quite a few things. A trunkful was somewhere on the train, a possession of my mother's, strong enough but rather curious looking nowadays. And we had a huge canvas suitcase a large cardboard box and several paper covered bundles. One bundle contained sandwiches, jam and several other things of the sort, put up by our Hartford friends for us to eat for lunch. Vi's books, every bit of clothing we possessed, including things to be made over were in our bundles besides these a huge quilt was in the trunk.

"Wherever you'll be, you won't be warm enough this winter," Esther said as she helped us pack. Colored men were lying about calling "Porter, porter" and helping the other men with their suitcases. Two of them came up to us, "Carry your things?" they asked.

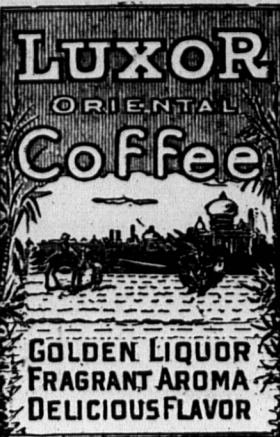
"Thank you," I said and let them shoulder all our possessions. "Aren't they polite?" Vi whispered. We followed them down the long platform and through the stone archway. Then she said aloud for the first time, though the thought that had been in her mind all along.

"Do you think Bud will be here?" But she did not hear my answer. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes a blue blaze. She looked barely 15, her gold hair tucked up under her little round hat—an old one of Laura's retimmed with ribbon from a dress. She wore a blue suit we had made at home during the summer, which then thought quite grand.

Through the stone archway we went, past the rope behind which was a line of people. Suddenly a young man darted out from the crowd, and came towards us.

"Bud!" Violet cried. Something in her voice made my heart ache. It had in it all the joy that only reunion can bring, that only youth can feel. It had a little catch in it as though the girl had waited almost too long for this moment.

Yet such is the self-conscious



LUXOR COFFEE

GOLDEN LIQUOR FRAGRANT AROMA DELICIOUS FLAVOR

instinct that comes up in us in a crowd. Violet simply held out her hand to the boy. But for a moment they stood and looked into each others eyes, and no words were necessary. The porters put down the packages.

"Thank you," I said, "you're very kind."

And still they stayed. In my ignorance I wondered why. Then Bud came to the earth from the heaven of Violet's blue eyes, and boy-like he laughed. He put his hand in his pocket and handed some money to each of the men, and with pleased expressions they melted into the crowd.

"Oh that was it," I said. It was my first city experience.

"Well, Aunt Enid, I'm glad to see you." He turned to me for the first time, his hand out. Then he picked up as many of our bundles as he could and led the way through the station.

But neither Violet or I could go very fast. Everything was so new and strange and huge to us. I have since come into New York from every possible angle, I have seen the irregular skyline from the New Jersey river front; I have watched the huge, unbelievable mass of buildings in the lower island from the harbor; but nothing has surpassed my first impression as we walked behind Bud through that enormous station, with gold stars pointed on its ceiling, and windows so huge that corridors are laid between the outer and inner pines and men walk along them at various floors looking like queer little black spiders.

But Bud would not let us stay too long, and finally we found ourselves in a tiny restaurant across the street from the station.

"I can't stay long," he explained. "This is my lunch hour, and I got half an hour's leave to meet

you. You'll want something to eat too." "We have lunch," I began. "Not here," he said, a look of alarm on his face as he saw my hand go to a bundle. And he ordered for all of us.

He scarcely took his eyes from Violet and I don't think she looked at anything but him. Manlike, he ate heartily, but Violet was far too happy and excited to be able to taste food. I kept silent and watched.

I had never seen him so well dressed, and good clothes became him. But was rather a handsome chap with gray eyes that were fairly large for a man, an excellent profile that carried strength in every line—except for a little softness in the curve of the chin—and hair as straight and as brown as could be. He was unusually tall and he had that leanness that I have sometimes heard described as "Western" because so many Western men have this long lean body.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

"I'm in a broker's office now," he said. It's a new place and I like it and think I'm going to stay. I'll tell you the funny way I happened to get it later for I was fired from my last place. That's why I don't want to overstay my lunch time.

We got up and gathered again our packages. Bud promised to see about our trunk—and telling us how to reach the address we had, he dashed away from us, promising to come after dinner.

So Violet and I were left alone at last in the city!

TIMID ADVENTURES

Chapter 27 My eyes saw only the confusion of buildings and people, but Violet's held the reflection of Bud's figure as it disappeared through a subway entrance.

"He said to take the Third Avenue Elevated, to—where was it?" I asked Vi.

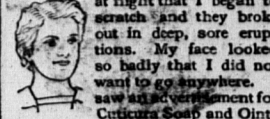
She looked at the slip of paper in her hand. It had the address of the place we were to go to first—a rooming house far up in the Bronx. We did not know then whether that was part of the city or not. Miss Manx had written to the Y. W. C. A. for it and this place they had assured was the cheapest good place on their list—and that it had been investigated and was quite all right for us.

"Can I help you?" We both turned at the voice. A kindly, middle-aged woman stood before us, looking at us smilingly. I thought it was a friendly smile and I still think it was, though there must have been amusement with it too.

"How do we get there?" I held out the paper to her. And she gave us long directions until we felt sure how we were to go.

Mrs. Geo. Warman Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

"I had a breaking out of pimples on my face which irritated so much at night that I began to scratch and they broke out in deep, sore eruptions. My face looked so badly that I did not want to go anywhere. I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I bought them. After using one and a half boxes of Cuticura Ointment, with the Cuticura Soap, I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Geo. Warman, 13 Duchess St., Toronto, Ont.



Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. The Soap to cleanse, purify and beautify, the Ointment to soften, soothe and heal and the Talcum to powder and perfume.

The ride was of course an amazing thing. But then, we were already becoming used to amusements. We had seen massed houses, millions of them apparently, and miles of roofs from the window of the train. The ride on the elevated railroad was only a continuation of this.

Eventually we found the place, a four story house set in the centre of a block, some little distance from the elevated station. At each corner stood a tall apartment house, and from almost every window protruded either a mattress or a woman's head. The streets were full of people.

That was the hardest thing to get used to—the eternal swarms of people, all of them strange, where we came from, we knew every soul for miles about. Not only that, we knew all our neighbors' names—we even recognized the characteristic hoofbeats of certain teams as they drove by!

"There goes the doctor," one of us would say, as a certain heavy plodding hoofbeat was heard. Or "There goes Mr. Murray," when a smart little tap-tapping came to our ears and we knew Murray's brown pony was driving the family bus.

But here again.

Certainly Violet and I were lost in a big city.

We rang the bell and finally we were admitted by a middle-aged woman with an eternally tired expression of face.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Tupper," she told us, taking the slip of paper we held out. "So the Y. W. sent you here. Well, they didn't let me know. They usually do. But I guess it's all right. I've a room anyway. It's not much but it's large enough for you both."

She talked in queer short sentences, with pauses between each sentence as though the effort to let out the few words almost exhausted her.

"I don't mind what sort of a room it is," Violet ventured. It seemed the proper thing to say. Esther had cautioned me on this point. Mrs. Tupper turned a tired eye on me. I felt she would have been resentful of this remark had she not been so near exhaustion.

"All my rooms are clean. The Y. W. usually sends me more beds. This room was \$4.50. But it's now for two people. The rent's gone' up. So I have to raise my prices."

She went ahead of us up the stairs. Presently she opened a door and we found ourselves in a large room, with a high ceiling, and a double bed of white enamel. There was one window, tall and thin, that opened towards the back and gave us a narrow view of some yards. There was a high, varnished oak bureau, a wash stand with a towel tacked against the wall behind it, a small square table with legs that seemed to meet in a point directly under the table's top. And there were two chairs.

"It's a nice room," Mrs. Tupper defended it against our silence.

"I just put in my best curtains. They was my best. But after that I rented the parlor. I brought the pair of them here. The ladies in the parlor had their own."

"But—if a—if a young gentleman comes to see—to see us, where shall I bring him?" Violet asked looking in alarm from the lace curtains to the lady.

"You can bring him here I suppose," Mrs. Tupper answered. "I got to rent out my parlor. I got to make all my roomy pay. I rent only to nice people. Nice people are nice anywhere. That's what I say. So you can bring your gentleman friend to your room. Besides your mother's with you. I never rent except to nice people. The rent's in advance."

I paid her and she left. Violet waited till she was safely out, then she collapsed on the bed, her handkerchief to her mouth, almost convulsed with laughter. I turned from my contemplation of the dreary room to this girl who was always like something a little. I smiled a little too.

"Oh Aunt Enid, isn't it a dreadful place! But isn't she funny?" The girl gasped. "Nice people are nice anywhere she might think. 'Oh dear! Well I'm glad she thinks we're nice.'"

She got up, her cheeks still pink from her laughing. We stood and looked carefully at our new room, taking in all its details. Here we were, at last! And now what adventures would we have, timid souls that we were.

"We'll see the city," Violet remarked. "Suppose we get lost? I was in sudden terror. For the city seemed limitless."

"We won't," Violet assured me soothingly. Suddenly she assumed the grown up protective air. I was the old aunt who feared to go about in strange places.

"If we do," she said, "we'll ask you remember how kind that woman was that directed us up here. You know," she took on a new tone, as though the idea had just occurred to her. "I don't believe the city is a great terrible dragon ready to grab and devour every weak little person that comes to it. I believe its just as kind as Henry Falls and as obliging. Only it has much more to talk about."

It was the first of Violet's philosophy about the city. She had a keen insight, which developed as she went along. I rarely found her judgment wrong.

Our first walk was a bit timid though. We carefully wrote down the names of the streets as we passed them, and when we had walked an hour, we came back over the same streets, following the list we had made. It was late afternoon when we got in again. Some of the other people who roomed in the house were sitting on the steps leading from the front door to the pavement—a long flight of steps, for this place had been built in the days when New York and Brooklyn were deluged with tall "brown stone fronts." They looked at us frankly and curiously as we passed; and one girl, who seemed to me to look very smart, turned her head aside and laughed in her handkerchief.

We went up the inside steps, passing our landlady.

"Say, Ma Tupper, who are the rubbers you put in?" we heard the girl ask.

"Yeah, where did you get the hicks? A man's voice chimed in. Violet turned to me in our room white faced.

"Do we look as bad as that Aunt Enid?" she asked.

"Don't mind them, they were just rude people," I tried to make my own voice sound casual, so she wouldn't think I minded.

"I don't mind," Violet answered calmly. Of course it was rude, but we can't prevent people from thinking. And if they think us rubes and hicks, we must look like it."

She went over to the glass studying herself carefully.

"I thought my suit was very stylish," she said. But it must look funny beside that girl's. I felt so funny passing those strange people—I didn't dare look at the difference."

And that became the keynote of our whole point of view in the city. What we did not know, we promptly investigated—and the innumerable details we found were amazing.

However, that afternoon, or rather early that evening, we ate for our supper the lunch of sandwiches and jam packed for us by our friends in Hartford. The expressman brought the trunk, and Bud came for his first real visit. He brought and evening paper and I managed, by sitting off at one side, and reading this, to leave the two of them as much alone as possible. The paper itself was a revelation and a delight to me. I rarely saw the country journal that Jim subscribed for.

"Look at this VI," I said, after a time I passed the paper to her. It was a little world, condensed into print, it told of a marriage of a multi-millionaire's daughter. It described how a woman had killed herself in the slums because her husband left her. It told how \$300,000 worth of jewels had been stolen from a wealthy yachtman's wife, and it had an article on how a family of six could live on \$25 a week.

It gave columns to a tangle in international politics. It had a story written by a man who flew an airplane from San Francisco to St. Louis to deliver a love letter to a friend to a hospital. It had in it war, diplomacy, the past the future the ever wonderful and amazing present; it had all life from the social events of the police record of the crimes of the poor. It told of a boy of nine who had passed all his college entrance examinations, and the record of a man of 60, arrested as a murderer, whose mind had never developed beyond the age of 12.

"I never knew there was so much in life," I ventured.

"Oh wait till you see it all happen with your eyes," Bud laughed.

"And the money, everyone seems to have," I went on. "Money!" he said, with a little contempt, looking at the story of the \$300,000 theft. Money's just like so much beans when you see a lot of it. Why, I've carried \$300,000 with me many a day."

We looked our surprise.

"In a leather case strapped to my waist," he explained. "Bonds and securities from my firm to other firms, or to banks and trust companies."

"Oh, I'm afraid for you to go about with so much money," Vi said, sudden terror in her eyes. "Suppose something should happen!"

Chapter 29

Next day we indulged ourselves in the great luxury of lying in bed until 8 o'clock. Then we ate the rest of the sandwiches and jam. But both of us had country appetites, and we had money enough for simple necessities, so we went out and walked until we found a little restaurant and there we ordered eggs and coffee, and felt better.

This is the second time I've been in a restaurant," Violet whispered, looking about the little place curiously. That one had

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You will like it. If not return it and get your money back.

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took us to yesterday was the first. Just wait, Aunt Enid, before we're through, we're going to eat in every restaurant in New York.

"Good Lord, child, what an ambition!" I smiled.

This day was given over to sightseeing. But first we went back to our room.

"It is dingy," I said, critical for the first time. I looked about at the faded tan walls, the ornate lace curtains, clean enough, but with a gray cleanliness that would have shocked the soul of any country woman brought up to sun bleached clothes. They were torn, too, in dozens of places, and the carpet was worn to the back. It too was a faded tan, and the counterpane had also the gray cleanliness that comes from careless washing and indoor drying.

Violet went to the closet, and took down my Paisley shawl, a possession of my mother's. She mounted a chair and hung it against the wall, twisting the fringe in some tacks to catch it. It made a gorgeous pattern on the long bare wall.

Then the girl, her eyes alight with inspiration, unpacked the big patchwork quilt Esther had sent with us, and flung it over the terrible counterpane. Last, she brought out her yellow silk scarf and threw it over the bureau.

"There," she said, stepping back to view the room.

And indeed, with those three things she had turned a piece of dingy ugliness into one of life and color.

Violet had the home-maker's touch. It was never so much what she did, as the way she did it. The woman who has that touch, carries a magic wand with her, to transform barren places into comfortable homes. Such a woman has a thousand times more chance of being happy than the one who accepts the ugly places, and complains of them, without trying to better them.

But the girl herself, more than her action worked the transformation. Violet was so alive, she glowed with health, and radiated happiness. Partly under her influence, partly because the sense of oppression that Esther exercised began to lift, I too found myself feeling lighter and happier.

At this moment there was a knock, and Mrs. Tupper put her head in the doorway around the open door.

"I guess these is for you," and she held out a couple of envelopes. "I see they're both addressed to 'Miss One's Miss Violet Haines'."

"One's Miss Enid, is that how it's pronounced—Haines?"

"I'm Miss Enid," I answered, holding out my hand. "I'm Miss Violet's aunt."

But I turned to my letter, anxious to know what made Esther write so soon. It could not be anything pleasant.

Continued on Page 2

I thought you wasn't her mother. I told 'em so too. Them at the door, asked me 'last night when you went, an. I says, I knew you wasn't married."

She did not say I looked like an old maid. Henry Falls would scarcely have been so considerate.

"I see you been doin' things to the room she went on."

"Of course if you mind—" Vi began sarcastically.

"Mind? Oh no, I never take no one but nice people. And nice people are always nice. I says, they wouldn't mark up a woman nor spill ink on a body's carpet. I would have fixed up the room myself. But since my last operation I can't do things."

"Operation?" I asked politely, wanting to read my letter.

"Yes, my last," her eyes lit up with the curiously eager gleam of her species—the sort of a woman who delights in talking of serious operations that she has endured. I have found that such women feel a curious aura of romance and importance attached to them, that grows with each operation. In such sections of the city, the more operations a woman has had the greater her social importance.

"Yes'm, my last, I had a ligament took out. And ever since I can't bend over much. Without falling and getting weak. Before that I had an operation right after my last baby was born. She gave us some intimate details of this, to which I listened. Violet turned her back, and calmly read her letter.

"And after that I couldn't stand on ladders without getting dizzy. So sometimes there ain't so much cleaning on the walls as I'd like to see. I keep a very clean house. But of course I have to depend on help to scrub surnage. Seein' as I can't stoop over."

"How old are you?" I asked.

She had been so frank I had dared ask her this.

"No so old not like I look. I was 37 last birthday. That was a month ago. I used to look real young. But I kept havin' operations. I've had my appendix out—that's real fashionable to have done. And my tonsils. And adenoids. But they ain't much of an operation. They don't give ether. And the ligament. Then the kidney—that was after the baby come. And I've had six teeth out in one week."

Was there much of her left. I wondered? I looked at her curiously. If I looked 50, she looked 60. Thirty seven!

But I turned to my letter, anxious to know what made Esther write so soon. It could not be anything pleasant.

Continued on Page 2

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