

Keep Your Shoes Acut

2 IN 1

Shoe Polishes

The Only Remedy Says This Doctor

"The treatment of skin diseases (eczema) and diseases of the scalp is known to be difficult," writes Dr. W. L. Randall. "However, there is one remedy that is known to be entirely dependable in this distressing and troublesome disease. Refer to D. D. D. Prescription."

D. D. D.
The Lotion for Skin Disease

Central Dispensary, A. Foster, Charlottetown

Professional Cards

McLean & McKinnon
DONALD MCKINNON
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law
Office—Royal Bank Building
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Mark R. McGuigan, B.A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
Money to Loan.
Cameron Block
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

MacDonald & McPhee
B. A.
J. A. MacDonald, H. F. McPhee
Barristers, Attorney, Etc.
Money to Loan
Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Dr. C. C. Archibald
Graduate on N. Y. Post Graduate
Medical School and Hospital
Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose
and Throat
Office Bayer Building, Great George
Street, Opposite, Guardian Office
Telephone 850-J.

S. S. HESSIAN
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN
Montague P. E. Island

J. D. Stewart, K. C.
Barrister and Solicitor, 84 Great
George Street.
Solicitors for the Union Bank of
Canada

MORSON & DUFFY
Barristers and Attorney-at-Law
MONEY TO LOAN
Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada

W. Miles Garrison
A. B., M. D.
Pulmonary Tuberculosis Specialist
126 Brighton Road, Charlottetown
Gas Treatment in Selected Cases
Telephone 207

MacLeod & Bentley
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.
J. A. BENTLEY
Barristers and Attorneys
MONEY TO LOAN
Office—Bank of N. S. Chambers
p. m. May be consulted off
hours at 116 Hillsboro St.

Dr. Clift
Chronic Diseases
Charlottetown P. E. Island, Canada
112 Prince St.
HOURS DAILY, 11 to 2 p. m.

Palmer & Palmer
H. J. Palmer, K. C. H. L. Palmer
Barristers, Etc.
Bank of Nova Scotia Building
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Money to Loan

J. A. McEACHEN,
Oph. D.
EYE SPECIALIST
Eyes examined and glasses
furnished when needed.
Office—127 Grafton Street
(above Pansens) 5 and 10 cent
store.
Hours 10-1 and 2-4, Sat.
Evening by appointment.
Telephone 853-L.

The Wall Flower

by Marlon Fabre

GEORGE TALKS

Chapter 92.
Had Pan been in any way a coquette she would have evaded George's question, or answered it chaffingly. But being of a direct, honest and truthful mind, she said simply:

"Yes, a great deal." Then added quickly, as though she knew she had confessed too much:

"We both missed you."

"And George, who read her thoughts easily, was both touched and amused by these statements. When they were seated in Pan's tiny room and George had stretched out in the one big chair, a lighted cigarette held limply between his long fingers—exactly as she had seen him so often at Gloria's—Pan felt suddenly perfectly happy and contented. She reached for her work basket and began to sew while they talked.

"Do you work all the time?" George asked, watching her fingers busy with needle and thread.

"No, but I have something to do with my hands. I can talk better in my way than I'm not so painfully conscious of them. I've tried to learn knitting. Everyone says nowadays that I'm slow and awkward at it.

"So you're making Frankie's suit?"

"Goodness, no!" She laughed with amusement. "Only putting back lost buttons."

George puffed at the cigarette—he always seemed to take a puff just when it was ready to die out from neglect—and watched the mending with the curiosity of a man clever with his fingers at big things, who has all respect for the comprehension of the minute difficulties of sewing.

"You're such a comfortable person to be with, Pan," he observed after a time. "I'm glad you missed me. I wasn't particularly happy over there either."

Because of Gloria's Pan thought instantly, but said nothing.

George went on:

"There were a lot of things to worry. The man I was painting was bad tempered and restless and difficult to do—look me twice as long as an ordinary portrait. I was hot, too, and I had trouble selling a house I wanted to dispose of."

Pan knew that George, in his student days, had purchased country house outside Paris. Being young and enthusiastic, he had been badly cheated, according to Gloria, and was willing almost to give the place away now to be rid of it.

"And I was worried about Gloria."

He had said it, so Pan felt she could talk of it now.

"I know. If only you had been here or if you hadn't gone over there at all—"

"But why? My presence would have made no difference one way or the other—except I would have known sooner that Santley was back. But you were angel enough to tell me finally."

"Yes, I would have written sooner only I didn't want to worry you. When I wrote it was because I thought if you came in time—"

"In time? What do you mean? What difference would my coming have made?"

Pan hated to answer this. She pretended a great interest in the button she was attaching to a very attractive pair of trousers and hesitated.

"What do you mean, please?" George urged.

"Oh, I don't suppose your presence would have made any difference after all," Pan said finally.

"It was clear that Gloria was very much in love with Santley—of course, there was a little time when she tried to pretend she wasn't, but it never was a serious pretence, after she knew Santley had followed her at once to New York. She had to go on with it just because she'd begun that way. She snipped off a thread, and laid the little suit aside. Being so earnest in what she was saying she felt no self-consciousness now her hands clasped in her lap naturally, and she leaned back in the chair, at ease and graceful because of it and looked at George with her serious, dark eyes.

"So even if you had come back it wouldn't have made any difference, she would have married him anyway. Only—"

"Only, what? Why shouldn't she have married him?"

"Well, you see—at least you would have had a chance to fight for her."

"But why fight for myself? I know. You were always generous about that. But I know you were in love with me."

"But my dear little friend, I've been in love with you all my life."

BEING IN LOVE

Chapter 93.
"In love!" echoed Pan. "You knew you cared a lot for me, you were always so nice—I thought perhaps you loved me—but that's different from being in love—isn't it?"

"I should say!" And George rose, crushing the unsmoked cigarette into a tray, and stood before her, looking down upon her.

"In love!" Pan said again, wondering, and sat looking up at him.

"I was so sure it was that way, Gloria. I always loved and adored except when she annoyed me—but that's quite different. My dear—"

He held out one hand to pull her to her feet and into his arms. But the girl did not rise, she let her hand lie in his. And suddenly her eyes filled with tears, which rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

come back and take your own part after Santley returned. "Little sweetheart—and all that time you were in love with me!" George bent down over the brown head, until his lips touched her hair.

REAL LOVE

Chapter 94.
"But don't you see—that was why I said it?—I was always in love with you."

Her surprised face was a temple to the gods. George rested his hands on her shoulders, and she was close to his face. Her eyes were so kind, but either it's changed or I'm used to it. It's as if I'm looking at a great deal for her—and for me."

He jerked his chair, now the matter seemed to be talked out and walked over to sit by her, taking her hand again.

"I didn't think there was a woman as true and steady and unselfish as you. I've known so many who weren't. I've been rather cynical about them."

Pan smiled up at him.

"I know—your mouth used to tell me it was so cynical while your eyes were so kindly. But either it's changed or I'm used to it. It's as if I'm looking at a great deal for her—and for me."

"Perhaps you've changed it by giving me a bit more of your youthfulness," George said. "Do you know, Pan, that I haven't kissed you yet, and I've been fairly—"

"But whatever yearning he did not express in words, he told her by his kiss, it held so much love and tenderness and longing that she almost frightened, and felt again as though she might cry. But that seemed silly—the knew she would cry from happiness, and people often did so. George would think her silly—she drew away, conscious that his fingers had clasped her arm so tightly when he kissed her that she had a momentary glow of it."

"I do love you so much," she said. "I do love you so much," she repeated. And would have kissed her again but she drew back.

"No, wait a moment. I'll have to get used to being kissed—and having you in love with me. I don't want to break loose and go to New York. He was glad then that my name was America, so I could keep an eye on her. He was ready to quit over here and go back, but she wouldn't have it."

"I know," she said. "I was her guardian in his eyes. When you used to see me annoyed with her, it was because of her senseless way she wasted her time on no-account people, and her strength and nerve force on foolish parties. When she would get keyed up and neurotic—"

"You would glare at her, I've seen you, interrupted Pan.

"I was glad of you for a time because I saw that would be a quiet force with Gloria, sort of a sedative to keep her down when you were together. Later I was glad that Gloria could be of use to you when I began to fall in love with you."

"When was that?" asked the girl, asserting one topic for another more fascinatingly.

"I don't know, sometimes I think from the time I first saw you huddle behind a gorgeous cushion, because you were a part of your shabby frock; some times I think only from the night you brought me a hot supper and insisted on my eating it."

Pan laughed, then demanded:

"Now, go on about Gloria."

"Gloria? Oh, yes—well, on night while I was at work I had a phone call from Santley, asking me to dine with them. We spent the whole evening talking—and most of the night, there was a lot to say. Happy? I should say she was!"

"Quieter?"

"Yes, steadier that is, not so apt to fly off the handle as she used to be."

"I can't imagine Gloria really quiet," Pan said thoughtfully.

"You haven't asked me to yet," the girl answered firmly.

"Good heavens! Have I omitted that formality? That's because we've been talking of Gloria and other things that don't matter Pandora, will you marry me?"

He leaned forward again toward her. For answer she said simply: "I love you," and she stretched out one hand to touch his shoulder as he kissed her.

"So in that way they became formally engaged."

"I feel, in a way, that I ought to adopt, rather than marry you," George remarked a little later.

"You are so very young. How old are you, Pan?"

"Twenty-two," she answered proudly, though the birthday was recent enough.

"Child!" he said again. "Do you know how old I am?"

"Thirty-five," she answered promptly. "Not that it matters."

"That's nice of you to say," George said quickly. "But it's 13 years more in actual age—and someone 13 years older than you are very young, you see."

"I'll probably always stay young for whatever age I am," the girl said wisely. "I'm quiet, and not awfully clever, and rather conventional. I'm always a little surprised at some things and a little shocked at others."

"I'm glad of that—for I've seen so much of you. I sometimes think I'd rather be shocked or surprised and more. And after all, what's age, years don't matter so much. Do I seem so much older to you, Pan?"

"No," she gave a quick little smile. "You seem rather young because you don't know how to look after yourself properly. That makes me the older." "Is that so?" George laughed at this, and lit the cigarette, which had gone out, as usual, from lack of attention.

"All right, then, feel as maternal as you want—only don't magnify my white hairs. I never wanted to seem young before, but now I wish I were nearer your age."

"I don't," Pan answered promptly. "I like a man to be a little older, like he can be the leader and the wise one, and I can follow. I'd rather go that way."

"If Gloria were here, she would—"

say that suits my antierotic temperament exactly," George smiled, puffing at the cigarette to keep it alight. "She says I want my way in everything. She'll say it will be bad for you, for I'll boss you so you'll never develop any initiative."

"I'll develop it when I have to have it," Pan disposed of the problem. "As for having your way—my way is to want to please, so your way will probably suit me on that account, and will probably be the best way too."

George laughed outright at this.

"My white hairs aren't age, anyway," he told her. "I was hit on the side of the head with a ball, and it killed some nerves so the hairs turned white there, the color never came back. Otherwise I should have a tray hair in my head."

"I like the white lock. I've often wanted to touch it."

"So now, with a little air of possession, she reached up and smoothed the odd little white streak against the dark head. George took her hand and kissed it.

"But what are we going to do about Frankie," he said, "when we're married, I mean?"

WORD FROM GLORIA

Chapter 95.
"But Gloria will be back!" Pan said. Frankie presented no problem to her.

"Not for weeks—I saw them in Paris, before I came over."

"Oh, tell me—you never said a word!" she reproached him.

"Were they happy? Was Gloria happy? Do you like Santley now he's back?"

"I've always liked him. I used to know him very well, in the old days," George said. "I always knew he was in love with Gloria. We were both with her, trying to keep up her courage, in the dreadful time when she was making up her mind to break loose and go to New York. He was glad then that my name was America, so I could keep an eye on her. He was ready to quit over here and go back, but she wouldn't have it."

"I know," she said. "I was her guardian in his eyes. When you used to see me annoyed with her, it was because of her senseless way she wasted her time on no-account people, and her strength and nerve force on foolish parties. When she would get keyed up and neurotic—"

"You would glare at her, I've seen you, interrupted Pan.

"I was glad of you for a time because I saw that would be a quiet force with Gloria, sort of a sedative to keep her down when you were together. Later I was glad that Gloria could be of use to you when I began to fall in love with you."

"When was that?" asked the girl, asserting one topic for another more fascinatingly.

"I don't know, sometimes I think from the time I first saw you huddle behind a gorgeous cushion, because you were a part of your shabby frock; some times I think only from the night you brought me a hot supper and insisted on my eating it."

Pan laughed, then demanded:

"Now, go on about Gloria."

"Gloria? Oh, yes—well, on night while I was at work I had a phone call from Santley, asking me to dine with them. We spent the whole evening talking—and most of the night, there was a lot to say. Happy? I should say she was!"

"Quieter?"

"Yes, steadier that is, not so apt to fly off the handle as she used to be."

"I can't imagine Gloria really quiet," Pan said thoughtfully.

"You haven't asked me to yet," the girl answered firmly.

"Good heavens! Have I omitted that formality? That's because we've been talking of Gloria and other things that don't matter Pandora, will you marry me?"

He leaned forward again toward her. For answer she said simply: "I love you," and she stretched out one hand to touch his shoulder as he kissed her.

"So in that way they became formally engaged."

"I feel, in a way, that I ought to adopt, rather than marry you," George remarked a little later.

"You are so very young. How old are you, Pan?"

"Twenty-two," she answered proudly, though the birthday was recent enough.

"Child!" he said again. "Do you know how old I am?"

"Thirty-five," she answered promptly. "Not that it matters."

"That's nice of you to say," George said quickly. "But it's 13 years more in actual age—and someone 13 years older than you are very young, you see."

"I'll probably always stay young for whatever age I am," the girl said wisely. "I'm quiet, and not awfully clever, and rather conventional. I'm always a little surprised at some things and a little shocked at others."

"I'm glad of that—for I've seen so much of you. I sometimes think I'd rather be shocked or surprised and more. And after all, what's age, years don't matter so much. Do I seem so much older to you, Pan?"

"No," she gave a quick little smile. "You seem rather young because you don't know how to look after yourself properly. That makes me the older." "Is that so?" George laughed at this, and lit the cigarette, which had gone out, as usual, from lack of attention.

"All right, then, feel as maternal as you want—only don't magnify my white hairs. I never wanted to seem young before, but now I wish I were nearer your age."

"I don't," Pan answered promptly. "I like a man to be a little older, like he can be the leader and the wise one, and I can follow. I'd rather go that way."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

"I didn't say she was quiet—there was plenty of vivacity but not the nervous sort plenty of gaiety but not the forced kind. Wait and you'll see. They were going to the south and Italy. I told them they'd meet, but they didn't seem to mind. Gloria says that she's going to all the places where she was unhappy before, just to see what they're really like, now, she can see them as they are."

"Laying ghosts," Pan said, thinking of some of the long talks between George and her friend.

"Laying ghosts! But it will take another month at least, there are many of them to lay. That's why I said Frankie was a problem."

"But we won't be married before she—before they come back?"

"A month! Are you going to make me wait a month?"

Pan laughed a little at that.

"I hadn't thought this is all so new to me. I'll marry you whenever you say. But it seems so odd—"

She broke off and looked at him.

"What seems odd, sweetheart?"

"The idea of marrying you, I'd really be your wife, wouldn't I?"

"I hope so—unless you think an English clergyman can't do it up properly. In that case we'll have to embark soon for home—"

"No, I didn't mean that. It's just the idea of being your wife—"

Sudden tears were near the surface again.

"Don't you see? It's so much happiness, so much more than I deserve, so much more than I ever thought would come to me! Her eyelids trembled a little, it seemed for a moment as though the tears would come, they had been near the surface all evening.

(Continued From Page Two)

ADVICE TO VACATIONISTS

"In buying tickets of a transatlantic or cross-continent nature or, in fact, any that represent more than your care to lose, always jot down the number of the ticket also the number of the car, stateroom or berth," is the advice of an experienced traveller.

The bayonet of the Waterlo era was nearly a foot longer than the present weapon.



RINSO is a new, scientific soap product in the form of fine granules that have wonderful power to loosen and dissolve the dirt in clothes while they soak.

Rinsol is new and absolutely different from ordinary washing powders.

Do not put it straight into the tub from the package, make the famous Rinsol liquid first.

MIX half a package of Rinsol in a little cool water, until it is like cream. Then add two quarts of boiling water; put it into your washing tub, or machine, adding sufficient cool or lukewarm water.

Rinsol

Made by the makers of LUX

ITCHING BURNING PIMPLES ON FACE

Festered and Scaled Over. Face Disfigured. Cuticura Heals.

"My face was almost covered with pimples which festered and scaled over. They itched and burned so that I could hardly stand them, and my face was so disfigured I was unable to go anywhere. I lost so much sleep that I was about crazy. The trouble lasted two months. I started using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after I had used two boxes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment for three weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Dorothy Danielson, Jackson, Calif.

Cuticura Soap daily, with Cuticura Ointment occasionally, prevents pimples, or other eruptions. They are a pleasure to use, as is also Cuticura Talcum for perfuming the skin.

IMPROVE YOUR BAKINGS

By Using **BEAVER FLOUR**

THE solution to the problem of—"How to improve your bakings and make bread, cake and pastry which are real food treats"—is simple—use Beaver Flour.

Why? Beaver Flour is made from the finest of selected Ontario Winter and Western Hard Wheat. It contains the world-famed richness of the former, and the strength of the latter. When scientifically blended, these grains produce a flour—Beaver Flour—which is unequalled for purity and baking qualities.

Let Beaver Flour prove to you that it will improve your bakings. Try it and note the difference in your bread, pies, cakes and pastry.

Sold by your grocer.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO.

Chatham, Ontario