

NERVOUS WRECK FROM BOWEL TROUBLE

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Mr. F. M. Sullivan

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Thus writes Mr. Sullivan of 19 Pine St., Geneva, N. Y. "Fruit-a-tives" are made from intensified juices of luscious fruits - there is no other medicine like them. 25¢ & 50¢ at all dealers.

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How to make DUTCH PICKLE 1 quart green cucumbers, 1 small cabbage, 1 quart onions, 3 red peppers, 1 quart green tomatoes, 1 large cauliflower, 1/2 cup salt. Chop all fine and pour on enough hot water to cover. Let stand half an hour and drain, then make a dressing of the following: 8 tablespoons Colman's D.S.P. Mustard, 3 cups sugar, 1 tea-spoonful turmeric, 1 cup flour. Mix with a little vinegar until smooth, add mixture to 2 quarts vinegar stirring constantly over fire, until thickened, then pour over vegetables.

Colman's Mustard aids digestion

SMILES



A MATTER OF TASTE "So you prefer the Alpin scenery to the seashore?" "Absolutely! Why you can't see these wonderful snow caps at sea shores."



"Exercise makes one symmetrical and keeps the doctor away." "What objection has a doctor to symmetry?"



WHERE IN CHINA IS THAT? He: I see those Chinese thugs have been sent to Sing Sing. She: Is what part of China is that, John?



TO BE SAFE AT NIGHT Timorous Pedestrian: Officer, what is the safest way for a man to walk on the streets at night? Officer: With his hands up over his head.



GOING TO RAIN She (musingly): I wonder where these great rolling clouds are going? He: They're going to rain-let's get it!

NOTICE I am now ready to receive orders for Chinchilla Rabbits. Pure bred, old English stock as a shipment is expected. All orders should be booked at once to, JOHN A. COULSON, Sea View, P. E. I.

NOTICE As we are closing up the Estate of the late Albert P. Prowse it is necessary that all Bills due the Estate and the firm of Prowse & Sons Limited be paid by the 30th of November 1925. All Bills not settled before the above date will be handed over to our Attorneys for collection. PROWSE & SONS, Ltd. Murray Harbor

NOTICE 4729-9-5541. 4960-9-16-ws-41.

MAY SEYMOUR FOOTLOOSE BY BEATRICE BURTON CREW

THE STORY SO FAR: MAY SEYMOUR, whose husband killed himself because of her love affair with another man, returns to her home town after a year's absence. She sells her property, and with her whole tiny fortune in cash, sets out to find and marry a man with money.

At Atlantic City she meets HERBERT WATERBURY, through a divorcee, MRS. CAROLTA FROTHINGHAM. When he proposes, May accepts him, believing him a millionaire. She turns over to him all her money for investment, and he disappears with it.

Penniless, May sells her jewelry to pay her fare to California where Carlotta has a bungalow. On her way west she stops off in her home town to visit her old friends, DICK and GLORIA GREGORY. There she meets a widower, ULYSSES FORGAN, who falls sincerely in love with her and asks her to marry him. But May refuses, explaining that she likes him too well to marry him without love, and goes on to California.

Carlotta doesn't welcome May warmly when she finds that she can't pay her board, and May leaves. She finds a position selling real estate, but gives it up when her employer makes love to her. Finding herself again without funds May writes to Ulysses for fare home. She returns to the Gregorys, and there Ulysses comes to see her. He tells her she ought not to live with the none-too-rich Gregorys, but ought to go out into the world to make her own living. May takes his advice, gets a job and sets herself up in housekeeping rooms. Then she loses her job, and Ulysses offers her one in his own office. But May refuses it, on the grounds that her stenography is so poor that she wouldn't earn her salary.

THE STORY May sat looking straight ahead of her for a long time. Her eyes smarted with angry tears that kept gathering faster than she could blink them away. But under her anger she felt, somehow, what Ulysses had just said to her was the truth about herself. He had shown her just what she was as plainly as if he had held a mirror up before her eyes for her to see herself. She looked back over her life and couldn't see a single place where she had done the unselfish thing instead of the selfish one.

She had married Dr. John for money and had ruined his life. During the 10 years she had lived with him she had never considered him for a minute. She had gone about her "what-ifs" with any man who happened along, with him smoked and drunk, and danced like a butterfly in the sun - without a thought of anything but her own pleasure. She had refused to bear a child, although Dr. John had made it perfectly plain that in his code of life marriage without children was no marriage at all.

She had lived upon his bounty and given him nothing in return - she had been a gratter - a cheap gratter. And now she was "sponging" upon the Gregorys in the same fashion, so Ulysses said. And Ulysses was right. But the fact that he was right made May feel all the more bitter toward him. She stood up and faced him for a minute, her eyes bright with tears, her hands pressed against her heart as if it hurt her. "All day I've been longing to see you," she said. "I've been wanting to tell you I'd marry you!"

At that he eagerly stretched out his hands toward her, but May pushed them away. She went out in a voice that was choked with tears. "I was going to marry you for the sake of the home you could give me," she said frankly. "I was going to 'graft' on you just as you say I've been 'grafting' all my life on somebody or other. . . . Only I didn't think of it in that way. I thought I'd give you companionship in exchange for your money. And

I could have helped you out with Sally, too. . . . Ulysses tapped his spectacles on the back of his hand through several moments of silence. He looked at May as if he had never seen her before. . . . the lovely turn of her cheek, the softness of her eyes, veiled as they were by tears. "And so you would have married me without love. . . . for the sake of having a home?" he asked. "You who wanted to be homeless all along. . . . 'Footloose' as you called it."

May nodded silently. "Well," Ulysses went on, as if he were talking to himself. "I wouldn't have believed it possible to care about any woman as I do for you. . . . but I want you so much that I would have taken you on at any terms, even those!" "You'll never take me on any terms, Mr. Forgan," she said sadly. "You'll never get a chance to! And I hope I never see you again!" She turned on her heel and ran upstairs.

From the window of the guest room she watched him leave the house a few moments later and walk down to the curbstone with Sally and her swain. His motor engulfed him and swung away down the street. It disappeared, and the street seemed dreadfully empty.

He was gone out of her life forever, thought May. The knowledge brought a feeling something like pain to her heart. "Why, how terrible it was going to be to see him again! How dreadful it was to lose that comforting feeling that he was waiting for her when she should tire of being 'footloose,' and want Journey's End!"

She wanted it now. . . . She stood before her mirror looking at her hair, which she had washed and tried to smile at the reflection with her drooping lips. "You certainly are the world's prize beauty!" she told herself miserably.

In the beginning of February May left the Gregorys and set herself up in housekeeping rooms. The two tiny squares of space on the top floor of an apartment building on St. Catherine street were hardly worthy of the word "rooms."

But when she had made a home for herself, she had never made in her life. As a bride she had walked into Dr. John's old home and lived there among his dead mother's belongings, taking no interest in them. But this was different. This tiny flat filled with painted furniture that May bought on the installment plan. She loved everything in it, from the painted sugar tin in the tiny kitchen to the box of toys in the living room.

The box couch became a bed at night when the living-room took on the aspect of a bedroom, with May's fresh clothes laid out for the morning. She had to get up early these February mornings, in order to be at the office by 8 o'clock. For May was at work again at a stenographer's desk after 10 years of ease.

She had found her position - a responsible one in a firm of importers through Dick Gregory. Mr. Phillimore, the head of the firm, was May's "boss." From him she took orders, and slow dictation. Mr. Phillimore loved to use big words, and he spelled them in his own way. May knew how to spell them herself. "What an old foggy he is!" she would think as she sat patiently beside his desk with her pad open on her knee.

man had suddenly turned the corner of the street, and was coming toward her holding out his hand in greeting. He was smiling. . . . and May realized that she was almost running toward him in her eagerness to speak to him. They stood there, wordless, smiling, shaking hands vigorously for a full minute before either spoke. Then May said breathlessly: "The last time I saw you I said I hoped I'd never see you again! I didn't mean it!"

"No," Ulysses asked, replacing his hat, which he had swept off in greeting. "Are you sure you didn't mean it?" May could only shake her head and laugh like a child that has been naughty and is glad to be forgiven. "I've been working. . . . you told me I ought to go to work to support myself, you know. . . . But I just after a minute I saw you I said I hoped I'd never see you again! After 10 years of idleness my typewriting hand has lost its cunning!"

Ulysses looked at her closely. "You're thinner," he said after his long scrutiny. "I've seen you once again, but I've nice sunny office, and I'll make you take two hours off every noon to get out in the park. . . . Will you start work for me Monday morning?" "No thanks," she said. "You told me once upon a time that I was a gratter! I'm not going to prove it by 'grating' on you! I'm no good as a stenographer now. I wouldn't honestly earn even a tiny salary."

She held out her hand and Ulysses took it in a hard grip. "But let me come to see you," he begged, and once more May shook her head. "No," she said. "I'd rather not see you, somehow. . . . I want to be alone, away from everybody!" And with that she went.

"The last time I saw you I said I hoped I'd never see you again!" I didn't mean it!" May's next position was in the advertising department of a large store. Her work there consisted mainly of addressing envelopes. Sometimes she addressed as many as five hundred a day, but this was not enough. A thousand a day was the number required, and at the end of the second week May gave up her job.

She rented a typewriter, took it home, and for three days practiced on it. But neither she speeded nor her accuracy increased. It was hard to believe that only ten years ago she had been a first-rate typist who could turn out a hundred letters a day!

Every night she read the "Help Wanted" notices carefully, but failed to see anything promising. She had very little money, and she lived on soda crackers and coffee for several days. Finally she made up her mind to look for work in the way of a job. "Anything" proved to be filling and errand running in the office of a large eastern railroad.

She worked nine hours a day, and earned \$14 a week. On the first Saturday May tore open her envelope and looked at the money she had staved for all week long. There had been a time when she had spent that much, and more, every week on lunches down town and for gasoline for her car. Now it must buy her food, pay her rent, and supply her with what clothes she needed. So far she had had to buy very few clothes. The dresses and shoes she had bought in Atlantic City months ago were still smart and fresh looking.

As a matter of fact, they were much too smart to be worn by an office girl in a railroad office. May caught the other girls in the place looking at her as she made her way to be friendly with them, although she needed friends. She sat alone in the darkest corner of the room, walled off from the others by the filing cases, and

David Copperfield COLOR CUT-OUTS OFF FOR SCHOOL



"This is the beginning of the last week of the story of 'David Copperfield.' If you have been saving these paper dolls, at the end of this week you will have a whole set with which to act out the famous story. . . . The noise David had heard was Peggy's. She could not get in, but she put her lips to the keyhole and whispered to David that early the next morning he was going to be sent away to London to school. Peggy went a great deal to school, she told him this and David cried, too. They kissed each other good-bye through the keyhole and David went back to bed, but not to sleep! He was too sad to sleep!

The next morning David was allowed to see his mother once again, but not long enough to bid her good-bye. The cart was waiting for him at the gate and he got in and was driven off to Mr. Creakle's School for Boys in London. (Here is Mr. Creakle, the school master. Color his suit a very dark grey.)

worked like a machine day in and day out for two months. Three or four times Gloria Gregory telephoned to ask May out for Sunday night supper. But May refused. She knew that she couldn't afford to return their hospitality, for one thing. But there was another reason for her repeated refusals. . . . The very sight of Gloria's happiness in her home had suddenly become unbearable to May. She didn't know why, either. . . .

The men in the office began to pay attention to her. Two or three of them, at intervals. In the slang phrase of the office, she "turned them down cold." Attractive young chaps they were, too, but not to May. She had fallen into the fatal habit of contrasting all men with Ulysses Forgan. This one was not so tall as his, or so good-looking. That one walked with a stouch, while Ulysses was as straight as an arrow, and walked with the grace of a trained soldier. One afternoon a group of four men walked into the office to consult with Mr. Boulanger, the office manager. All four of them were well-dressed, well-to-do, well-bred, well-favored, well-dressed men. And if he went home to dig in the garden, he would picture her there standing on the gravelled path between the rows of budding plants, with the sun in her eyes. He got up suddenly and put on his hat. . . . He'd get out and walk off his mood! No use to stay here! That was why all other men looked gray and uninteresting to her! The friendly feeling she had at first for him. . . . the feeling that lay like lead at the bottom of her heart. . . . that to him was love and she had never guessed it.

She sat there staring at the blank wall in front of her, so wrapped in her own thoughts that she was unaware that someone was standing beside her desk, until a large roll of paper was laid before her. "Day dreaming, Mrs. Seymour?" asked the booming bass voice of Mr. Boulanger, the office manager. "I - I think I was," May faltered. She looked up and smiled at Mr. Boulanger, longing to slap his fat face. He had a way of looking at May, of standing too close to her when he talked to her, that was insulting. May felt very sorry for Mrs. Boulanger, a white-faced little woman who brought her husband to the office every morning and called for him every night - as if she didn't dare to trust him out of her sight.

"Well, if you're day-dreaming about me, I don't mind your doing it," burbled Mr. Boulanger. "About these papers -" He pointed to the roll on May's desk with a fat forefinger. "About these papers - you're taking them to Mr. Forgan. . . . Ulysses X. Forgan!" When Mr. Boulanger had gone, May sat perfectly still looking down at the roll of papers, bound together by a thick elastic band. It was the most ordinary roll of paper imaginable, and yet to May that April afternoon it looked like the Magic Carpet of Bagdad. For it was the means of taking her to the man she loved! Outside there was sunshine and a high wind that tossed scraps of paper over the city streets like

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THE END. The very small of aprintime was in the air. . . . as if the fragrance of all the daffodils and burgeoning buds out in the country lanes had found its way into the gray town. . . . And without warning something very like springtime blossomed in May's breast. It was as if all the coldness and the loneliness went out of it, as if unconsciously as winter leaves the earth. . . . For the first time in months and months she was happy. . . . wonderfully happy. In all her life, she could not remember such happiness as this. . . . She was going to be a mother. . . . the one man in all the world she would ever love! The one man in all the world sat at his desk, frowning. He was trying to decide which would her least. . . . to go out and play golf, or go home and putter in the garden. . . . Neither prospect lured him much. When he went out to play golf, he spent most of his time comparing the women of the links with Mrs. Seymour. . . . wondering how she would look in a scarlet golf sweater and leather skirt. . . . And if he went home to dig in the garden, he would picture her there standing on the gravelled path between the rows of budding plants, with the sun in her eyes. He got up suddenly and put on his hat. . . . He'd get out and walk off his mood! No use to stay here! That was why all other men looked gray and uninteresting to her! The friendly feeling she had at first for him. . . . the feeling that lay like lead at the bottom of her heart. . . . that to him was love and she had never guessed it.

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