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SANDRA THE JEALOUS

By Jane Phelps

A DISAPPOINTING SEARCH CHAPTER XLII

First I looked into the drawers of an old-fashioned high-boy. A wonderful piece of furniture, which intrigued me to wonder why it was not in use. I found nothing of much interest either there or in an old bureau, so I turned my attention to the trunks. I was delighted when I found a key that fitted the first one I attempted to open, a very large trunk, and practically new—that is, it did not look as if it had traveled very far.

"Oh, how lovely!" I gasped, when removing some tissue paper, I came upon a pale blue satin evening dress. In one corner of the tray were slippers and stockings to match, a fan and, underneath, a delicate petticoat of the same color. I knew at once it must have belonged to Leola. "He loves her so he keeps her old clothes," I moaned, then kicking off my own slipper, I substituted one of the blue ones. To my delight it was large for me. "I have the smaller foot away," I said in childish glee. "I'm glad of that!"

I lifted out the tray after putting everything back exactly as I had found it. Underneath was another one. In this one was a sapphire velvet evening dress. If the light blue had been exquisite, this one was simply marvelous. I couldn't resist it, although I hated myself for the feeling. I quickly slipped off my simple morning dress, and put it on. It fitted as if made for me. I looked at myself in the mirror atop the old bureau, and breathed a sigh of delight. If only Everett would let me have a dress like that, instead of the simple girlish things he made me wear.

I took down my hair, unbraided it, and made a big soft swirl on top of my head.

"There! now I look something like a married woman," I said aloud, as I gazed with admiration at myself. The dress was cut very low, both back and front, and had a long train. It made me look much older, which delighted me.

Without removing it I couldn't bear to take it off—I continued my inspection of the contents of the big trunk. Other dresses, all for evening and save one black one, all of some shade of blue—filled each tray. With all of them were shoes and other articles to match. Finally I had exhausted that trunk. I would take one more look at myself. I thought, then I would take off the sapphire velvet, and lock the trunk. But when I looked, I was again so pleased with my older appearance, that I just kept it on and tramped around the attic, trying keys in other trunks.

I found another which fitted a smaller and much battered trunk. This one was filled with simple morning and afternoon dresses. They didn't interest me, although I took each one out. I thought I might find some old letters or something which would throw more light on Leola. But nothing rewarded my search.

I tried another, an interesting looking steamer trunk, covered with labels. But although I tried every single small key on the ring, none fitted.

I looked at my watch. I had been in the attic over two hours. I must hurry down with the keys before Mrs. Gray returned. In my haste I stumbled over a piece of furniture, making a good deal of noise. I listened a moment—then as I heard no movement below, I stood in front of the mirror to unfasten the velvet dress.

"He might let me wear things made like this," I grumbled as I once more took in with delight my older appearance in the décolleté gown.

"Oh, Mrs. Graham!" I had been so engrossed with myself, my mirrored image, that I had heard nothing. Mrs. Gray's explanation was the first intimation I had that I was not alone. "Oh, why did you come up here?" real concern was on her face.

"Why shouldn't I?" I asked with more bravado than I felt. "Isn't it my home?"

"Yes—but Mr. Graham allows no one up here. I come to see that everything is all right occasionally. He would blame me did he know you had been in those trunks."

As she talked she helped me unfasten the dress. In spite of her words I could see, or thought I did, sympathy for me in her face. It emboldened me to ask: "What's in that trunk?" pointing to the small one for which there was no key on the ring.

"I do not know. I have no key for it. Come let us put this dress

back and get downstairs before Hetty or the others miss us. Hetty told me you had gone out. Let her think she is right."

"Very well," I answered meekly, all the time wondering how I should get the key of that small trunk. Now I was obsessed that in it I should find old letters, yellowed with age perhaps, as one read of them in novels—but letters which would tell me of Leola.

SANDRA WEAVES A STORY AROUND HERSELF CHAPTER XLIII

I was intensely imaginative at this time. I clothed all these things of Leola's with a sentiment for which perhaps they didn't possess. And, at the same time, I felt indignant that he should have kept them.

He had no young relatives, yet he never entered my mind that had he, or had she, he might have given them away. Mrs. Gray had told me Everett's first wife had no one belonging to her, that she was an orphan.

"But I built up a story about the things I found in the attic—story that intrigued while it made me unhappy. It ran like this:

"Once upon a time there was a man who married a woman who made him terribly unhappy, yet he loved her with all his heart and never found fault with her, no matter what she did to displease him, because he didn't dare—he was afraid he'd lose her. He was awfully jealous of her, but he didn't dare show it or say anything to matter what she did, because he loved her. He bought her beautiful clothes, the kind she wanted because she would have worn no other. And when she died he put them away where he could look at them, and love them because they have been worn by her—the woman he loved. Then he married again. This time an awfully young girl. He didn't love her like he had loved the other wife. But he wanted to have a home and children. So he married a silly little know-nothing who reminded him of his first wife. The silly little know-nothing loved him, and he made her very unhappy because he loved the other wife, the first one, better than he did her.

"Now this second wife tried hard to please her husband, but he was always finding fault with her. So she made up her mind to copy the first wife and do as she pleased without paying any attention to him. Then perhaps he would love her as he did that first one who made him unhappy and jealous.

"Yet no matter how hard she tried to please him, the second wife had failed. So she determined to be like that first wife, the one he loved so dearly.

"Her husband went away. He told her she could do certain things; that she might not do others. He treated her like a child, and yet she was his wife. She made up her mind that she would no longer be classed as an ingenué. She was married, and a married woman—had her rights. Those she would claim.

"But there was so much of mystery surrounding her, so much she did not understand that she did not dare make too violent a break for her independence. Yet all the time she envied this first wife—the one who made him unhappy, yet whom he loved far more than ever he would love her.

"So this second wife determined to find out all she could of the first wife while she had the chance. Her husband might never go away again. Then she would plan to do all the things that first wife did. Her husband then might learn to love her.

"You see, this little know-nothing second wife had come to love this man who she had married, yet she was not happy because he did not love her. She hated that first wife, and hate herself when people told her she resembled her. At times she felt horribly guilty because she disliked a dead woman, and she never would have dared tell anyone how she felt.

She had found many things belonging to "wife number one"—as every one spoke of her husband's first wife—but there were other things she wished to see, secrets she wished to learn. She was sure they were locked up in a little old trunk in the attic. But she had no key, and did not know how to get one. Her little story promised to be complete unless she could open this "Pandora's box," and instead of ending as all stories should, "And they lived happily ever after," this second wife's story promised to read, "And she lived unhappy ever after."

I told myself this story as I sat by the window one rainy afternoon, alone and lonely. Everett had told me to read and practice, but I did neither—just often, nursed my grudge, and gave way to my feeling of depression. Mrs. Gray worried about me, and urged me to go out more, to walk or drive. But I stubbornly refused. I would not do the things I had been told I might do, just as if I were a little child. If I couldn't do as I wanted to, I would do nothing.

SANDRA SENDS FOR ROSE GRANDON CHAPTER XLIV

Suddenly I decided what I would do! I would send for Rose Grandon to stay with me. Everett had not forbidden me to do so—he couldn't very well when I had no such thought when he left, and so naturally did not ask if I might have her.

"It would be better to have her while Everett is away," I said to myself. "They might not get along, and then it would be awkward for me." It was sophistry, and I knew it. But I didn't care—not for the minute. Leola did as she liked and he, Everett loved her. I would show him, show them all that I too could do as I liked.

After the telegram was sent, however, I was a bit frightened. "Please come and visit me a few days," Mrs. Gray was, all I had said. I knew Rose well enough to be sure she would jump at the



chance of visiting me. She was terribly curious and would be anxious to see how I live.

Rose had said long ago, before I married Everett that she didn't believe Everett would let his wife peep if he were not in the mood; that she was sure his wife would not be allowed to say her soul was her own. I never had forgotten that speech. She'd see if she came when Everett was at home that she had been very nearly right. But with him away, she would only be envious of me for my lovely home.

Then, too, I would have Barrett Edmonds meet her. Perhaps he would fall in love with Rose and my dream of having her live next door would come true after all.

I said nothing to Mrs. Gray until I received Rose's answer. "Coming on morning train—Rose" was her reply to my invitation. "A young girl friend is coming to visit me today," I said to Mrs. Gray, "a girl from home."

"I am very glad. It isn't good for you to stay alone," she replied pleasantly. "If you know what your friend likes and will tell me, I will see that cook serves it."

"Oh, thank you Mrs. Gray!" I exclaimed. "Rose just adores chocolate cake, and cook makes such delicious ones."

I ordered the car and met Rose at the station. We did not drive directly home, but went the longest way round so Rose could see the town. She enthused so about the car, my clothes, etcetera that I put my finger on my lips so she wouldn't talk so loud. I didn't want the chauffeur to hear her.

Just before we reached home we ran into Barrett Edmonds. I saw him before he saw us, and told the chauffeur to overtake him. "Who is he?" Rose asked, as I called to him.

"A friend of mine," I answered. "I want you to meet him and to like him." Yet as I said it I wondered if I really did want her to like Barrett—too well. I was rather shocked for a moment at the thought.

"Oh, Mr. Edmonds! I know it is not good form to call after you, but

I so wanted Miss Grandon to meet you. Rose, my friend, Mr. Edmonds, Miss Grandon is staying a few days with me. Mr. Graham is away and I was lonely so I sent for her," after which rather elaborate explanation I subsided.

Had I imagined it, or had a look of something very like disappointment passed over Barrett's face when I told him I had sent for Rose because I was alone and lonely? I was almost sure of it when he said: "If your friends had known you were alone they would have been delighted to keep you company."

We chatted a moment longer and then drove on, after Barrett promised to drop in that evening for some music.

"He's wonderful! I could fall in love with him without half trying!" Rose exclaimed as we drove on. "What lovely eyes, and such long lashes!"

"He is very good-looking," I said soberly. Someway Rose's enthusiasm jarred me.

"He is more than good looking—and he is young. You know I never have been able yet to understand how you came to marry a man so much older than you are," Rose said as we drew up to the curb in front of the house. "Now if it had been a man like Mr. Edmonds, I—oh, what a lovely place! What a lucky girl you are!"

I wondered if I were a lucky girl. She hadn't seemed to think so until she saw the house. A girl couldn't be happy just because she had a fine house to live in—that I had discovered. But it was something to have Rose envious. I longed for her to envy me.

ROSE TELLS SANDRA ALL THE HOME GOSSIP CHAPTER XLV

Mrs. Gray met us at the door and welcomed us so nicely I felt that Rose must surely be jealous of my message, even if I had not pleased her in my choice of a husband.

"Isn't she a dear! who is she?" Rose asked when we were alone. "She's awfully refined-looking to be a housekeeper."

"She is refined. If she were not she would not be here. Mr. Graham, Everett, is very particular."

Just then Hetty came in to help Rose unpack, so we said nothing more. But I could see that I had already made an impression upon Rose. But I forgot all such foolishness after luncheon when she told me all about home and home folks. Of father, mother and the boys first; then of all the town boys and girls, especially those I used to run around with.

I laughed until I cried over pranks of Buster and Toodles. They had not grown less mischievous; it seemed, since I left home. She told me Mother missed me dreadfully, and that she and the other girls often went and sat with her awhile to talk about me.

Jack Denamore had married Cornelia Willets. And Bob Cushing was rushing May Ogden. Of course there might be nothing serious, but May was terribly sentimental, and Bob was awfully good-looking, though he didn't have a penny—was just a clerk in a store.

"Her mother tries to keep her from going with Bob, but May manages to see a lot of him," Rose said, "and I think May is right. At least I have always thought as she does. What is money or position compared to love?"

"You've read that somewhere, Rose Grandon! I know you have. It sounds exactly as if you were reading from a novel," I replied.

"No—I don't remember reading it. I might change my mind a little if I could have such a home as—Well, as this." Then with one of her quiet changes:

"Has that Mr. Edmonds any money?" "I don't know—I guess so. He goes in our set—goes to all the expensive places, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, Mother always said it was just as easy to like a man with money as one without. Perhaps she is right," Rose looked so serious as she made this wise remark that I burst out laughing. But I was really quite glad I had invited her, although I could not make myself feel quite so keen upon the subject of her marriage to Barrett as I had supposed I would be. Someway I did not enjoy having her bring him into the conversation in the way she did. It was as though she had already decided to marry him.

We talked until about 3 o'clock, then I ordered the car and we took a long drive. I felt really happy. It was clever in me to send for Rose—it was ever so much pleasanter than staying alone.

We stayed out so late we fairly had to scramble ourselves into our clothes to be in time for dinner. But Rose looked lovely in a dainty rose colored evening dress. I put on one of my new blue ones and did my hair high just as I had it in the attic—just a big soft swirl on the top of my head.

"It makes you look five years older," Rose said. Then "What a lovely dress!"

"I hate blue. But Everett doesn't like me in other colors because of my hair! I almost had said because he always saw his other wife wear blue."

"It is awfully becoming, but one tires of one color all the time." "Oh, I wear white with touches of blue; you see he buys me such beautiful things I shouldn't complain, because he chooses the color." Someway I could resent what Everett did, but it was altogether different hearing someone else criticize him.

"I should say he did!" Rose replied heartily. "Why, there isn't a girl I know who has one-hundredth what you have. I guess you knew

what you were doing after all if you did get married so young and if your husband is old."

"He isn't old—not a single bit! He's just old enough to have a position in business and society," I returned in my most grandiose manner, just as Hetty announced dinner.

THE MAN WHO WINS

Is Always Full of Life and Energy—Failures Are Weak and Bloodless.

Some men seem to have all the luck. If there are any good things going these men seem to get them. They make other people do their will—they are leaders. If they are business men they are successful; if they are workmen they get the foreman's job. They have the power of influencing people.

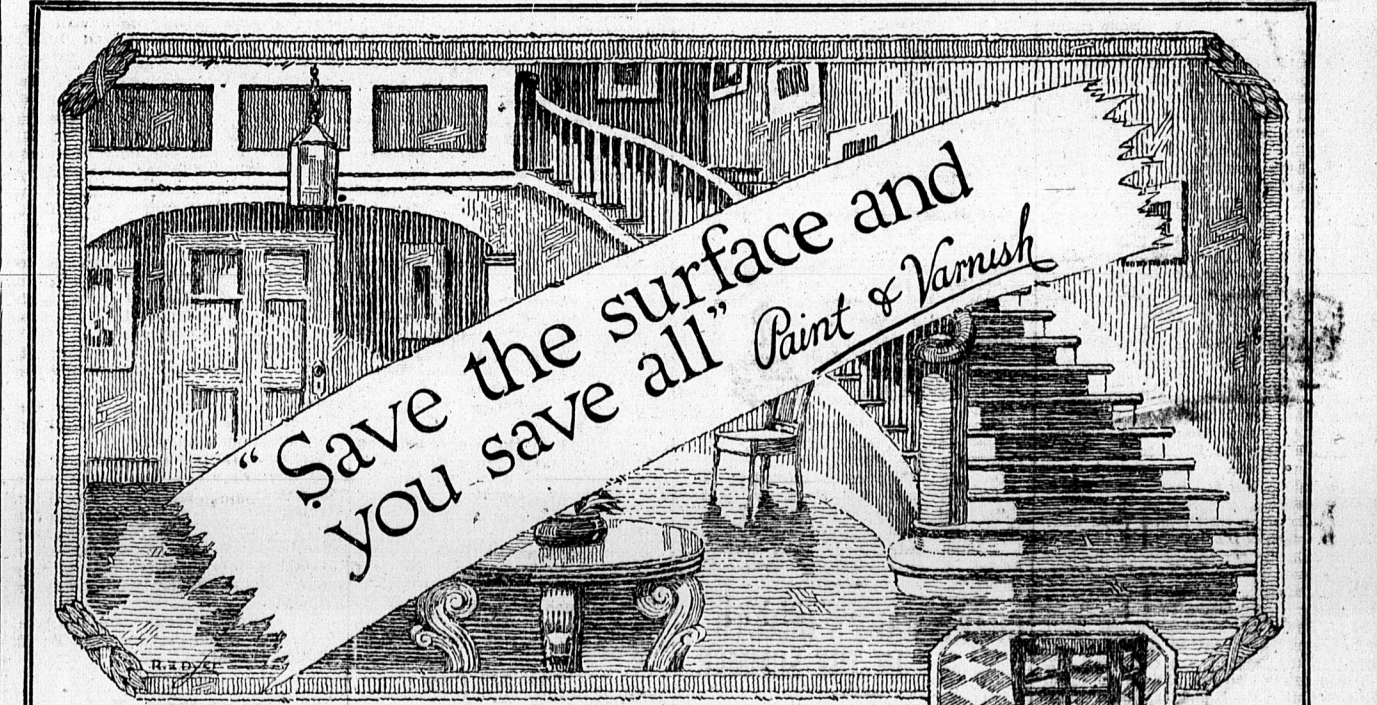
The same thing is true of women. Some have the charm that makes men seek them out; others are always neglected. But this is not luck. It is due to a personal gift—vitality. Men and women of this sort are never weak, puny invalids. They may not be big, but they are full of life and energy. The whole thing is a matter of good blood, good nerves and good health. Everyone would wish to be like this and the qualities that make for vitality and energy are purely a matter of health. By building up the blood and nerves, sleeplessness, want of energy, weakness of the back, stooping shoulders, headaches and the ineffectual sort of presence which really comes from weakness can all be got rid of. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made many weak, tired men, vigorous and healthy, and many pale, dejected girls and women plump, gay and attractive, by improving their blood and toning up their nerves. If you are weak, ailing, low-spirited or unhealthy, begin to cure yourself today by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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Armstrong, R. C. June 11th, 1910. Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd. Yarmouth, N. S.

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Yours truly, E. E. ARMSTRONG, Secretary Armstrong High School



Feet that never touch the floor. How many feet pass up your front stairs in a life time? Or even in a year!

How many footsteps of friends, relatives and visitors, pass through your front hall in the same period! The total number is almost beyond belief. And yet, in the well-kept home, the countless feet never touch the floor. If the stairs and floors are kept protected, these feet walk on paint or varnish. They cannot touch the wood; the wood cannot wear.

The same principle holds true with the exterior of your house, if properly painted. The elements of destruction never reach such a house—their battle is only with the protective coating. The surface is the danger point with floors and stairs and house exteriors—with every product of wood, iron, steel, concrete, cement or stucco. Save the surface and you save all.

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