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I tried many remedies and was under the care of a physician; but nothing did me any good. Then I began to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and in a week I was easier, and in six weeks I was so well I went to work again.

I look upon this fruit medicine, 'Fruit-a-tives', as simply marvellous in the cure of Rheumatism, and strongly advise everyone suffering with Rheumatism to give 'Fruit-a-tives' a trial."

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JUST A GIRL

BY JANE PHELPS

KENNETH HEARS THE STORY

Chapter 132.

We went to church. Mother, Kenneth and I. Then we had dinner. No word of our changed life had been spoken. Mother excused herself to the door, and Kenneth and I were left alone.

I told him the whole story, only keeping back the struggle I had at first, and the disagreeable incidents which I never had told anyone but Mary.

"You have been very brave, Zena," he said when I stopped after sketching my life after Father died. "I am very proud of you."

"But I am very different, Kenneth. I am not the same girl you know. Sometimes I feel like pinching myself like the old woman whose skirts were cut as she slept, to see if it is really me, Zena Stewart, or some other girl masquerading under her name."

"You will marry me at once, won't you, Zena, and let me take you home to the ranch, away from all this hard work and anxiety?"

"Oh, I couldn't—so soon!" "Why not, Zena?" his tone was so practical that I laughed.

"Oh, I couldn't—no, not ready." "Nonsense! What is there to get ready—clothes? What do they matter to two people who have decided to spend their lives together?"

As he asked the question there flashed over me the thought that I had not promised that he had taken a great deal for granted. That he was a masterful man was easily seen.

"I didn't know that he had decided," I said lightly to ease the tension I felt.

"I did, you never would have allowed me to come had you not cared for me, and intended to marry me."

"But even so I must tell Mr. Claxton, and give him time to fill my place. He has been more than kind to me, and to Mother."

"Give him a week, and I shall not let you work all day during that time either. Tell him the morning, and if he isn't decent enough to tell you to quit at once you have very much exaggerated his kindness to you."

"A lot you know about it! He has been wonderful!" "Hold on there! I shall be jealous if you talk of him any more. I'm sure that he hasn't discovered how sweet you were and married you out of hand."

I felt myself flushing and turned away. I some way felt my enthusiasm for Kenneth ebbing from me as I remembered I must tell Frank Claxton, the man who had told me the love and devotedly that he would still hope that some day he would win me. I must tell him I was to marry a man I had not seen for years, of whom I really knew very little. What would he say? How would he accept the news I would take him in the morning?

"One would think from your expression you were sorry to tell this man," Kenneth remarked.

"I wonder if he will have trouble filling my place," I parried. "I have a good deal of responsibility. I am assistant to the manager in the bond department, as well as secretary for Mr. Claxton. It has taken me a long time to fit myself. It will be hard for them to take in someone unfamiliar with the work."

Let them worry. You belong to me now. I said no more, but thoughts of Frank Claxton, my work at the office, remained with me all day, every moment of which was spent with Kenneth. He grew very love-like, and impressed upon me the care he would give me, the beauty of the ranch. And as he included Mother in all his plans, I should have been very happy. That I wasn't I laid entirely to my worry. Mr. Claxton having trouble to fill my place.

It was with none of my usual breeziness that I entered the office that Monday morning and waited for Frank Claxton to appear. He was later than usual. The market had opened and I didn't get an opportunity to speak to him until almost noon. Then I said:

"May I see you a few minutes, Mr. Claxton?" "Certainly!" He turned so quickly that I was almost thrown.

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Here's an easy way to save 87, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever used.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you'll understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens it dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat ticks, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "87% ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pines Co., Toronto, Ont.

FACE DISFIGURED WITH PIMPLES

Itched and Burned. Scarcely Slept. Cuticura Heals.



"Pimples affected my face. They were large and always festered, and they scattered all over my face. They afterwards turned into scales and when they fell off they left big marks until my face was disfigured. They itched and burned so that I scarcely slept at all."

"I had been bothered for nearly two months before I started using Cuticura, and after I had used three boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss L. Burns, St. Basile, Que., June 6, 1918.

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ly, looked so sharply at me, it took away my self-possession and I blurted out:

"I must leave. Can you find another girl this week?"

"As I looked at him I saw his face was white. "Leave—why?"

"I am going to be married." I had given him the reason at once. I saw I had hurt him, but there was no other way—not with him.

"Married!" he exclaimed, while even his lips grew white. "May I ask you how?"

"Please do, and let me tell you all about it," I interrupted.

ZENA TELLS MR. CLAXTON. Chapter 133.

This telling of my intention to marry was harder than I had thought it would be. Frank Claxton hadn't moved or spoken after his white face, his glazed, incredulous eyes made speech difficult.

"It commenced long ago," I finally said, looking down so that I might not see the hurt look in his face, "when Dad was alive. He—the man I am going to marry—visited a girl, one of my chums. He was related to her."

"Were you engaged to him when you came here?" "Oh, no! I hadn't even heard from him for years. We left our address in New York. Foolish pride perhaps, but we didn't want our old friends to know how poor we were. I didn't, I mean."

"Then how—?" "He finally a few months ago wrote to Dad's lawyer, who sent the letter to Mother. I answered it, and—Mr. Lawrence is here and wants me to go back with him—lives on a ranch in the West."

"And you are going? You want to go? This man must be little more than a stranger to you," he hesitated.

How could I explain that I had held him in my thoughts all these years? How make this white-faced man before me realize that Kenneth had been my ideal, had kept me from doing things that perhaps I might have regretted? I realized how difficult it would be to put my feelings into understandable words, yet I must say something. So I asked again:

"Do you think you can fill my place?" "We won't talk of that! I want to understand. Have you really promised to go with this man?"

"Yes—I think so—he expects me to," I stammered, suddenly aware that I didn't want to go, that I tried desperately to throw off the feeling, so like despair, that had seized me.

"He expects you to," Frank Claxton repeated after me. "Is that your only reason for marrying him, Zena? Is he wealthy?" he asked, suspicion in his tone.

"Oh, no! Just a ranchman—not wealthy at all."

"Then why—I don't, I can't understand, Zena! You tell me you are going to marry this man whom you have not seen for years, a man who certainly can't spend much time wooing you. You say you are going away with him in a week. There must be some reason—Is it that you are so tired of work, Dear?" his voice softened, "that you are willing to try life with an almost unknown man rather than go on? If that is it, why—?"

I stopped him with a gesture, fearful he was going to mention my refusal to marry him. Then in hot words that fell over each other I told him of my girlish dreams; of how I had idealized this strong western man, thought him bigger and better than anyone I ever had known; how I had always known that sometime he would come for me, even though I would often fear I might be wrong.

Then I told of Kenneth's masterful way of taking hold of the situation, of his plans for Mother and me. He must get back and that explained my haste to let him, Mr. Claxton, know so I am afraid they don't care much for him."

"I don't wonder. Coming here and attempting to carry on off like this. I always thought Mary very clever." Then very seriously he said:

"Zena, I want you to give me a promise. Will you?" "If I can—of course."

"Send this man away. Promise me not to marry him, not to engage yourself to him, for six months. Will you?"

"But—how can I—explain to him?" "Don't. Tell him the truth—that

Feel The Surge of Abounding Youth

A PROMISE ASKED AND MADE Chapter 134.

I had given Frank Claxton my promise that I would not even be engaged to Kenneth Lawrence for six months. I felt a strange lightness, a relief, after I had done this, even though I trembled at what lay before me.

I tried to encourage myself that I never had really been engaged, never really promised to marry Kenneth Lawrence. He had taken and everything for granted, and in his whirlwind way had borne me along with him. Yet, even so, I very naturally dreaded my coming interview with him.

"Take the rest of the day off, remain at home while this Mr. Lawrence is in town. Learn to know him—to know yourself," Mr. Claxton had said. And I, troubled, uncertain, gladly took him at his word for that day at least.

I went directly to Mary. I would tell her everything, and so what she thought for the arrangement into which I had allowed myself to be drawn simply because of my dreams of an ideal man, whom I really scarcely knew—as Mr. Claxton said.

"How was I going to make this man from the West understand? I felt sure my action was going to be utterly incomprehensible to him. He would probably think of me as a fickle—a girl who didn't know her own mind, if nothing worse. I couldn't explain that I had allowed myself to be swept on by thoughts that I had had of him for years; that I had been in love with love, as typified by these thoughts, rather than in love with him."

"What is it, Zena? Something's happened, I know by your face, Mary exclaimed as I walked into the pancake shop, now practically deserted. I had purposely lingered so that I might find her at liberty to talk with me.

"Yes, Mary, something has happened. It is a long story, dear. I wish I had told you much of it long ago." I then told her of my first meeting with Kenneth Lawrence, of never having seen or heard of him, but confessed that it had been thoughts of him which had kept me so unhappy. And you seemed very happy to have your Mother with you, and that your work was so successful. Will this man you scarcely know be able to make you happier? We hate to have you leave us, Miss Zena, but we want you to do what will be for your own happiness."

"I know, Tom. I think you are right about belonging. Perhaps in six months I shall know if Mr. Lawrence and I, belong. Now I must go on home and tell Mother. It is going to be hard to explain to her and to him."

"Want me to go along, Zena?" "No, thanks. This is my job, and I've got to do it."

"All right, but be firm. Don't let him wheedle you into going with him."

"I shan't!" I replied, as I recalled I had given my word to Frank Claxton.

"What are you saying, Zena! You aren't ready to marry me? You aren't going back with me?"

"No, Kenneth. I have decided we do not know each other well enough. We will be good friends for six months—if you wish—will write, and perhaps you will come to see me occasionally. But we will be just friends, no engagement or anything. Then if we both feel the same at the end of six months, I'll go with you."

"What has made you do this, Zena? You didn't talk this way yesterday. Has the fear of leaving your boss made you throw me over?"

"I have no fear of my 'boss,' as you call him, and I haven't thrown you over. If you remember, I never really promised to marry you. You just took it for granted. I said last night, anxious that he should not swell upon an share of Mr. Claxton might have had in influencing me."

"You let me," he moodily answered. "Then, 'I can't believe you are in earnest, Zena, that you are going to send me back alone.' Tell me you are only teasing me."

"I was afraid to, Kenneth. I consider marriage a serious matter to joke about. That is why I am sending you away; why I want to have time to decide. The years that have passed since we met have made us strangers. People who marry should not be strangers, but should know each other."

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Go to your druggist. If he is an up-to-date one, he will have

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"How can you expect me to want to remain single when I see you and Mary so happy?" I asked, in an attempt to cover by embarrassment.

"We are happy, Miss Zena. But perhaps some of our happiness is to talk with me.

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