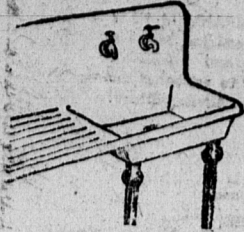


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The pain may come from strained weakened ligaments and muscles— from the swelling and inflammation from a dislocation— from bruise, cut, boil, abscess, run-around— from hand and feet swollen from Rheumatism— from a stiff neck— from sore throat or tonsillitis— from toothache or headache— from a painful odor and does not stain or leave a greasy residue. It is more than a liniment—it is a vegetable germicide that is absolutely safe.

Professional Cards

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THE WOMAN HE MARRIED

BY JANE PHELPS

A LOST CHANCE Chapter 48

I had been lunching with Clara and Laura Burbank. I was rather late in getting home, and was out of breath when I got into the elevator. I knew Dick wasn't in as soon as he opened the door. As soon as he got home he always romped and played with Junior, making a great noise. Mrs. Dooly helped me out of my dress. "Mr. Williams is late tonight," I said. "There's a telegram, ma'am, I almost forgot." Just then I heard Dick's key in the door. "For me?" "I couldn't make out, ma'am, if it was for you or him. I didn't open it." Had I not been anxious, her naivete would have amused me. But a telegram—it was seldom we had received one. "Dick, there's a telegram on the living room table," I called, then hurried in to him. "My father is very ill," Dick said, handing me the message: "Father very ill, come if you can." It was signed by his sister. I knew there was a strong bond of affection between Dick and his invalid father. My heart ached for him as he tried to eat dinner. "You will go, of course?" "Yes, I must, Nan. It will cost me a lot, but I—his voice broke. "You mustn't think of the cost. Take that money you made in cotton. We'll have more someday to use for the many things that I had forgotten that! It will just pay my expenses." He went out and wired that he would start the next morning. Then I packed his bag, and we went to bed. But he tossed all night long, wakeful, thinking, I knew, of his father and wondering if he would arrive in time. How trivial everything else seemed when I bade him goodbye. His sorrowful face, his attempt to be cheerful in every way to encourage him, saying that his father might not be so ill as they thought. "I will wire if there is any need," he had said before he left. I knew he meant it. His father died. He called me from the office and told me the firm had been very kind to him, had told him to stay as long as necessary, and that his pay would be on just the same. I knew he told me so I wouldn't worry about money. "If you have to, use some of your own, Nan. Then I'll replace it when I come back. I don't think you will have to though, as I probably won't be gone long." I knew from his tone that he felt there was no hope his father would live. "All right, dear. Don't worry about us, and don't give up hope," I replied. The next day he wired me: "Father has had a stroke. Is sinking fast."

I cried a bit as I went about my work. Dick's father had appealed to me far more strongly than had his mother. But my tears were not for the old gentleman—they were for Dick, because I knew he would grieve. I remained closely at home while he was away. His father had passed away the second day after his arrival. "He died in his sleep," Dick had wired, then added the time he would return. Mrs. Gray was so kind and neighborly that I really loved her. In spite of her disapproval of the things I did, she didn't know I did them or I am sure she would never have mentioned them. She was too kindhearted. I went to the train to meet Dick when he came home. He was pale and sad-looking. The mourning band on his arm told of his loss. He kissed me fondly, and said: "We shouldn't be sorry, Nan, and we can help. He died peacefully, and he suffered when living. He knew me, talked with me a little. I never can be grateful enough for that."

When Dick told me of his little legacy my mind leaped to the fulfillment of my desires. With that capital we might soon possess all for which I longed so constantly. I anticipated to say it, yet it made me almost glad the invalid father had passed away—and hadn't. Dick said we mustn't grieve because "it was through suffering."

Mrs. Gray came in one afternoon soon after Dick's return. She had offered to keep Junior for me while I went shopping with Clara Watson. "What foolish things some women do," she remarked. "Yes?" I questioned wondering what she meant. She had a newspaper in her hand. "I have just been reading such a pitiful story in the paper. How a young woman has ruined herself because of her love for clothes. She was arrested for shop-lifting."

"How dreadful!" "Isn't it?" The article says that she was refined, lady-like, thoroughly good, morally, but that her passion for clothes ruined her. She worked hard all day then sat up late trimming hats, attempting to make her clothes look like those of the wealthy women who patronized the exclusive dressmaker's establishment where she was employed.

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap but it has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less. Get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex from any drugist, pour it into a 10-oz. bottle and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time. It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs— loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known all the world over for its healing effect on the membranes. Avoid disappointment by asking your drugist for "Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

How Mother stopped a nervous headache

After suffering nearly all day she remembered how she had once stopped a nervous headache with

Mentholatum

She rubbed some on her throbbing temples and the cooling, soothing action of Mentholatum soon lessened the pain. She has never since let a headache last all day.

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"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

It was not until after dinner that he told me. "Father left me \$5,000. No one knew he had as much as he did. It seems he had made some investments years ago that he thought worthless, but which have yielded enough for mother, and my \$5,000. Sis (his sister) would take nothing. Five thousands dollars! We were rich! At least we now had money to use that would make us rich."

THE STORY OF A SHOPLIFTER Chapter 49

I could think of nothing but that \$5,000 Dick's father had left him! The increased cost of living, high rent, and so forth, made the sum seem like a fortune. Dick would be willing now to use it—to make it "work for him," as he said of the little he had had in the bank drawing interest. Had it come to his six months before he would have put it in the bank, satisfied with 3 or 4 per cent interest. And it was due to me, my efforts that he would be willing to use it; I felt quite ridiculous, felt that he owed much to me. I had urged him out of his narrowness—as I called it.

Some women had nothing to say in the home. I would pry that from my judgment, my ideas, were as good as Dick's. I had no particeps with those meek little wives who allowed themselves no voice in matters that concerned them or their comfort. To shine through a reflected light may be all some women care for, perhaps it may have been my idea when I first married Dick. To be perfectly honest I think it was. I expected to live as father and mother had lived, as my young married friends lived—to keep the home neat and care for the children and let the husband do the rest, the planning as well as the earning.

But New York had changed me. I was no longer content to be the simple housewife with nothing to say about financial matters. I argued that times had changed; that women had come into their own in every way. I really knew little of economics, of what women who were taking their place in the world were accomplishing. I had little time for reading. My housework and my sewing kept me too busy. Then my mind was filled with foolish longings for things I could not afford—clothes, motor cars—a fine home.

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Mrs. Gray came in one afternoon soon after Dick's return. She had offered to keep Junior for me while I went shopping with Clara Watson. "What foolish things some women do," she remarked. "Yes?" I questioned wondering what she meant. She had a newspaper in her hand. "I have just been reading such a pitiful story in the paper. How a young woman has ruined herself because of her love for clothes. She was arrested for shop-lifting."

ed. Her own sister had to take another room because she could not get enough sleep on account of the other's late hours, spent in embellishing her costumes. "Poor girl, it is hard to want pretty things," I mused aloud, forgetting Mrs. Gray, and recalling my own unfulfilled desires. "Yes—but how a woman will or can ruin herself for so perishable a thing as clothes, seems monstrous to me. Then, too, no one, save a very few friends, even know what one wears in a big city like New York. The paper goes on to say that she must have stolen because she loved clothes for clothes sake. That she ignored men was not a coquette, and had always been a hard worker. Clothes were an obsession with her."

"I often wonder the stores do not lose more than they do," I said, as I put on my hat. "They are a great temptation—if one isn't honest." I might have added that many times I had stood and looked longingly at some article sold at bargain prices, and wondered why people who were unprincipled didn't help themselves. "Store detectives are very alert. I think I shall go, and see this girl I may be able to do something for her."

"You are always doing something for someone," I rejoined, "taking care of babies or making jellies. Really, I feel it is an imposition to leave Junior with you." "I love to have him. Don't bury home on his account." She took Junior in her arms, and I went to meet Clara. But the newspaper story remained in my mind. I felt because she wanted pretty things, very sorry for the girl who stole I too, would go and see her, perhaps.

DICK AND NAN DISCUSS THE LEGACY. Chapter 50

For the woman of moderate means, even though she be skillful with her fingers and able to design and make many articles herself, the clothes game in New York is a losing one. However diligent she may toil she cannot hope to compete with women whose bills at some fashionable modiste's run up into the thousands yearly. I told Clara about the girl who was arrested for shop-lifting. "Perhaps her husband was stingy," she returned. "She had no husband, and the papers said she cared nothing for the admiration of men. That she loved clothes, it was a passion with her—poor girl!"

"We all like nice things too, dear, but we don't steal to get them," replied Clara with impudence. Long afterward when I thought of this conversation about the "shop-lifter," I wondered if we, the extravagant wives of men in ordinary circumstances, didn't steal just as really as she did, when we spent more than we could afford for clothes? But had anyone even intimated such a thing then, I would have been insulted. "Put that away carefully," Dick laid a paper on the table. "What is it?"

"My insurance policy. I should have taken one out long ago, but never felt we could spare the money. It is only \$2,000, dear, but if anything happened to me it would help you a little. Mr. Ogden has been urging me to take out insurance for a year, in fact ever since Junior was born. He thinks

"They WORK while you sleep"

Take one or two Cascarets occasionally to keep your liver and bowels active. When bilious, constipated, headachy, unstrung or for a cold, upset stomach, or bad breath, nothing acts so nicely as Cascarets. Children love them too. 10, 25, 50 cents.

It is a duty every man owes to his family. I guess he's pretty near right. I know it gives me a comfortable feeling to know I have even so little—should I pass out." "Don't talk like that!" I was impatient. "It would be more to the point if Ogden paid you a larger salary, and kept his advice to himself!"

"Nonsense! My salary, no matter how large it was, would not go on if I died. The premiums on insurance are small at my age. I shall keep on adding to it, as I can, until I have \$10,000."

"But Dick! that will take all your father left you. We want to use that as capital to make out fortune." "No, it won't take but very little of it. And I didn't mean I would take out any more just at present. But we have Junior's education to think of, and your future also."

"Can I have a few things I need, Dick?" "Of course you can, Nan. But don't let the idea that we are rich get you just because we have father's legacy. \$5,000 isn't an independent fortune."

"Are you going to buy cotton? I have been watching it, and I think perhaps it has gone low enough to be a purchase." "Who in the world have you been talking to?" Amusement was in his voice. "What do you know about cotton?" "Clara told me that someone told Jim cotton was a 'buy' now." Then I added, "She said she thought it was criminal of you—for any man with a family, not to take advantage of such a position as you hold. Talk with your education, family connections, and acquaintances you should have been a rich man by this time."

"What did you say, Nan? You know I dislike to have you talk my business affairs over with anyone." Then he added, "I shall feel afraid to tell you anything if you are going to confide in your women friends." "It is to Clara that you never talked business much with me. She mentioned several men who she said were cotton traders, and seemed surprised if I never had heard of them. Why don't you tell me about things? I was interested when she seemed surprised that I hadn't heard of these men whom Jim told her traded in your office."

"I never mention our customers' names. It isn't my office, you know." "Well—will you buy some cotton?" "Perhaps! Markham advised me to." "You mean that man you told me about before—the man who made so much money?" "Yes. He seems to get inside stuff occasionally."

"Then promise me you'll take my advice. I want a lot of new things, and it is time you made up your mind to take advantage of your position, as Clara said."

"IN DEBT TO FEMICE AGAIN Chapter 51" Mildred Stowell telephoned me that she was going to Madame Felice for a fitting and would I go along? "You have such good taste, Nan, I feel sure everything is right if you are with me." "Certainly I will go," I replied, flattered. Mildred came for me in her limousine. How I loved to see it standing before the house, and to observe the faces in the windows which we entered it! We spent an hour in the fitting room, and then I ordered a new afternoon gown and a delicate blouse. Mildred had ordered quantities of things, another gown, a tea gown, and an evening cloak. "I had to order something so I might come along and be fitted at the same time you are," she joked when I gaped at her order. She had made me envious, and I made no response. And I had no feeling of guilt at going home knowing what I had ordered would mean a debt of \$185. Perhaps I was becoming accustomed to being in debt, so did not worry about the amount, or perhaps I figured that Dick's legacy warranted my extravagance, although I had urged him to use it to speculate with. At dinner I told Dick that Mildred had taken me out in her car, that we had gone to her dressmaker's, and she had ordered the lovely things. "I am afraid it isn't good for you to run around with Mrs. Stowell, Nan. Stowell can give her everything she wants. I am afraid it will make you discontented."

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DURING the war period it was found necessary on account of difficulty in securing raw materials, and on account of the labor situation, to curtail the production of

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Underwear

We wish to announce to the public that conditions having now become more normal these restrictions have been done away with and we are now in a position to supply this popular garment in quantities sufficient to enable all our old customers to once again purchase their requirements.

No. 95 is the most popular underwear in Canada. It is a warm, natural random shade, just the right medium weight for Canadian winters.

Any reliable dealer can now supply you with "95."

PENMANS LIMITED PARIS ONTARIO

Dear, I feel pretty poor even with what father left me. I want to keep that, or as much of it as possible, and my expenses made a big hole in my salary." "We must use the legacy to make more money." "What an inconsistent little creature you are, Nan! You want me to use it as capital and in the same breath you want motor cars and Felice gowns."

"I had intended to tell Dick I had ordered a dress and a blouse. But he evidently expected me to get all as such. But should she hear Dick's father had left him some money she might expect me to order to return it?" Perhaps Dick would make wna.

IMPROVE YOUR BAKINGS

BEAVER FLOUR

THE solution to the problem of—"How to improve your 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 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. LIMITED Chatham Ontario

She would trust me for two months. There were many little things I counted a charge on Clara's account. I must pay soon, besides other bills Dick knew nothing about. The \$40 would come in very good. I wondered what I ought to do about the \$250 Mrs. Stowell had loaned or given me, the day she found me weeping because I could not pay the grocer. She had told me to keep it until my ship came in, had even intimated it was a gift that she wanted me to accept. It was such. But should she hear Dick's father had left him some money she might expect me to order to return it?" Perhaps Dick would make wna.

he called a "killing" in some way. If he did I would offer it to her; but I would pray at the same time she wouldn't accept it. You see I am candid. Dick did take Mr. Markham's advice. He made nearly \$500 in less than an hour—so he told me when he came in to dinner. "And when you can make money like that you keep it without everything a woman wants!" I said to him. "Not everything, Nan! Doesn't my love, my wish, to do right, count?"

Continued from Page Two

Continued from Page Two

Continued from Page Two

Continued from Page Two

Continued from Page Two

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Continued from Page Two

Continued from Page Two

Continued from Page Two

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