

WHAT CAUSES SO MUCH SICKNESS

Constipation Responsible for 90% of Disease

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" Corrects It

It is generally recognized among the medical profession that Constipation or Insufficient Action of the Bowels, produces more disease than any other one cause. Constipation is responsible for at least 90% of the disease in the world today—because Constipation is responsible for the Indigestion and Dyspepsia—the nervousness, Insomnia and Rheumatism—the Eczema and other skin troubles—the Headaches and Backaches.

Why is this? As you know, it is the duty of the bowels to carry off the waste matter in the system. If the bowel muscles are weak or the liver inactive, then this waste matter remains in the body and poisons the blood. As a result, every organ in the body is poisoned by this waste.

"Fruit-a-lives" has been wonderfully successful in relieving Stomach Troubles, Nervous Troubles, Liver Troubles, Kidney Troubles, Skin Troubles and Blood Troubles, because "Fruit-a-lives" positively and emphatically relieves Constipation.

"Fruit-a-lives" will always relieve Constipation, even though the trouble has been chronic for ten, fifteen and twenty years. Thousands of grateful users proclaim "Fruit-a-lives" the greatest remedy for Constipation that the world has ever known.


50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

for bruises

Absorbine, Jr. should be applied promptly, for the chief danger from cuts and bruises is the danger from infection.

Absorbine, Jr. is both a corrective and a preventive remedy; an efficient antiseptic it prevents infection, and its healing and soothing properties take out all the soreness from the wound.

62.5c a bottle at most druggists
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
344 St. Paul St., Montreal



"A Mass of Sores - No Sleep - Unhappy Days"

writes Mrs. Orange Harvey of Danville, Quebec, R. R. 3: "I doctored with doctors until the first of May. Then I got a bottle of D. D. D. AT ONCE MY FACE GOT BETTER. I used half a bottle only and have been entirely well ever since.

Why not see if half a bottle will relieve your case of skin disease, too—on our guarantee that the first bottle will show results or your money back? Ticking stops on the instant. \$1.00 a bottle. Try D. D. D. Soap, too.

D. D. D. THE Lotion for Skin Disease

Central Dispensary, E. A. Foster, Charlottetown

Prince George Hotel

TORONTO
In Centre of Shopping and Business District
250 ROOMS
100 with Private Baths
EUROPEAN PLAN
E. WINNETT THOMPSON, MAN G. DIR.



REPAIRING

This is an opportune time to have your old tires made as good as new.

OUR SPECIALTY

Is Cord Tires. Bring yours today and let us put you in good shape for the season.

EDGAR WHITLOCK

162 Kent Street
Telephone 637

The Wall Flower

by Marion Robinson

CONFIDENCES
Chapter 57

"I don't think there's much to tell," Pan replied, trying desperately to understand it herself. "I was in love with him, I know that. Oh, I know because it hurts so awfully when"

"When Gladys came into it" prompted Gloria, "and then you dressed us both alike. That's what I should not have minded, that is I shouldn't have minded so much. I suppose I would have selfishly wanted him to be in love."

Her thoughts came pouring out then. For once she could talk freely all the things that were pent up inside her.

"You see, no one ever liked me. Not even when I was a child. I was so frightfully ugly."

"Poor kid, you weren't," Gloria said softly.

"I was. I was thin and nervous and had a pale face and a big mouth with huge teeth that Aunt Maude called tombstones. And I looked so dreadful in the gingham pinafore Aunt Maude made us. You see when we were little, she dressed us both alike. That's why Gladys had new pinafores, and I wore them out next season, she was so much larger that they always fit me when she'd outgrown them. But her hair went into nice fat curls when Aunt Maude wet it and brushed it around her finger and mine was always plaited back flat and ended in a stringy pigtail. It was so awfully ugly!"

"I always had to work so hard over my lessons, if I didn't study and study I'd fail. But Gladys never paid much attention and somehow she always managed to get through. So she wasn't stupid, as I know you think."

"There's a certain type of mind that cannot fall into the routine of school studies," Gloria explained. "Docile children thrive under such a routine, children with too much individuality are always at war with the hard and fast rules of academic studies. I fancy you were that sort."

Pan went on: "All the teachers liked Gladys. They never cared much for me, except an old lady who was my English teacher. The rest said I had no personality. Otherwise, I never made friends, and the teacher died while I was in high school."

"Gladys grew more and more popular, and somehow I felt as though I were being shoved into the background. But I knew that if I were the sort that could be shoved I deserved to be. And I was busy, the work at home never was very easy."

"And as I grew older I grew more so," Gloria prompted Gloria again.

"Yes, I couldn't dance well, nor play games well. I tired out on long walks, I couldn't swim or row well, when they talked about oh flirtations, and the sort of impudent give and take very young men and women like, well, I couldn't do it. The whole trouble was that Gladys and her friends were full of the joys of life and I had none of it."

"Poor child, how could you?" Gloria wondered.

"But you see, as life gave me nothing, I grew never to expect anything. That was the consolation of my type. Pan went on with a keen dash of self knowledge. "So I never was envious and I never looked forward, as Gladys and all the others did. They looked forward to being in love, and being married to having homes of their own. Some wanted a lot of money some of the girls and boys wanted to go to other cities to live, when I did think ahead, I felt that some how unexpected things would change for me and would be happy. Meantime you see I had no money, so I couldn't break away and no courage to go anyway, because I was so sure I was useless."

"But the unexpected came through you." She gave Gloria one of her sweet, shy little smiles and resumed.

"But first of all, something else unexpected came. That was Morton who liked me. He was my first friend, my only friend, except my father, of course."

"And he did like me, in spite of all my faults and shortcomings. It was, you can't imagine how wonderful to me, because everyone has always liked you."

"I imagined though," Gloria said gently putting one hand over the other's.

"I was so grateful. Then I began to think I could do him good too, by being good friends with him. I thought he was wonderful."

"That's because you wanted to think so, the idealism in you coming out," Gloria explained.

"Perhaps. But that was the only thing I wanted, to go on being in love with him. And then Gladys who had everything, had the one thing I wanted, and didn't deserve it because she never could appreciate all his good qualities, got it."

"And that's life," summed up Gloria. She wanted to say several things and wondered whether she dared.

GLORIA'S ADVICE
Chapter 58

Gloria thought awhile then asked: "How old are you, Pan?"

"Twenty-one, almost twenty-two," the girl answered.

Gloria laughed.

"How marvellous to be young enough to count forward to the next birthday! I'm 33 when that unfortunate date occurs, so I refuse to think about it until it's past, and too late to worry over! You're so young for your age, Pan!"

"Do you know, you were never in love with Morton at all?"

Pan looked sufficiently astonished at this remarkable statement to cause Gloria to laugh again.

"She went on: "You weren't—not really, you know. You forgot too soon when you got into the new surroundings. You found something better here, didn't you?"

Into Pan's mind came a memory of George Ridgeway's tired eyes and fine features, and the mouth that puzzled her so by its sweetness and its cynicism.

"She nodded her head.

"You see, that was all there was to it. In the country you had nothing to think about but yourself. That sounds brutal, dear child, but I'm afraid it's true. Heaven knows you had enough unpleasant things happening to make your thoughts anything but cheerful. And there was little else to think about."

"Nevertheless, you did think about yourself and therefore you made the little hurts greater by your own mind. It was love but loneliness that made you turn to Morton. What was there about him to satisfy a girl like you?"

Pan answered eagerly: "He was wonderful! He was so different. He didn't like girls in the silly sentimental fashion of the other boys. He respected them, he was well, so vulgar sometimes, in the things you say to each other. Sometimes they'd say vulgar things to them. Even to Gladys—I heard one boy boast that he dared say anything he wanted to her."

"They seemed to think that girls existed to play with and spoon with. There weren't many really solid friendships; there weren't many cases where there was real companionship. It was a sort of between a boy and a girl."

"That's what made Morton so lovable. He gave a girl credit for a brain, the others didn't—or if they thought any girl intelligent, they called her a school marm and kept away from her. But Morton—I could have been a wife and a friend too, Gladys can only be a wife."

Gloria smiled a little and said: "Norris City is a place of about two or three thousand, I suppose, and off the beaten track. Therefore it's unusually narrow in its point of view. And yet even there, you'll find several sets of people. Gladys and her family happen to be in with that special kind—we might call them contented, though it's not a fair term. Let's call them an unintelligent crowd of people. There was another set, I met them; they were more serious, they liked books, they were broad-minded—they were more nearly your sort."

"You were hopelessly out of place there, that's all. You were miscast, as stage people would say, as out of place as a fine tragedy actress trying to play a part in a bedroom farce."

"I was out of place—"

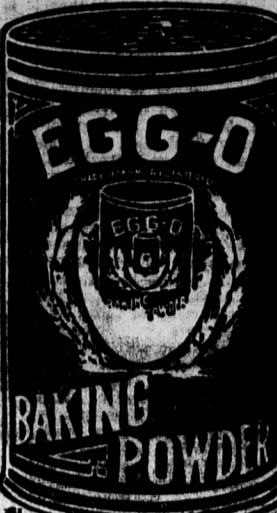
"You were too good for them!" Gloria was almost irritated because Pan would not see it. "That's usually the trouble with these poor, shy, little tongue tied creatures that sit in corners and mope and can't think of a thing to say. There's all right, there's nothing wrong with them, except that they circle of friends, their mother, as the French say. They belong with the serious people, not with rowdies, if only they could see that!"

"She moved restlessly under the covers. Pan wondered how much longer she could keep her in bed, Gloria was ready to rebel against her forced confinement."

"You were hopelessly out of place. It wasn't your fault. It hardly ever is the fault of the girls themselves. It's almost always because the mother or aunt or older sister—whoever is in authority has no discretion. These shy, sensitive little souls are misunderstood, and snubbed and hurt, when they should be petted, and encouraged. If Gladys had been methodically snubbed and put in her place, she probably would have been less spoiled and more generous and sweet. If you had been encouraged, as she was you would not have gone about feeling yourself inferior to every one."

"She sat up in bed and threw back the covers. Then she got up, her yellow silk kimono half falling from her shoulders."

"Mrs. Panke asked me to her dance tonight, didn't she? Phone her and say I'm coming—like an



EGG-O
BAKING POWDER

angel. Pan, and don't stand there frowning at me. I'm bored, being sick. I'm going to have a hot supper—and then dance!"

Pan's protests were lost in the spatter and gurgle of water turned on—into the tub. Over its noise Pan heard Gloria begin to sing. She picked up the phone and begged, but her foot bursts when I walk."

"I'm going to come over and bring you something hot! Pan's small voice was determined.

"But—I'm alone you know—I mean it's unconventional, it's awfully sweet of—"

Pan laughed at his mixture of alarm and pleasure and hung up the receiver. She started to the kitchen to see what might be heated.

A VISIT
Chapter 59

Pan, sure that Gloria would go into pneumonia and die at last called up the doctor and begged him to order her to stay indoors.

Something like a goblin, he had a long head that rose to a sort of bald peak on top, sparkling deep-set eyes behind a fringe of eyebrow and a professional looking pointed beard.

"Of course I'm supposed to be visiting Mrs. Jamison," he began, making himself still more comfortable among the cushions as the tray appeared.

"Mrs. Jamison is always a male admirer," Gloria remarked, filling his cup.

"The invalid whose illness is imaginary is always the greatest sufferer," the doctor moralized. Most of us are malades imaginaires. Both the sickness and the cure is in the imagination. And he helped himself to another buttermilk biscuit.

"Exactly. But why talk against your profession?" Gloria wanted to know. "In any case it all proves that my imagination has cured my cold and I'm going to dance tonight. Frankie shall mother send you to a dancing class so you can learn to dance with her?"

"Yes, if I don't have to dance with little girls," the child answered solemnly, walking slowly around the table and inspecting the cakes and muffins.

This caused a general laugh, during which Bobby came in and joined the party.

And Gloria went off to her dance looking 18 in a pale yellow low velvet dress that carried its train off one side instead of conventionally in back.

Pan curled up on the couch with one of Frankie's books, a child's history of the world. Her knowledge of history was patchy, the Norris City schools had specialized in American and in England and Roman, what had happened in the world aside from those periods was quite unknown to her, and the simplified shortened account in the child's book seemed to her an ideal way of getting an outline.

She had herself into the most fascinating period of Egyptian civilization and had just made a note to get Herodotus from the library and read his book when the phone rang.

A hoarse voice asked for Gloria.

"She's out, can I take a message?" she asked impersonally not knowing who it was.

"What nonsense, she's not out. She's sick in bed and I want to talk to her," the voice came irritably.

"This is George."

"But she is out, she said she was well and went off to a dance. What is the matter with your voice?"

A quick apology for his brusque tone followed.

"I wanted to tell her I think I've heard that—that Frankie calls to me. Tell her when she comes home, she'll have a clear conscience and will be able to sleep, poor child. It was being upset over that, rather than a cold made her break down."

Pan still wanted to know what the trouble was with George.

"Nothing—a cold and Moore says I haven't got out till the weather clears. And I turned my ankle in the gymnasium yesterday—serves me right for going in for healthy exercise."

Pan laughed and promised to give Gloria his message.

"Don't ring off. Please talk a little. Aunt's off on a lecture tour, I sent the butler and his wife out for the day because I was sick of



Best for Baby
Best for You

Baby's Own Soap so fragrant and refreshing

seeing them around—and now I wish I hadn't. They're better than no one, at least they are human beings."

"How did you get dinner?" asked the practical Pan.

"Didn't want dinner. The voice was fretful. "No fun eating alone."

"Haven't you had any dinner?" Pan was all upset over such a thing and in her anxiety forgot the shyness of him that had returned when she first suspected she might be in love with him.

"No—there's stuff in the dining room, but my foot hurts when I walk."

"I'm going to come over and bring you something hot! Pan's small voice was determined.

"But—I'm alone you know—I mean it's unconventional, it's awfully sweet of—"

Pan laughed at his mixture of alarm and pleasure and hung up the receiver. She started to the kitchen to see what might be heated.

A VISIT
Chapter 60

The only thing Pan could find to carry out to the invalid was some thick celery soup. She heated this as much as possible with a lavish addition of cream and poured it into a Thermos bottle. Then she pulled an old fur cloak of Gloria's over her shoulders, half wished she had on her cream colored silk which was so becoming—decided that if she stopped to change it would be coquetry, whereas now it was merely a friendly errand—and slipped out of the house.

She was so much in earnest over her errand that she took a taxi, an unheard of extravagance for her, so George could have his supper that much sooner.

George had phoned downstairs to the hall boy of the apartment house to let her in. She found him sitting in a little pool of lamp light at the big table in his study, with books and newspapers scattered over table and floor and the rest of the huge place in a friendly sort of gloom.

"You are an angel to come like this," he said. "I'm like all men, I hate being sick so much that when I have the least ache or pain I pretend it's something tremendous."

"To have the satisfaction of feeling sorry for yourself!" Pan said and laughed a little.

"That's the sort of remark Gloria would make. I believe you are too much under her influence," George replied.

The girl wondered at this answer it seemed to reflect a trifle upon her. She looked closely at George—who did indeed seem very ill. Whatever tiny resentment she felt vanished at once, she threw her cape over a chair and went into the dining room to find a bowl for the hot soup.

One of the big armchairs was placed at end of the long table. An exquisite lace and linen scarf was thrown across it, a percolator dark oak, coffee in a percolator needed only a light to begin its heating, sandwiches, salad, cold meat everything his servants could think of to tempt him in their absence was ready there.

George watched her through the arched doorway. She seemed so at home as she found a tray, and arranged the meat, and as she went back and forth from the butler's pantry, where scalding hot water was ready to heat the plates.

When she carried in the tray, he ate all the hot soup and cold supper with a perfectly healthy appetite, let her put an extra cushion under the bandaged ankle, sent her up to the balcony for a fresh supply of cigarettes and then leaned back in the armchair, feet out on a stool, hands limply on the chair arms, the cigarette he rarely puffed at held between his fingers.

Pan carried away the tray and the coffee, and came back again.

"I feel awkward now for the first time," she said. "That's because I've nothing to do."

"Now you must sit down on that little stool where I can look at you, and let me amuse you, to pay back for all your nice attentions to me," George said.

Pan sat down obediently, folded her arms around her knees, removed her hat with ungraceful and clasped her hands in her lap.

"Don't try to sit in a dignified attitude in an undignified chair," George said. "You look best when you forget yourself Pan, and don't fool you look very much like a quaint little girl who lived a century ago. I'm going to paint you that way—some time."

"Pan, do you know I think you must be the ideal woman!" His eyes were smiling and the mouth that was usually cynical was whimsical.

"Why?" Pan asked. "You look as though you were laughing at me!"

"But you're spoiling things by getting self-conscious! I said that because Aunt Harriet would have had no sympathy for my little evening. She would have said, and been perfectly right, that if I wasn't able to walk around, I

shouldn't have sent the servants out, and if I intended to be cross and not answer the telephone all day, I shouldn't complain of loneliness in the evening, and call you up for sympathy. I'm not very logical for a man."

"I know that, Pan said so innocently serious that George burst out into a genuine laugh.

"Then you're very logical for a woman," he decided.

"The girl went back to her original puzzle.

"Why did you tell me when I came in that I was too much under Gloria's influence?" she asked. "I suppose I am greatly influenced by her—but wouldn't it be a good influence? She's so wonderful in every way."

George smiled a little.

"Hand me that box of matches—that's it, thanks. Now go sit down on your stool and be a good girl and listen. I'm going to tell you a lot of things about yourself."

Pan felt her heart beat excitedly as she looked at him.

REVELATIONS
Chapter 61

George began.

"Gloria says you have the inferiority complex, and I must help you get rid of it."

Pan laughed.

"What's that?" she asked.

"It's a hideous way of saying that you aren't conceited enough, that you under-rate yourself."

"I know, Gloria tells me that too. But I don't see what you are going to do about it. If I'm stupid enough not to be able—"

"Stop—that won't do. That thinking your stupid is just why you never will amount to anything. Besides it's not true."

Pan began to defend herself, or rather to defend her old ingrained point of view.

"But it is true. Look at the way Gloria talks. She knows about everything it seems. She talks about pictures like an artist, she seems to have seen all the good ones; she talks about music like a musician, she's familiar with everything that's played. I can't tell Stravinsky from Beethoven without a program and never heard of the 'modern movement' in music until Gloria told me of it."

Pan made a little gesture to silence an interruption.

"And books! At least I thought I'd read. But I've read only the old standard sort of things, which all of you have read and forgotten. There's a modern movement in literature that I know nothing of and writers of good things in the past that I never dreamed about."

"Gloria knows every character in history—or almost everyone it seems to me. She knows about old books, and old china, and old furniture and medieval architecture—all of it. Don't you see why I feel so tongue-tied and out of it?"

"You never had a chance to know these things—and Gloria's chances for learning them were exceptional," Gloria answered.

"No, only that—and all her friends know everything going on every day. They know why the Republicans are going to win at the next election, or whether they're going to lose, they talk about it in Washington with an intimacy that astounds me—I read the papers carefully and try to remember which Congressman comes from what state and whether he's a Democrat—Gloria knows exactly how he'll vote on the next treaty—"

"Hold on a minute!—George cried, leaning back and laughing heartily. "If Gloria and her circle knew all that,—well they'd make their fortunes in other ways than up you, could exist in one person."

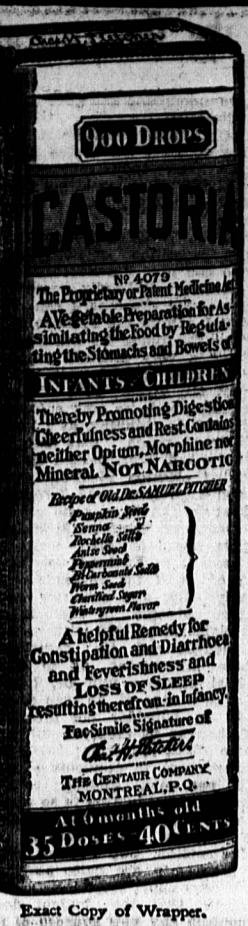
George helped himself to another cigarette.

"Gloria wanted me to tell you what I've said about you to her," he said. "I didn't believe in you at first. I didn't really believe that combination of simplicity and independence and sweetness that made up you, could exist in one person."

George laughed, and picked up the telephone and called Gloria's number.

"It's getting late and I must send you back," he said.

(Continued on Page Ten)



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

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

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

by being interior decorators and artists.

"But—" Pan insisted. "I don't know enough about the present trend of events, who is who and what has been happening to talk of it at all."

"That's just it, you don't—but you're learning fast," George said. "Look here child, I want you to get out of your present state of mind. These things you envy may be desirable, but they are not essential. There isn't a woman in Gloria's circle who doesn't envy you with a positively bitter envy—"

"Why?" the girl flung the word at him almost like a challenge.

"Because you have something they never can have."

"What?" she was simply wondering now.

"Youth—simplicity—innocence—sense as well. And besides that, a sweetness—and a great deal of eagerness to learn that they know will get you all the cleverness they build their own reputations upon."

"I began to laugh.

"I do feel like a new person since I came to live with Gloria," she said more quietly. "A few months ago in the country, I couldn't have talked like this. I couldn't even have thought like this. I would have been so scared of you that I could not have opened my lips."

Send a **DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDER** IN PAYMENT OF OUT OF TOWN ACCOUNT. Most or Stolen money promptly replaced. FOR SALE AT C.R. STATIONS AND DOMINION EXPRESS OFFICES.

Back To Pre-War Quality Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour?

THERE is no more "war flour." The Government has removed all restrictions, and "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" is back to its pre-war standards of quality and baking excellence

First of all, we select the wheat from which OGILVIE'S "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" FLOUR is milled direct from the grain growers in the Prairie Provinces through our own chain of elevators which cover the West.

This wheat must come up to the highest recognized grading tests. But this is not enough. We again subject the wheat to chemical analysis in our own laboratory TO MAKE SURE of its quality.

During the various processes of milling, the flour is tested; and when ready to be put in bags and barrels, it is also subjected to baking tests in our own laboratory bakery.

This is your assurance that every bag and barrel of OGILVIE'S "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" is up to our standard.

This is why you always make such big loaves of Bread—such white, delicious Bread and Rolls—such flaky Pie Crusts—such light, inviting Cakes, and fancy Pastry—when you depend on OGILVIE'S "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" FLOUR for all your baking!

When you order at your dealer's, use the full name—OGILVIE'S "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" FLOUR.



Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL • FORT WILLIAM • WINNIPEG • MEDICINE HAT