

PAIS.

(Concluded.)

'Nothing stops here before 9.30. I am awfully sorry, but you understand.'

'Yes, of course' She wondered if he had caught the hurt note in her voice. Evidently not for his reply rang cheerily along the wire.

'Good girl! See you by eleven, God-by.'

She leaned across the desk, her hands clasped, her gaze fixed on space. It had come, her long delayed hour of victory, and she must live it alone. The fruits of ten years' unremitting concentration and toil were turning to dust and ashes in her hands.

She flung up her head proudly. After all, it was merely a business deal, a part of the day's work, Jack had not appreciated what it meant to her. He had just been thoughtful.

She returned to his room and mechanically started to lay away his class linen. But why should a husband be thoughtful? She could make allowances for men and their ways as she knew them in business, but a husband in his home was different. Why had he gone out of town when she might need him sorely? Why had he failed to make the 5-10 home? Why—

She found herself starting straight into a pair of rough faces, smiling at her from a large photograph. And beneath them, in childish handwriting, ran the legend:

'To the best playfellow in the world from Coe and Ruth.'

With trembling hands she reached for the answer to the vexing questions. Behind those two children stood their mother. Because of her Jack had rushed away to settle a strike which any capable superintendent should have been able to avert. Because Mrs. Mayfield would ask him to dine at the quaint, rambling old house, perched on a hill overlooking the works, he had had not hurried to make the 5-10.

To be sure, Mrs. Mayfield was one of her husband's best clients, and yet—

Still staring at the photograph she recalled a hundred significant words and actions, dovetailing them until they formed a picture which set her her jealousy aflame. The average family lawyer was not called upon to select a new motor car, to pass judgment on plans for pergolas and terraces, to decide upon the merits of private schools and governesses or small increases of modern furniture. He was always buying the Mayfield children toys or taking them on billiard or a day jaunt, and only a few months back he had gone down the bay on a revenue cutter to welcome them back from Europe.

How often she had heard him pity Gertrude Mayfield for the burden of responsibility her wid'hood involved. Just as if he were not bearing the most of the burden for her! Yes that was the sort of women men liked, and could understand. And Jack had fallen in love with this slim, girlish woman whose eyes were big, wide and appealing, who reached out for help and support as a delicate tendrils towards a strong, sure branch, because—

She tried to arraign this other woman who had come into her life and Jack's but with a bitter cry, she flung aside the photograph and faced the truth. The pitiless logic of the woman, who knew life and men through long years of business experience, flashed through her soul, a blinding light that would not be denied. Jack had fallen in love with this tender, womanly creature because his wife had sacrificed him to her own success.

Their ten years of married life unfolded before her eyes like the flickering film of a moving picture—their early struggles, Jack's little successes and his alternating, overlapping, the first big case he had won and his immediate demand that now she should resign her position. She had really meant to do it, to go home-hunting, and to free both of them from the bondage of boarding-house life, but Brown & Lovatt had offered her a substantial raise in salary to remain. She had said Jack into letting her work another year, with the promise that their joint savings should buy a suburban home. But then she had in deed him to let her invest her savings in a desirable option. And she had been buying options ever since, turning her money and Jack's until they were well-to-do. Today's deal would make them rich. A record, yes; but at what cost? Her husband's love.

She had done everything to hold trade, nothing to hold her husband. When had she done anything for her husband? When had she given him inspiration, sympathy in his work? When she had kissed him last! With strange insistence she repeated the question. When had she kissed him? If only she could remember!

A sense of futility, a hideous calm settled upon her. The loss of his love was the inevitable punishment which she, a woman who knew life and men, deserved. And after this calm came a sufficing desire to see her husband in the atmosphere for which he had yearned, with the

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is the healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

'I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better, that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured her.' Mrs. THOMAS L. WEAVER, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

women whose simple, gentle femininity had won him from the wife who had made no effort to fill his wife.

As if drawn by invisible cords, she crossed to the telephone and rang up the Mayfield home. When her husband came to the telephone, her voice was clear and even.

'It is such a perfect night, Jack. Wouldn't you like for me to come after you in the car?'

'Splendid idea! I was the quick response. Then he added: 'But it will be a lonely ride out for you!'

'Oh, I won't mind that. I have so much to think about. Wait for me.'

She telephoned to the garage for the car used by her firm in its real-estate operations. And all the way on that wonderful moonlight drive, she thought and planned. She was convinced that no matter how her husband and Mrs. Mayfield might dissemble, the truth could not be hidden from her. Now she craved the clarity of vision and the relentless logic which were hers. Now she envied women who did not know life as she did, who bugged their illusions and were happy in their ignorance. Then her duty loomed up as clear as her visioning. She must step aside for the woman who could make up to Jack for all that she had denied him.

The picture framed in the open door way of the Mayfield home made her catch her breath. Mrs. Mayfield, slim, girlish, and clad in clinging white, leaned back in a great arm-chair applauding Jack who, with Coe and Ruth, clung to his arms, came pinning down the hall. At the bank of the horn they all hurried forward together; but once she was with him in the softly lighted reception hall, the joyousness seemed to die. The children sat demurely on a high settee. Jack inquired in commonplace tones how the car had worked coming out, and in what condition had she found the roads.

Mrs. Mayfield was conventionally hospitable. Had she died? Would she have a biscuit and a glass of wine? Or a cup of tea?

In this harmonious little circle she struck a discordant note. From an in a paradise as this she had barred herself forever. Suddenly her superb strength, her spirit of self-sacrifice, deserted her. She knew only that she was wretched; faint. The conversational ball rolled round her and passed her; but she did not offer to pick it up.

She never remembered just how it happened; but after what seemed to her like hours, she found herself upstairs in a dainty blue-and-white bedroom shared by the two little girls. She stood in the doorway while they hung over the balustrade and flung kisses to her husband on the floor below. She looked up suddenly to find Mrs. Mayfield regarding her with sympathy not unmingled with anxiety.

'Mrs. Reed is so kind to my feteless girls. I often fear that they will tire or bore him.'

'Oh, I love adores children and they rest him after the day's strain in his office. I like to see him romping with them.'

'Try as she would, she could not keep the wistful note out of her voice.'

'It makes him young and boyish once more, doesn't it?'

The eyes of the two women met. Then Mrs. Mayfield spoke, slowly, as if picking her words with infinite care.

'I am so glad that you understand. For a time I feared you might think—'

Then, with a burst of sincere admiration, she concluded: 'But of course you would understand. You are so clever!'

'Clever?' Helen pressed her hand against her throat as if the word hurt.

'I don't want to be clever, I want to be happy. I want to rest in a home like this!'

The children swept their mother into the bedroom. Helen went down slowly to join her husband. He glanced at her sharply.

'You look a bit fagged, old girl. I wish you'd stop putting.'

He took her into his arms and kissed her forehead. 'You are so tired, my dear. Go to bed. I will be with you in the morning.'

through big deals in the hot weather.

She reached for his hand, and was shocked at the lightness of his answering clasp.

'I have stopped—for the summer—for all time. And oh, Jack, don't—don't call me 'old girl!'

The words ended in a choking sob. He turned on her abruptly and studied his wife in amazement. She swayed under the scrutiny, and he gazed at her with the perfervent ardor which to the woman, alive to love, meant nothing.

'Jack, don't you understand what I said? I am tired of it all, I want a home like other women have. I want little children in my arms. I want to be your wife, not your pal!'

Gradually the words penetrated his brain. He laid his hands on her shoulders and looked straight into her face. That ride through the moonlight had been her hour in Gethsemane. He agony had left her face white and drawn; yet never had she looked so lovingly to her husband.

'How brown, so long lined by business worries, had turned smooth. The lines of shrewdness and alertness had faded from around her lips, which quivered appealingly. And in her eyes shone the light that he had grown to believe would never flame in them for him again. But still he did not speak. A word and the miracle might disappear.'

A burst of childish laughter swept down the stairs, and above it rose Mrs. Mayfield's voice, sweet and clear.

'Children! Children! If you don't quiet down Mrs. Reed will never come to see us again.'

Helen shivered at the music of it, and laid her trembling hand against her husband's heart.

'Why don't you speak, Jack? Don't, don't tell me it's too late?'

'Too late?' he echoed mechanically, and then his bombarded brain commenced to work. The ten years of his empty, unfulfilled life rolled up like a scroll. They two were sitting opposite each other in the dingy table d'hote restaurant, and Helen was telling him that all she wanted of life was his love. It would fill her entire existence. The same wondrous, deep glow was in her eyes, and on her lips were the tender curves that invited and promised. Alas! the woman demanding sacrifice and fame had vanished. The girl who wanted love had come back to him. Her hair brushed his forehead. The warm breath was on his cheek. And she wanted love and him!

With a wordless cry he crushed her to him. It was not a miracle. This was his wife, come to him at last. Their kingdom of love was at hand.—Anna Stree Richardson in Pictorial Review.

Dredging For Gold. Lawrence Irwell in The Rosary.

As is generally known, gold is found in two forms. The first and most important occurs in streaks, or veins imbedded in solid rock at varying depths below the earth's surface, while the second, commonly called alluvial gold, is won in a very simple and generally inexpensive way from the strata of gravel which cover most of the earth's outer crust. Alluvial or free gold is supposed to emanate from from gold-bearing rocks which have become exposed, decayed, disintegrated and washed away, the result being that it is spread itself over the face of the land and, in course of time, has become part of the earth's topsoil.

The effect of gravitation is, of course that all gravel and minerals, including gold, sink until they reach 'bed-rock,' and that the topmost layers are formed of the sandy or lighter particles. The most frequent result is, therefore, that when a river flows over the land, the topsoil is washed away, leaving the gold-bearing gravels as bed-river. It is from this residue that gold is obtained by floating dredges, and this article is intended to describe the work that is being done in this manner in different parts of the world.

Let us take the Gold Coast, West Africa, as a typical tropical dredging country. From the coast inland stretches a huge, swampy belt of dense tropical forest. Most of the sluggish rivers that flow through this country to the sea owe their origin to the highlands of the hinterland and are fed by the periodical heavy rains that make life a burden all along the coast. These rivers must at various points have crossed either through or alongside of the gold-bearing reefs of Ashanti, and in their beds are to be found large quantities of alluvial gold. During the dry season, many of them are only small, shallow streams, but the Ochi river, for example, has been known to rise as much as fifteen feet in a single night at the beginning of the wet season. The banks of most of the rivers are covered with the densest forest, or 'bush,' and from their surface arises the miasma, perhaps microbes—which has had the effect of bringing West Africa into such ill repute as a fever-stricken country. Except in the case of the big navigable rivers, the streams

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Left Throat and Lungs Very Sore.

There is no better cure for a cough or cold than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, and is a pleasant, safe and effectual medicine that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Quinsy, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Mr. S. Monaghan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes: 'I certify that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is an excellent medicine for coughs and colds. Last winter I contracted a heavy cold which left my lungs and throat very sore. I had to give up work and stay in the house for two weeks. I used several cough mixtures, but got no relief until a friend advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Three bottles entirely cured me, and I can recommend it as the best medicine for coughs.'

Don't be imposed upon by taking anything but "Dr. Wood's" as there are many imitations of this sterling remedy on the market.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

are used extensively by native fishermen. No good roads exist, and as a consequence jungle tracks have to be built and maintained by the mining companies. Extending as they do through swampy country, these roads are for six months of the year almost impassable, and all the time require constant attention.

(To be Continued.)

MILBURN'S LINIMENT CO., Limited. Some time ago I had a bad attack of Quinsy, which laid me up for two weeks and cost me a lot of money. Finding the lump again forming in my throat, I bathed freely with MILBURN'S LINIMENT, and restoring a cloth with the liniment left it on all night.

Next morning the swelling was gone, and I attributed the warding off of an attack of Quinsy to the free use of MILBURN'S LINIMENT. G. F. WORDEN, St. John.

'How long a term does the Vice-President serve, pa?'

'Four years, my son.'

'Doesn't he get any thing off for good behavior?'—Lippinott's.

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Milburn's Liniment cures Dandruff.

'I want some cloth to make my dollie a dress,' announced a little girl of seven as she entered a store the other day.

'How much it it?' she asked when the merchant handed her the package.

'Just one kiss,' was the reply.

'All right,' she said; 'Grandma said she would pay you when she came in to-morrow.'

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says: 'It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.'

Knicker: 'What is a swimming hole?' Booker: 'A body of water entirely surrounded by boys.'

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont. writes: 'My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents.'

'What do you think ought to be done with the persons who give short weights in trade?' 'I think they ought to be given long waits in jail.'

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The sleeplessness comes entirely from a derangement of either the long-time nerves, or both; but whatever the cause Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills offer the blessing of sound refreshing slumber. They do this by their invigorating effect on the heart and nerves, and will tone up the whole system to a perfect condition.

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