

THE GIFT OF A DAY

The Third of a New Series of "Anne" Stories

By L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the third of a new series of "Anne" stories by L. M. Montgomery, the famous author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Island," "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne's House of Dreams," "Rainbow Valley," "Rilla of Ingleside" and others that were the "best sellers" of their day. These stories are new. They will not be published in book form until the autumn, so that readers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star will be the first to enjoy them.

ANNE SHIRLEY had gone around to see the Gibsons in the first instance because Marilla had asked her to look them up. Mrs. Gibson being an old acquaintance of hers. Anne kept on "looking them up" because Pauline Gibson seemed to enjoy her visits and Anne was sorry for her. Pauline Gibson was literally a slave to a terrible old woman.

Mrs. Adoniram Gibson was eighty and spent her days in a wheel chair. Pauline was a little fawn-eyed thing with golden brown hair that was still glossy and pretty despite her forty-five years. She hardly ever got away from the house, even to go to church on Sundays. And while Mrs. Adoniram might not have the use of her legs there was certainly nothing the matter with her tongue. It always filled Anne with helpless rage to hear her making poor Pauline the target of her sarcasm.

Pauline dared not do anything without asking her mother. She couldn't even buy her own clothes . . . not so much as a pair of stockings. Everything had to be sent up for Mrs. Gibson's approval. Everything had to be worn until it had been turned twice. Pauline had worn the same hat for four years.

Mrs. Gibson couldn't bear any noise in the house or a breath of fresh air. It was said she had never smiled in her life and Anne sometimes wondered what would happen to her face if she ever did smile. She was always wanting something done for her and Pauline waited on her hand and foot. Pauline could not even have a room to herself. She had to sleep in the same room with her mother and be up almost every hour of the night rubbing Mrs. Gibson's back or getting a hot-water bottle for her or changing her pillows or seeing what that queer noise was in the back yard. Mrs. Gibson did her sleeping in the afternoons and spent her nights in devising tasks for Pauline.

Yet nothing had made Pauline bitter. She was sweet and unselfish and patient, with only a dog to love her. The only thing she had ever had her own way about was keeping that dog . . . and then only because there had been a burglary somewhere in Summerside and Mrs. Gibson thought it would be a protection.

One evening when Anne dropped in she could see that Pauline had been crying. Mrs. Gibson did not leave her long in ignorance why.

"Pauline wants to go and leave me, Miss Shirley," she said. "Nice, grateful daughter I've got, haven't I?"

"Only for a day, ma," said Pauline swallowing a sob and trying to smile.

"Only for a day," says she. Well, you know what my days are like, Miss Shirley . . . every day knows what my days are like. But you don't know yet, Miss Shirley . . . and I hope you never will . . . how long a day can be when you're suffering."

Anne knew Mrs. Gibson did not suffer at all so she didn't waste sympathy.

"I'd get someone to stay with ma, of course," said Pauline. "You see," she explained to Anne, "my cousin Louisa is going to celebrate her silver wedding at White Sands next Saturday week and she wants me to go . . . I was her bridesmaid when she was married to Maurice Hilton. I would like to go so much if ma would give her consent."

"If I must die alone I must," said Mrs. Gibson. "I leave it to your conscience, Pauline."

Anne knew Pauline's battle was lost the minute Mrs. Gibson left it to her conscience.

Mrs. Gibson had got her way all her life by leaving things to people's consciences.

Pauline wiped her eyes, summoned up a piteous smile and picked up a dress she was making over . . . a hideous sort of green and black plaid.

"Now, don't sulk, Pauline," said Mrs. Gibson. "I can't abide people who sulk. And mind you put a collar on the dress. I don't hold with low dresses for women of your age. As for Louisa's wedding, I never liked Maurice Hilton. His mother was a Crockett. He never had any sense of decorum. Always kissing his wife in the most unsuitable places. He kissed her on the church steps once."

"But, ma, you know that was the day she barely escaped being trampled by Harvey Withrow's horse running amuck on the church green. It was only natural Maurice should feel a little excited."

"Pauline, please don't contradict me. I still think it was an unsuitable place for anyone to be kissed. But of course my opinions don't matter to anyone any longer. Of course everyone wishes I was dead. Well, there'll be room for me in the grave. Oh, I know what a burden I am to you. I might as well die. Nobody wants me."

"Don't say that, ma," begged Pauline. "I will say it. Here you are, determined to go to the silver wedding although you know I'm not willing."

"Ma dear, I'm not going . . . I'd never think of going if you weren't willing. Don't excite yourself so . . ."

"Oh, I can't even have a little excitement, can't I, to brighten my dull life? You're not going so soon, Miss Shirley, surely?"

Anne felt if she stayed any longer she'd either go crazy or slap Mrs. Gibson's nutcracker face. She murmured something about correcting examination papers.

"Ah well, I suppose two old women like us are very dull company for a young girl," sighed Mrs. Gibson. "Pauline isn't very cheerful . . . are you, Pauline? Not very cheerful. I don't wonder Miss Shirley doesn't want to stay long."

Pauline went out to the porch with Anne. Her soft gray-blue eyes were full of tears. "I would like to go to Louisa's wedding so much," she said with a long sigh of despairing resignation.

"You're going," said Anne.

"Oh, no, dear, I can't go. Poor ma will never consent. I'll just put it out of my mind. Isn't the moon beautiful tonight?" she added in a loud, cheerful tone.

"I've never heard of any good that came from moon gazing," called out Mrs. Gibson from the sitting room. "Stop chattering there, Pauline, and come in and get my red bedroom slippers with the fur round the toes for me. These shoes pinch my feet so terribly. But nobody cares how I suffer."

"Ah, when you've been old and bed-ridden as long as me you'll have more sympathy," whined Mrs. Gibson.

"Please don't think I'm lacking in sympathy, Mrs. Gibson," said Anne, who, after half an hour's vain entreaty two evenings later, felt like wringing Mrs. Gibson's neck. Nothing but poor Pauline's eyes in the background kept her from giving up in despair and going home. "I assure you you won't be lonely and neglected. I will be here all day and see that you lack nothing in any way."

"Oh, I know I'm of no use to anyone," said old Mrs. Gibson, "apopos of nothing that had been said. 'You don't need to rub that in, Miss Shirley. I'm ready to go any time . . . any time. Pauline can gad about all she wants to when I'm dead. I won't be here then to feel neglected. None of the young people of today have any sense or proper feeling. Giddy . . . very giddy.'"

Anne didn't know whether it was Pauline or herself who was the giddy young person without sense or feeling but she tried the last shot in her locker.

"Well, you know, Mrs. Gibson, people will talk so terribly if Pauline doesn't go to her cousin's silver wedding."

"Talk!" said Mrs. Gibson sharply. "What'll they talk about?"

"Dear Mrs. Gibson . . . 'May I be forgiven the adjective,' thought Anne . . . 'in your long life you have learned, I know, just what idle tongues can say.'"

"You needn't be eating my age up at me," snapped Mrs. Gibson. "And I don't need to be told it's a censorious world. Too

well . . . too well I know it. And I don't need to be told that this town is full of tattling toads neither. But I dunno I fancy them jabbering about me . . . saying, 'I s'pose that I'm an old tyrant. I ain't stopping Pauline from going. Didn't I leave it to her conscience?'"

"So few people will believe that," said Anne sadly.

Mrs. Gibson sucked a peppermint lozenge fiercely for a minute or two. Then she said:

"I hear there's mumps at White Sands. 'Ma dear, you know I've had the mumps.'"

"There's folks as takes them twice, Pauline. You always took everything that come round. The nights I've set up with you not expecting you'd see the morning. Ah me, a mother's sacrifices ain't long remembered. Besides, how would you get to White Sands? You ain't been on a train for years. And there ain't any train back on Saturday nights."

"She could go on the Saturday morning train," said Anne. "And I'm sure Mr. Jim Gregor will bring her back."

"I never liked Jim Gregor. His mother was a Tarbush."

"He is taking his double-seated buggy and going down Friday or else he'd take her down, too. But she'll be quite safe on the train, Mrs. Gibson. Just step on at Summerside and step off at White Sands . . . no changing."

"There's something behind all this," said Mrs. Gibson suspiciously. "Why are you so set on her going, Miss Shirley? Just tell me that."

Anne smiled into the heady-eyed old face.

"Because I think Pauline is a good, kind, loving daughter to you, Mrs. Gibson, and needs a day off now and then, just as everybody else does."

Most people found it hard to resist Anne Shirley's smile. Either that or the fear of gossip vanquished Mrs. Gibson.

"I s'pose it never occurs to anyone that I'd like a day off from this wheel chair if I could get it. But I can't . . . I just have to bear my affliction patiently. Well, if Pauline must go, she must. If she catches mumps or gets poisoned by strange mosquitoes don't blame me for it. I'll have to get along as best I can. Oh, I s'pose you'll be here but you ain't used to my ways like Pauline is. I s'pose I can stand it for one day. If I can't . . . well, I've been living on borrowed time many's the day now so what's the difference?"

It wasn't a gracious assent by any means but still it was an assent. Anne in her relief found herself doing something she could never imagine herself doing . . . she bent over and kissed Mrs. Gibson's wrinkled cheek.

"Thank you," she said.

"Never mind your wheedling ways," said Mrs. Gibson. "Have a peppermint."

"How can I ever thank you, Miss Shirley?" said Pauline as she went a little way down the street with Anne.

"By going to White Sands with a light heart and enjoying every minute of the time."

"Oh, I'll do that. You don't know what this means to me, Miss Shirley. It's not only Louisa I want to see. The old Luckley place next her home is going to be sold and I did so want to see it once more before it passed into the hands of strangers. Mary Luckley . . . she's Mrs. Howard Flemming now and lives out west . . . was my dearest friend when I was a girl. We were like sisters. I used to be at the old Luckley place so much and I loved it so. I've often dreamed of going back. Ma says

I'm getting too old to dream. Do you think I am, Miss Shirley?"

"Nobody is ever too old to dream. Dreams are immortal things, Pauline. Time can't kill them or age wither them."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that. Oh, Miss Shirley I feel as if I was walking on air . . . I feel as if I was young again. And I owe it all to you. It was just because ma likes you she let me go. You've made me happy . . . you are always making people happy. Why, whenever you come into a room, Miss Shirley, the people in it feel happier."

"That's the very nicest compliment I've ever had paid me, Pauline."

"There's one thing, Miss Shirley . . . I've nothing to wear but my black taffeta. It's too gloomy for a wedding, isn't it? And it's too big for me since I've got thin. You see it's six years since I got it."

"We must try to induce your mother to let you have a new dress," said Anne hopefully.

But that proved to be beyond her powers. Mrs. Gibson was adamant. Pauline's black taffeta was plenty good enough for Louisa Hilton's wedding.

"I paid two dollars a yard for it six years ago. And three to Jane Sharp for making it. Jane was a good dressmaker. Her mother was a Smiley. The idea of you wanting something 'light,' Pauline Gibson. She'd go dressed in scarlet from head to foot, that one, if she was let, Miss Shirley. She'd just waiting till I'm dead to do it. Oh, well, you'll soon be shed of all the trouble I am to you, Pauline. Then you can dress as gay and giddy as you like but as long as I'm alive you'll be decent. And what's the matter with your hat?"

"I'm just going to be glad inside and forget about my clothes," Pauline told Anne when they went out into the garden.

"I've a plan," said Anne, with a cautious glance to make sure Mrs. Gibson couldn't hear them, though she was watching them from the sitting room window. "You know that silver gray poplin of mine? I'm going to lend you that for the wedding."

"Oh, my dear, I couldn't. Ma wouldn't let me."

"She won't know a thing about it. Listen, Saturday morning you will put it on under your black taffeta. I know it will fit you. It is a little long but I'll run some tucks in it tomorrow . . . tucks are fashionable now. It's collarless, with elbow sleeves, so no one will suspect. As soon as you get to White Sands take off the taffeta. When the day is over you can leave the poplin at White Sands. I can get it the next week-end. I'm home."

"But . . . but wouldn't it be too young for me?"

"Not a bit of it. Any age can wear gray."

"Do you . . . do you think it would be just right to deceive ma?" faltered Pauline.

"In this case entirely right," assured Anne shamelessly. "You know, Pauline, it would never do to wear a black dress to a wedding. It might bring the bride bad luck."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that for anything. And of course it won't hurt ma. I do hope she'll get through Saturday all right. I'm afraid she won't eat a bite while I'm away . . . she didn't the time I went to Cousin Matilda's funeral. Miss Prouty told me she didn't . . . Miss Prouty stayed with her. She was so provoked at Cousin Matilda for dying . . . ma was, I mean."

"She'll eat . . . I'll see to that."

"I know you've a great knack of managing her," conceded Pauline. "And you

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won't forget to give her her medicine at the regular times, will you, dear? Oh, perhaps I oughtn't to go after all."

"You've been out there long enough to pick forty bokays," called Mrs. Gibson lately. "I'm dying for a drink of water. But then I'm of no consequence."

Friday night Pauline telephoned Anne in terrible agitation. She had a sore throat and did Miss Shirley think she was taking the mumps? Anne ran down to re-assure her, taking the gray poplin in a brown paper parcel. She hid it behind the lilac bush and Pauline, in a cold perspiration, managed to smuggle it upstairs to the little room where she kept her clothes and dressed, though she was never permitted to sleep there. Pauline was not easy about the dress. Perhaps her sore throat was a judgment on her for deception. But she could not go to Louise's wedding in that dreadful old black taffeta . . . she simply couldn't.

Saturday morning Anne was at the Gibson's bright and early. Anne always looked her best on a sparkling summer morning such as this. She seemed to sparkle with it. The darkest room sparkled too when she came into it.

"Walking as if you owned the earth," commented Mrs. Gibson sarcastically.

"So I do," said Anne gaily.

"Ah, you're very young," said Mrs. Gibson maddeningly.

"I withhold not my heart from any joy," quoted Anne. "That is Bible authority for you, Mrs. Gibson."

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." That's in the Bible, too," retorted Mrs. Gibson. The fact that she had so neatly countered Miss Shirley, B.A., put her in comparatively good humor. "I never was one to flatter, Miss Shirley, but that hat of yours with the blue flower kind of sets you. Your hair don't look so red under it, seems to me. Don't you admire a fresh young girl like Miss Shirley. Pauline? Wouldn't you like to be a fresh young girl, Pauline?"

Pauline was too happy and excited to want to be anybody but herself just then. Anne went to the upstairs room with her to help her dress. "It's lovely to think of all the delightful things that must happen today, Miss Shirley. My throat is quite well and ma is in a real good humor. You mayn't think so but I know she is because she is talking, even if she is sarcastic. If she was mad or riled she'd be sulking. I've peeled the potatoes and the steak is in the ice-box and ma's blanc mange is down cellar. There's canned chicken for supper and a sponge cake in the pantry. I'm just on tenterhooks ma'll change her mind yet. I couldn't bear it if she did. Oh, Miss Shirley, do you think I'd better wear that gray dress . . . really?"

"Put it on," said Anne, in her best school-teacherish manner.

Pauline obeyed and emerged a transformed Pauline. The poplin dress fitted her beautifully. It was collarless and had dainty lace ruffles in the elbow sleeves. When Anne had done her hair Pauline hardly knew herself.

"I hate to cover it up with that horrid old taffeta, Miss Shirley."

But it had to be. The taffeta covered it very securely. The old hat went on . . . but it would be taken off when she got to Louise's . . . and Pauline had a new pair of shoes. Mrs. Gibson had actually allowed her to get a new pair of shoes though she thought the heels "scandalous high."

"I'll make quite a sensation going away on the train all alone. I hope people won't think it's a death. I wouldn't want Louise's silver wedding to be connected in any way with the thought of death. Oh, perfume, Miss Shirley . . . apple blossom . . . isn't that lovely? Just a whiff . . . so lady-like I always think . . . ma won't ever let me buy any. Oh, Miss Shirley, you won't forget to feed my dog, will you? I've left his bones in the pantry in the covered dish."

Pauline had still to pass her mother's inspection before leaving. Excitement over her outing and guilt in regard to the hidden poplin combined to give her a very unusual flush. Mrs. Gibson gazed at her discontentedly.

"You've got too much color. People will think you're painted. Mind your manners now and when you sit down cross your limbs decently. Mind you don't sit in a draught or talk too much."

"I won't, ma," promised Pauline earnestly, with a nervous glance at the clock.

"I'm sending Louise a bottle of sarsaparilla wine to drink the toasts in. I never cared for Louise but her mother was a Tuckerberry. Mind you bring back the bottle and don't let her give you a kitten. Louise's always giving people kittens."

"I won't, ma."

"You're sure you didn't leave the soap in the water?"

"Quite sure, ma," . . . with another

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anguished glance at the clock.

"Are your shoe laces tied?"

"Yes, ma."

"You don't smell respectable . . . drenched with scent."

"Oh, no, ma dear . . . just a little . . . the tiniest bit . . ."

"I said drenched and I mean drenched. There ain't a rip under your arm, is there?"

"Oh, no, ma."

"Let me see" . . . inexorably.

Pauline quaked. Suppose the skirt of the gray poplin should show when she lifted her arms.

"Well, go then." With a long sigh. "If I ain't here when you come back remember that I want to be laid out in my lace shawl and my black satin slippers. And see that my hair is crimped."

"Do you feel any whorse, ma?" The poplin dress had made Pauline's conscience very tender. "If you do I'll not go."

"And waste the money for them shoes. Just like your improvidence. Of course you're going. And mind you don't slide down the bannister."

At this the morn turned.

"Ma, do you think I would?"

"You did it at Nancy Parker's wedding."

"Thirty-five years ago! Do you think I would do it now?"

"It's time you were off. What are you jabbering here for? Do you want to miss your train?"

Pauline hurried off and Anne sighed with relief. She was afraid that old Mrs. Gibson had at the last moment been taken with a fiendish impulse to keep Pauline until the train had gone.

"Now for a little peace," said Mrs. Gibson. "This house is in an awful condition of untidiness, Miss Shirley. I hope you realize it ain't always so. Pauline hasn't known which end of her was up these last few days. Will you please set that vase an inch to the left? No, move it back again. That lamp shade is crooked. Well, that's a little straighter. But that blind is an inch lower than the other. I wish you'd fix it."

Anne unluckily gave the blind too energetic a twist . . . it escaped her fingers and went whizzing to the top.

"Ah, now, you see," said Mrs. Gibson.

Anne didn't see, particularly, but she adjusted the blind meticulously.

"And now . . . persuasively . . . wouldn't you like me to make you a nice cup of tea, Mrs. Gibson?"

"I do need something . . . I'm clean worn out with all the worry and fuss. My stomach seems to be dropping out of me," said Mrs. Gibson pathetically. "Can you make a decent cup of tea? I'd as soon drink mud as the tea some folks make."

"Marilla Cuthbert taught me how to make tea. You'll see. But first I'm going to wheel you out to the porch so that you can enjoy the sunshine."

"I ain't been out on the porch for three years," objected Mrs. Gibson.

"Oh, it's so lovely today it can't hurt you. I want you to see the crab tree in bloom. And the wind is south today so you'll get the clover scent from Norman Johnson's field. I'll bring you your tea and we'll drink it together and then I'll get my embroidery and we'll sit there and criticize everybody who passes."

"I don't hold with criticizing folks," said Mrs. Gibson virtuously. "Tain't Christian. Well, if I've got to get out I s'pose I've got to. I'll likely catch my death of cold but the responsibility is yours, Miss Shirley."

Anne moved the wheel chair deftly out and proved that she had a knack of arranging pillows. Soon after she brought out the tea and Mrs. Gibson deigned approval.

"Yes, this is drinkable, Miss Shirley. Ah, me, for one year I had to live entirely on liquids. They never thought I'd pull through. I often think it would have been better if I hadn't. Is that the crab tree you was raving about?"

"Yes . . . isn't it lovely? So white against that deep blue sky."

"I ain't poetical," was Mrs. Gibson's sole comment. But she became rather mellow after two cups of tea and the morning wore away until it was time to think of dinner.

"I'll go and get it ready and then I'll bring it out here on a little table."

"No you won't, miss. People would think it awful queer, me eating out here in public. It's kind of nice out here and the forenoon has passed real quick but I ain't eating my dinner out of doors for anyone. I ain't a gypsy. Mind you wash your hands clean before you cook the dinner."

Mrs. Gibson deigned to express approval of the dinner Anne produced.

"I didn't think anyone who wrote could cook. I s'pose Pauline will eat herself sick at the wedding. She don't know when she's had enough . . . just like her father. I've seen him gorge on strawberries when he knew he'd be doubled up with pain an hour afterwards. Did I ever show you his picture, Miss Shirley? Well, go to the spare room and bring it down. You'll find it

under the bed. Mind you don't go prying into the drawers while you're up there. But look and see if there's any dust curis under the bureau. I don't trust Pauline. . . . Ah yes, that's him. His mother was a Walker. There's no men like that nowadays. I hear you're engaged, Miss Shirley . . . to a medical student. Medical students mostly drink. Never marry a man who drinks, Miss Shirley. Nor one who ain't a good provider. Thistle-down and moonshine ain't much to live on I can tell you. Mind you scald the sink and rinse the dish-towels. I s'pose you'll have to feed the dog. He's too fat now but Pauline just stuffs him. Sometimes I think I'll have to get rid of him."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, Mrs. Gibson. There are always burglars, you know . . . and your house is lonely off here by yourself. You really do need protection."

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"Oh, well, have it your own way. I'd rather do anything than argue with people. Specially when I have such a queer throbbing in the back of my neck. I s'pose it means I'm going to have a stroke."

"You need your nap. When you have had it you'll feel better. I'll tuck you up and lower your chair. Would you like to go out on the porch for it?"

"Sleeping in public! That'd be worse than eating. You do have the queerest ideas, Miss Shirley. You just fix me up right here in the sitting room and draw the blinds down and shut the door to keep the flies out. I daresay you'd like a quiet spell yourself . . . your tongue's been going pretty steady."

Mrs. Gibson had a good long nap but woke up in a bad humor. She would not let Anne wheel her out to the porch again.

"Want me to fetch my death in the night air, I s'pose," she grumbled, although it was only five o'clock. Nothing suited her. The drink Anne brought her was

too cold . . . the next wasn't cold enough . . . of course anything would do for her. Her back ached . . . her head ached . . . her knees ached . . . her breastbone ached. Nobody sympathized with her . . . nobody knew what she went through. Her chair was too high . . . her chair wasn't high enough. She wanted a shawl for her head and an afghan for her legs and a cushion for her feet and would Miss Shirley see where that awful draught was coming from? She could do with a cup of tea but she didn't want to be a trou-

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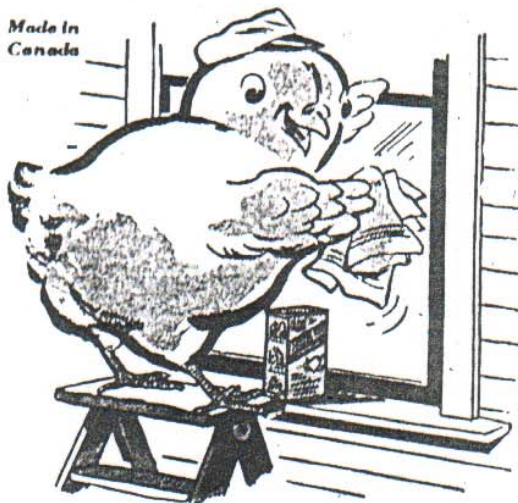
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FAMILY DOCTOR

L. W., Ont.—Child of eleven has been troubled with holls and alyes. Diet should contain some cooked vegetables and orange juice. Give him two teaspoonfuls of the following tonic in water three times a day after meals: Citrate of Iron and Ammonia, two drachms; Tincture Nux Vomica, three drachms; Malt Wine, one and a half ounces; Water to six ounces. Prolapse of the rectum is usually caused by constipation, and with the improvement which has resulted by taking a laxative regularly, complete recovery can be expected.

Mrs. F. V. S., Ont.—Eczema on hands has affected young woman for some months. Keep hands dry and apply the following ointment two or three times a day and wear cotton gloves at night: Ammoniate of Mercury Ointment, four drachms; Zinc Oxide Ointment, six drachms; Paraffin Ointment, six drachms.

Mrs. T. G. F., N.B.—Young woman has leaking valve in heart, and finds that hard work causes weakness. You should secure more rest and avoid any exertion that causes shortness of breath or palpitation. It is likely that a holiday for a few weeks would help you to regain your strength.

Mrs. E. J. B., N.S.—Hypothroidism is not unusual following operation for toxic goitre and is not a serious complication as it can be readily controlled by taking thyroid extract. Stomach symptoms should be

investigated by having a thorough X-ray examination.

A. L. M., Ont.—Excessive perspiration from feet is often due to fallen arches and supports give relief. Bathe feet for twenty minutes every night in warm water containing one teaspoonful of pure Formalin to the pint.

Mrs. F. M., Ont.—Stiffness in limbs is probably due to rheumatism. Any focus of infection, such as bad teeth, should be carefully treated. Drink water freely and eat plenty of vegetables. Massage affected joints twice a day, applying Olive Oil freely.

Peggy, N.S.—Young woman has been troubled with indigestion for many years, and gas on stomach is troublesome symptom. Eat to plain diet and exclude fatty and greasy foods. Have X-ray examination of gall-bladder. Please write again.

Mrs. E. J. M., Ont.—Itchy rash on body has bothered woman for some months, and Sulphur Ointment has been used without success. Apply Calamine Ointment two or three times a day. Eat less sweet food.

F. G. C., Man.—Teeth of fifteen-year-old girl are rapidly decaying. Secure plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Drink milk freely and eat plenty of vegetables. Take orange juice and Cod Liver Oil daily.

Mrs. C. B. B., Alta.—Palpitation associated with dizziness and weakness requires thorough investigation. It is possible that the goitre is the underlying cause and you should have Basal Metabolic Rate taken.

Mrs. J. T., Ont.—Six years ago woman broke her back and muscles in legs are contracted. Visit an orthopedic surgeon and he will advise you if any operative procedures are indicated.

Mrs. J. D. E., Alta.—Indigestion appears to be the cause of your symptoms. Eat plain diet, and exclude fatty and rich foods. Take some Milk of Magnesia in water after meals and at bedtime.

M. S., Sask.—Young girl has acne on face. Wash with Green Soap and warm water every night and apply Sulphur Lotion. Take a ten-grain Compound Bland Laxative Pill three times a day after meals.

Mrs. W. D., Ont.—Woman is troubled with numbness in hands and fingers. Have thorough medical examination, including recording of blood pressure. Secure rest during the day.

H. P., Ont.—Tonsillitis associated with goitre deserves much consideration, and you should have thorough examination, including Basal Metabolic test.

Mrs. E. V., Man.—Inflammation about navel is not uncommon. Wash with warm Boric Acid Solution twice a day and apply Zinc Stearate Powder freely.

Mrs. W. C. B., N.B.—Woman does not appear to be in good health and should visit local doctor and have sample of urine analysed.

B. C., B.C.—It would be advisable to discuss the case with his school teacher or principal as special lessons frequently prove helpful.

K. D., Alta.—Catarrhal conditions of the middle ear frequently cause deafness and it would be advisable to consult specialist as treatment is often helpful.

J. H., Ont.—Young man enjoys good health but is under-weight. Secure more rest and sleep. Drink milk and water freely and eat plain generous diet.

L. C., Sask.—Gas in stomach is often result of diseased gall-bladder and X-ray examination should be carried out.

F. G. H., Man.—The Irritation in throat may be due to chronic tonsillitis and you should visit a specialist.

Mrs. R. D., N.S.—Eczema about ears is

usually itchy. Apply Calamine Ointment twice a day.

A. J., Sask.—Please see rules regarding private replies. They are printed on this page every week.

C. C., Nfld.—Your symptoms do not appear to be serious and no special treatment is indicated.

Mrs. A. M., N.S.—Visit a general surgeon as the cause for your sore ankle is not evident.

B. M., Alta.—Freckles are usually aggravated by exposure to sunshine. No special treatment is indicated.

S. S. S., N.S.—Your symptoms appear to be obscure and you should visit local doctor for an examination.

Mrs. C. S., Ont.—Please write again and give details regarding the case.

Mrs. E. M. N., Ont.—Warty growth near eye should be treated by local surgeon.

M. F. F., Sask.—Thanks for your interesting letter

READ THESE RULES.

This department is charge of an experienced physician, is for the free use of our readers. Those taking advantage of it are asked to give all necessary particulars but in an short form as possible. Name and full address must always be given, but only initials, or pen-name, if one is given, will be published. Some physical ailments cannot be discussed in the columns of a family magazine. In such case a private reply will be mailed promptly on receipt of a fee of one dollar and a stamped envelope fully addressed. All questions must be addressed to "Family Doctor, Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal."

THE GIFT OF A DAY

(Continued from Page Twenty-one.)

ble to anyone and she would soon be at rest in her grave.

"Be the day short or be the day long, at last it weareth to evening song." There were moments when Anne thought it never would but it did. Sunset came and Mrs. Gibson began to wonder why Pauline wasn't coming. Twilight came . . . and still no Pauline. Night and moonshine and no Pauline.

"I knew it," said Mrs. Gibson cryptically. "You know she can't come till the Gregors come," soothing Anne. "Won't you let me put you to bed, Mrs. Gibson? You're tired . . . I know it's a bit of a strain having a stranger round instead of one you're accustomed to."

"I'm not going to bed till that girl comes home. But if you're so anxious to be gone, go. I can stay alone or die alone."

It was ten o'clock when Pauline came at last . . . a flushed, starchy-eyed Pauline, looking ten years younger, in spite of the resumed taffeta and the old hat, and carrying a beautiful bouquet which she hurriedly presented to the grim lady in the wheel chair.

"The bride sent you her bouquet, ma. Isn't it lovely . . . twenty-five white roses?"

"Roses! Cat's hind-foot! I don't s'pose anyone thought of sending me a crumb of wedding cake."

"Oh, but they did. I've a great big piece here in my bag. And everybody asked about you and sent you their love, ma."

"Did you have a nice time?" asked Anne. Pauline sat down on a hard chair because she knew her mother would resent it if she sat on a soft one.

"Oh, very nice," she said cautiously. "We had a lovely wedding dinner, and Mr. Freeman, the White Sands minister, married Louisa and Milton over again . . ."

"I call that sacrilegious . . ."

"And then the photographer took all our pictures. The flowers were simply wonderful . . . the parlor was just a bower . . ."

"Like a funeral, I s'pose . . ."

"And oh ma, Mary Luckley was there from the west . . . Mrs. Howard Flemming. You remember what friends she and I always were. It was so nice to see her again and have a talk over old times."

"I notice you ain't asking how I got along. But I s'pose I couldn't expect it."

"I can tell how you got along, ma . . . you look so bright and cheerful . . . Pauline waited still so uplifted by her day off that she still had a little gay even with her own mother. "I'm sure you and Miss Shirley had a nice time together."

"Oh, we got on well enough. I just let her have her own way. I wish you'd bring me another shawl . . . I'm sneezing . . . I expect I've got a terrible cold."

An old neighbor up the street dropped in at this juncture and Pauline snatched at the chance to go a little way with Anne. They walked slowly through the cool green night and Pauline let herself go as she had not dared before her mother.

"Oh, Miss Shirley, it was heavenly. How can I ever repay you? I've never spent such a wonderful day . . . I'll live on it for year. It was such fun being a bridesmaid again. And Captain Isaac Hunt was groomsmen. He . . . he used to be an old beau of mine . . . well no, hardly a beau

"I don't think he ever had any real intentions but we drove round together. He paid me two compliments. He said, 'I remember how pretty you looked at Louisa's wedding in that wine-colored dress, wasn't it wonderful, like remembering the dress?' And he said, 'Your hair just looks as much like molasses taffy as it ever did.' There wasn't anything improper about his saying that, was there, Miss Shirley?" "Nothing whatever."

"Lou and Molly and I had such a nice supper together after everybody had gone. It was so nice to eat just what I wanted and nobody to warn me about things that wouldn't agree with my stomach. After supper Mary and I went over to her old home and wandered round the garden talking over old times. We saw the lilac bushes we planted years ago. We had some beautiful summers together long ago. When we got back it was dark and Mr. Gregor was ready to start . . . and so," concluded Pauline with a laugh, "the Old Woman got him that night."

"I . . . I wish you had easier times at home, Pauline . . ."

"Oh, dear Miss Shirley, I won't mind it now," said Pauline quickly. "After all, poor ma needs me. And it's nice to be needed, my dear."

Yes, it was nice to be needed. Anne thought of this as she finished her walk home alone under the stars. And she thought of Pauline trotting happily back to her bondage companioned by "the immortal spirit of one happy day."

"I hope someone will always need me," she thought. "And it is wonderful to be able to give happiness to somebody. It has made me feel so rich, giving Pauline this day. But I hope I'll never be like Mrs. Adoniram Gibson, no matter how old I live to be."

A PICTOU PIONEER OF THE CROSS

(Continued from Page Twenty-three.)

afford to a minister of the Gospel little else than a participation of their hardships, he cast in his lot with the destitute, became to them a pattern of patient endurance, and cheered them with the tidings of salvation. Like Him whom he served, he went about doing good. Neither toil nor privation deterred him from his Master's work, and the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hand. He lived to witness the success of his labors in the erection of numerous churches, and in the establishment of a Seminary, from which these churches could be provided with religious instructors. Though so highly honored of the Lord, few have exceeded him in Christian humility: save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, he glorified in nothing; and as a public teacher, combining instruction with example, he approved himself to be to a follower of them who through faith and patience now inherit the promises."

WOMEN-STRONGER THAN MEN

Great Britain has more than 4,000 women who work in the "heavy" trades, and whose daily task would be beyond many of the young business men in offices and salesrooms. Among the most remarkable of Britain's amazons are forty Glasgow girls who are navvies in a vast chemical factory. These members of the "weaker" sex shovel between twenty and twenty-five tons of crude borate a day. Girls in a Midland brick factory carry loads of bricks, about five pound short of a hundredweight for distances of seventy and eighty yards, from six a.m. to six p.m., with only two hours off for meals.

At Cradley Heath, a few miles from Wolverhampton, is a colony of more than 2,000 amazons—broad-hipped, strapping women, with muscular arms and granite-hard hands such as few blacksmiths know. They are employed by the big steel factories as chain-makers, but instead of working in the factories these women force chains in their own back gardens. In many cases the kitchen is a workshop, ringing with lusty hammer-blows and heart-felt curses when things go wrong. Some of these women are six feet tall, and strong husbands creep about the house like mice. They use fourteen-pound hammers, these Amazons, and can pound white-hot iron bars into shape with ease.

Most of these female chain-makers start work as blacksmiths when they are young girls, and they continue to use their fourteen-pound hammers when over the age of fifty. Iron bars are served out from the factories, and are returned as chains to be paid for by length. Brave men walk warily in these places where sparks fly all day long, and vibration often brings down ornaments and pictures from shaking walls.

Doctors who have examined these women of Wolverhampton, on behalf of the Ministry of Health, declare that both physically and temperamentally they are stronger and harder than men.

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TO BE 61 AND FEEL LIKE 41

Mr. Charles Peters of Oak, Sask., writes: "For thirty years I had rheumatism and back-ache so badly that I could not stand upright nor walk without dragging my feet. After taking the third and fourth packages of KLEEREX Mineral Salts my back-ache and rheumatism are now relieved. Instead of walking half doubled over, and dragging my feet, I feel twenty years younger, go to dance and altogether am enjoying life as I have always wanted to. I am 61 years old, and feel 41!" For three years now I have kept "KLEEREX" always in the house, and I take a small one regularly without fail every morning. Do you suffer from Rheumatism? You, too, can feel like Mr. Peters (at a cost of less than 1¢ a day). Get a package from your Druggist and follow directions. M1

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