

For the Kidneys

Kidney troubles are frequently caused by badly digested food which overtaxes these organs to eliminate their ritant acids formed. Help your stomach to properly digest the food by taking 15 to 30 drops of Extract of Roots, sold as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and your kidney disorder will promptly disappear. Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

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A. O. H. Fall Fair
The Third Annual Fair of the A. O. H. of this city will open on

Mon. Eve'g Nov. 20
in their rooms on CARLETON ST. (Up Stairs in the OLD GAIETY BUILDING).
Preparations are being made to make this the big good time of the season. Games and amusements of every sort to entertain you.
Fair will continue on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the 21st and 22nd. 3 great nights with a grand wind up DANCE on THURSDAY NIGHT. Admission to Fair Only 10 Cents—with a chance to win the 10 DOLLAR DOOR PRIZE.
Entrance Off Brunswick Street.

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Give it to the kiddies, to the fathers mothers and grandparents—good, pure nourishing milk. We handle both the pasturized and unpasturized milk at only 8 cents per quart. At this price it is the cheapest and most wholesome food one can procure.

FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE DAIRY CO., LTD.
King St., — Fredericton, N. B.

FOR SALE
I have for sale a number of Barred Rock Cockerels of the celebrated Parks strain—the best in America. Price \$5 each. I will also sell a number of breeding hens.
J. N. FERGUSON
YORK ST. - FREDERICTON

FOR SALE
A few Pedigreed Barred Rock Cockerels bred from heavy laying strain prize winners.
Sire was 3rd—St. Stephen, 1922.
Dam was 1st (Pullet)—F'ton, 1919.
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A Wonderful Layer
Also 3 only, descended from an over-300 egg hen \$5.00 each.
One splendid White Orpington yearling, won 1st F'ton, 1921. Weight 10½ lbs; One White Orpington Cockerel, 1st prize St. John and St. Stephen—Each \$7.50. (Worth at least \$25.)
A few younger ones, same breeding \$4.00 each.
These are from the best laying strain of Orpingtons known and all prize winning stock.
GERALD EARDLEY
Apply at A. E. Eardley's Store
Cor. St. John and King, Sts.

COCKERELS
We have for immediate sale Fifty Barred Rock Cockerels of Bred-to-Lay Strain. All well developed farm-raised birds. Just what you need to improve your flock. My Pullets from this strain are laying from five to seven eggs a week.
PRICE \$3.00 EACH while they last.
Hillview Poultry Farm
E. A. Betton, Prop. Fredericton, N. B.

SEVEN YEARS

By
JOSEPHINE A. MEYER

(Continued)
All the way home he was haunted by a vision of a Gladys, distorted by voluble trivialities, eluding all his efforts to reach her, while what seemed like a shadow of her old self sat in silent judgment on them both in a corner of the room. Later he recognized this shadow as a vague recollection of Olive, remote and critical, regarding him with disapproving eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

So disappointing had been his interview with Gladys that Thorpe was repelled with the thought of keeping his date with Don on Sunday. He was not sure whether he had been able to reach the real Gladys or whether she had actually degenerated into what she seemed to be, through her life of purposeless frivolity. If this latter were the case, Thorpe had cause to dread the effect of time on Don.

But Sunday was a day of clear, warm sunshine and the call of late April. It was the sort of weather which so exhilarates, with its definite promise of summer, that mortals are filled with optimism on all scores and against all the teachings of experience Thorpe took his car out early in the morning, adventuring aimlessly among country roads, lunching on bread and cheese, purchased with considerable trouble from a Sabbath-keeping grocer, and ending up near the appointed hour at Don's club, feeling that no matter what the sequel might be the day had not been entirely wasted.

He had been thinking a good deal of Gladys, wondering if a good dose of country life were not all that she needed to restore her to her former self. He had learned to love her in the country at the seashore, and sensitive people are likely always to reflect their backgrounds. No wonder she had seemed so different. He wondered how he might approach Don on the subject.

"Hello Syd," called a woman's voice from the clubhouse veranda, and he jumped, believing his chance to see Gladys in a rural set had come with the act of wishing for it. But it was Olive's piquant face which looked down at him as he parked his car. "Hello, Olive," he responded gayly concealing his disappointment. "Is Don here?"

"In the locker room. He told me you were coming and to be on the lookout for you."

"Are you going to play with us?"
"No, Don hates anything but a two-some. I'm here for tennis." She lifted her racket to show him. He saw she was dressed from head to foot in fresh and snowy white, against which the clear darkness of her skin contrasted healthily, and her long grey eyes seemed an unexpected note in the color scheme.

"You look nice and summery," he said approvingly.

"Thanks." Her color deepened and she seemed momentarily tongue-tied. "Is Gladys here, too?" he asked to make conversation.

"No. She motored out to Long Beach with some swells. I'd have envied her, if they hadn't been swells."

"That's so. You're the car fan. Didn't you come out by machine?" Thorpe had by now ascended to the porch and sat on the rail facing her.

"No. Train and trolley."

"Want to go back in my little bug with me?"
"Oh, wouldn't I love it! But aren't you taking Don?" Her enthusiasm lit her eyes.

"I hadn't thought to ask him. Besides, the three of us could crowd in there at a pinch, if you didn't mind the looks of it."

"I wouldn't, you bet!"
"You think Don would?"
"I don't know. I guess not."

"If he does he can go the other way. So it's settled, you come home with me, unless you get a more inviting bid."

"Not likely," she laughed carelessly; then, as a young man in tennis flannels came out on the porch, she rose. Introductions followed, and she and the youth went down to the courts, while Thorpe set out in search of Don. He found him in heated consultation with several other club members. Don left the group and joined Thorpe instantly.

"See here, this has got to be settled tonight," an elderly, choleric gentleman called after him, with the air of being personally insulted by Don's indifference.
"Well, call a committee meeting for

five. Most of us will be here a day like this."

"Five! With a daylight-saving time! You'd not get a man off the links. Six at the earliest and that's too early."

"Six then. Any time you say. I'll be back at six. Come on, Syd, it's just a squabble over a house problem. Don't ever be fooled by the glamour of committee membership."

There was a slow foursome ahead of Thorpe and Don, going round the course, so they had time between holes to talk and get acquainted again. The loveliness of the day seemed a good omen. Don was inclined to open-heartedness. He spoke of his business and how, after some struggle, he was becoming a successful, recognized lawyer among "the better social set."

"That's Gladys," he said in the tone of making a concession. "She knows the value of good connections. But they're an awful crowd. Syd. I can't stand much of them, I tell you."

"Pretty hard on Gladys, too, I suppose," suggested Thorpe tentatively.

They were seated on a bank of high sun-vented grass in which dandelions with unusually long stems raised their golden heads Showering about and above them were the delicately loaded branches of a drooping forsythia, while a few feet away the sticky little pink-and-white Dresden flowers of the spice bush were coming into bloom.

"It's great here," sighed Don, inhaling deeply. "No, Gladys doesn't mind it. It's a sort of habit with her, I guess," he added vaguely.

"She doesn't seem the type to whom that habit would come very easily, at least she didn't."

"Well, it's a good thing for me it did," smiled Don evasively.

Thorpe was silent, feeling Don's right to reticence and, after a moment or two, his friend rose, declaring the course free for the next play. But when they sat down to wait again, he dropped abruptly the discussion of the game in which they had been indulging and startled Thorpe by coming point-blank to the subject of Gladys.

"You asked me if all this social struggle wasn't hard on her," he said passing his cigarette case. "I said she didn't mind it. Well, the truth is, I don't know. We've been married nearly seven years now and every year we understand each other less. Women are mighty queer, aren't they?"
(To be Continued)

CLOCK SILENCED
Washington, Nov. 22—Because the sleepers in a nearby hotel were disturbed by the boomings of a clock in the tower of the post office building in Lexington, Ky., the treasury department ordered the clock silenced. Hotel owners filed a complaint re the ticker.



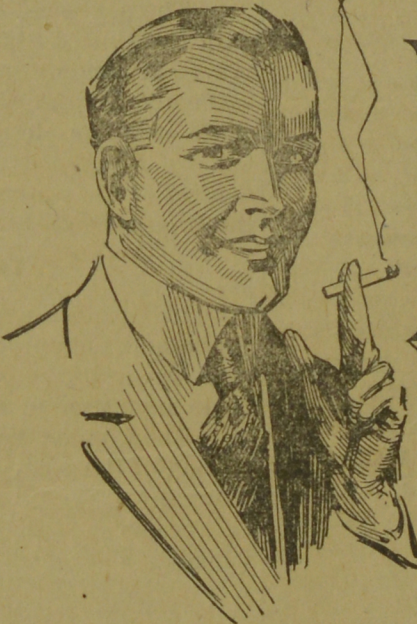
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