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THE PEPPY BRAN FOOD

P. R. A.

The Annual General Meeting of The Prince Edward Island Provincial Rifle Association, will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Market Building, Charlottetown, on Tuesday evening 11th June 1926, at 8 o'clock.

COLONEL F. S. MOORE, R. L. President.  
CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut Col. R. O. Secretary Treasurer.  
5907-5-28-41.

FARM FOR SALE

One hundred acres of land at Lorne Valley in good condition and being the land formerly owned by the late Samuel McDonald.

For further particulars Apply to  
MARK R. MCGUIGAN  
Solicitor  
9126-5-22-71.

COME AND SPEND THE DAY AT ROCKY POINT

1926 Rocky Point Ferry Time Table

Commencing June 1st, the Steamer Hillsborough will run between Charlottetown and Rocky Point during the summer months, as follows:

DAILY (except Sunday)	
Lv. Charlottetown	Lv. Rocky Point
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
8:30 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
9:30 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
11:00 a. m.	11:30 a. m.
1:30 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
2:30 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
4:30 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
6:30 p. m.	7:00 p. m.
SUNDAY	
Lv. Charlottetown	Lv. Rocky Point
9:30 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
12:45 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	2:30 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	3:30 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	5:30 p. m.

BOSTON by Steamer INTERNATIONAL LINE

Fare from St. John \$10, from Eastport or Lunenburg, Me., \$9.

Every Wednesday Steamer leaves St. John 9 A. M., Eastport 2:30 P. M., Lunenburg 3:30 P. M., arriving Boston Thursday 9 A. M.

Every Saturday Steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston, leaving St. John 7 P. M., due Boston Sunday, 2 P. M.

ATLANTIC TIME Connections at Boston with direct steamer to NEW YORK

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

CANADIAN PACIFIC FARM FOR SALE

One hundred and twenty-four acres of land at St. Teresa's, owned by Patrick Kenny. Splendid buildings in good repair, seventy acres in a high state of cultivation, balance covered with a heavy growth of hard and soft wood. Conveniently situated in the midst of schools, churches, stores, etc., and only ten chains from the C. N. R. Station. It is a desirable property and will be sold at a reasonable figure.

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JAMES F. KENNY,  
St. Teresa's  
9126-5-29-121.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd.  
**S. S. "CEUTA"**

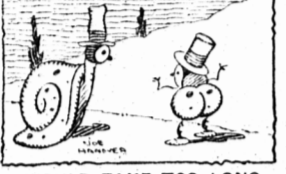
Arrive Charlottetown and leave for St. John's  
May 30th About June 2nd

For space for Live Stock and Produce, also Rates,  
**CARVELL BROS., LTD.**  
AGENTS

SMILES



TO CONVERSE WITH A MAN  
"And what did you say was the best way to converse with a man?"  
"Simply to listen, my dear."



WOULD TAKE TOO LONG  
Snail: Are you coming to the snail race tomorrow?  
Bug: No, I can't wait till its over, I have something to do for the next three or four days!



NATURAL ENOUGH  
A pretty young flapper named Fanny had a sweetie whose handle was Danny. He approached from the rear. What he thought was his dear, but it turned out to be his own granny.



HAD NOT BEEN DONE IN OILS  
Artist: Say, Fred, have you ever been done in oils?  
Friend: No—real estate got about all I had to lose.



She: Have you ever thought seriously of marriage?  
He: Yes, I have. Ain't I?

MISS NOBODY

By TIFFANY WELLS  
Published by Arrangement With First National Pictures, Inc.

(Continued)  
"The Revealing Romance of a Flapper's Adventures on Life's Highway"

Barbara Brown, beautiful as an artist's dream, without a conscience and cursed with a confidence and blessed with just on dime, arrives at a New Year's party, cold, wet, hungry—and reckless.

The multi-millioned J. B. Hardiman, ostensibly a guest, but actually the host, notices her and gruffly gives notice to this effect to the hostess the handsome Nan Adams. Barbara, put to bed to recover from her cold, awakes to find herself owner of the gorgeous little house.

Now go on with the story.

Tomorrow, back to Ma Henig's boarding house. Back to the boulder-stuffed mattress. Painfully from downstairs came shrieks of laughter.

Luxuriously Barbara lifted a double fist and drove it into the bleached paunch of the pillow. It went in a mile.

"Tomorrow," "Tomorrow," "Tomorrow," call it a snore. It was more like a purr. Barbara slept.

Hannah abandoned, at the foot of the bed, an attitude of vigil and left the darkened room.

She found Hardiman and Mrs. Adams alone below. She reported in a toneless voice to a point exactly half way between the pair: "The young woman is asleep." She waited, a nun-like figure with hands clasped before her. Hardiman cleared his throat, but it was Nan who spoke: "Hannah!"

"Yes, madam!" Hannah shifted her eyes from space to the hem of her mistress' gown.

"Mr. Hardiman wishes you to understand that during my absence Miss Brown will occupy the house. You will take your orders from her."

"When?" asked the unperturbed Hannah.

"I am leaving, unexpectedly, to-night."

An automobile which had stood dark and cold through the hours at the porch suddenly burst into a glare of lights and a blast of rumbling noise as two silent cloaked figures, the slender and the massive, emerged and blended into the link of night.

Hardiman's Genie

Hardiman, in his office, spent the morning touching buttons. There was a row of them on his desk—magic buttons. Each caught and held a thought. To the first J. B. spoke a few succinct words. Within the hour messengers were on their way to the house lately occupied by Mrs. Nan Adams. One bore a box of flowers almost as large as himself. Another carried a much smaller package worth a hundred times the value of the flowers. A third bore a box filled with bonbons molded to make a princess' mouth water. And remember that, in Barbara, J. B. dealt with but a nub of her gender.

The second genie noted on a pad a cabfare for Tokio. Twelve hours later a Mr. Horace Adams there slapped a geisha soundly.



Features that mean less work for you—

- 1 The Thumb Rest which releases all strain from the hand and wrist.
- 2 The Heel Stand which makes it unnecessary to lift the iron.
- 3 The Hinged Plug, which prevents wear and disconnection of the cord.
- 4 The Hot Point, which makes ironing quicker and easier.

Hotpoint is the only electric iron in the world to give you all these advantages. And the price is remarkably low.

Hotpoint Standard Iron \$ .65  
Special Iron \$1 extra.

THE Hotpoint IRON

A Canadian General Electric Product

FARM FOR SALE

80 acres at Covehead Road, all clear, convenient to railways, schools, etc. Buildings in good repair. Apply  
W. P. MCGRATH,  
On premises.

swilled a drink and, swearing frightfully, ordered No. 1 boy to pack his trunks.

The third, who had left the twenty-third floor of J. B.'s Colonies building by the same elevator which had borne Hardiman aloft, reappeared with Mama Henig on his arm. She was an over-stuffed, henna creature with quivering jaws and one of the largest gold teeth ever manufactured.

In his office J. B. encountered the boarding house keeper's mastoidic uneasiness with mild courtesy. But Mama Henig, still cross from hasty cursting, was querulous: "I don't know what you got on me," she began, "but I ain't done a thing. You got no right to send anybody over to drag me here by force, neither. Let me wise you, mister, I got friends too!"

"I hardly summoned you here," soothed J. B. "to ask you a few harmless questions. It will be to your interest to answer them—to your interest."

"Well, I haven't refused, have I?" The Henig baritone growled less.

"You conduct a boarding house on the West Side, do you not?"

"What if I do? It's perfectly respectable—mostly people in the profession."

"You had a lodger named Barbara Brown?"

She hesitated.

"You may be quite frank with me. I am, in a way, her—guardian."

"He slid a brand new hundred dollar bill over the edge of the desk and Mama Henig broke into a rash of speech.

Declaration of Independence

The keyhole had not been large enough for Hannah to see the contents of Barbara's letter. They would have interested her a bit and Hardiman a great deal.

"Dear Papa: Your check did not come. Perhaps it was not sent. Whatever the cause, the reduction of your devoted daughter's bank account to one thin dime after lunch yesterday was far from pleasant. I have gotten her into a predicament that is passing strange. If your paternal heart doesn't yearn (I very much doubt it will) over my story perhaps your thirsty imagination will. You always did like stories."

"Well,"

"I accepted a New Year's invitation from a Mrs. Nan Adams, who sat next to me at the Christmas matinee of a new play. I didn't know until too late that her countenance was far from pleasant. I had a half mile from Ryneck station.

"Picture your penniless Barbara wading that half mile through freezing snowdrifts—her skirts, for safety (theirs, not mine), over her shoulders.

"Now, papa, I have a cold and a house. It's a nice house with all over, set on all the floors. My room is very steep—but payment is deferred.

"Now, papa, I want you to understand through thought. I am not going to ask you for sympathy or for money. But I want to be understood. I guess every woman does.

"Mrs. Adams was installed here by J. B. Hardiman. Between last night and this morning her lease on this house was got up and expired. I have only to stand up and look at the reflection in my cheval glass to find the reason.

"By the way, someone told me that the children of lovers are the most beautiful. Were you and another lover got dug and fat and you ran away. If you have forgotten I'll remind you that I'm very beautiful."

"What of it? I can hear you draw that."

"I'll tell you what if I can't walk a street for some damn time. The human genus paving the pavement in my wake and snorting!

"Last night at dinner Hardiman didn't paw or snort, except perhaps in his eyes. Those eyes bought me."

"Why shouldn't I sell? Don't think me maudlin if I answer with one tear. It's a tear for the home that went smash four years ago when you went away without so much as the customary note on the bedroom pin-cushion to explain.

"It's a tear for poor foolish mamma, paying too much for being a mother when she died alone last year in a Chicago hotel room. Have you heard of that yet, papa?"

"And it's a tear for the little girl who, in boarding school and board, has been lonely and confused ever since."

"I have lived a lot since that day, papa. I have lived enough to come to some sort of understanding of your reasons for abandoning mother."

"You wanted to get away from the responsibility that a wife, a child and a home involved. You waited, perhaps many years, for an opportunity or an excuse to leave."

"It never came so finally you just made an opportunity. You grabbed a toothbrush and ran."

"Papa, seem to think that they can keep their ugly secret from the children. But that doesn't work. All the time that mamma was telling me: 'Papa's away on a long business trip,' I knew that you had gone, not to come back. Mamma sent me back to Miss Sterret's school just as if nothing had happened."

"A hotel clerk sent the telegram telling of mamma's illness. I don't know why she was in Chicago. I

think she was to meet a detective there. I know she had an agency hunting for you.

"I traveled all alone to Chicago, and strangers there told me that mamma had died."

"Did you ever have to deal with an undertaker? Or a coroner? Or the superintendent of a cemetery? I did. I didn't even have time to cry. I've had no time to cry since. I've had to do so many things. And I've had to deal with so many people. Every one of them cheated me."

"Some of them were affable. Some of them were grouchy. Some of them were short and fat; some of them were long and lean. But they all cheated me."

"I got very poor. I got terribly confused."

"But I'm not confused any longer. I know exactly what I shall do. You can treat me just as if I were a hobo. Call me a Shobo and be consistent. I embrace your philosophy of roving irresponsibility. I embrace your code of the care-free man. Why, indeed should I have any more at 18 than a boy at 20—my wits and health?"

"And why should I have less?"

"I am ready for his adventure. Hardiman shall own of me just what he can take. I shall stay here. You've left me a tramp, a penniless tramp on a fast freight, to which I shall cling till I'm pitched off. You're a hobo, and so am I—a hobo. Call me a Shobo and your true daughter, a nomad dad."

Barbara's pen was travelling fever fast, in rhythm with the pulse which leaped to her courageous definition of her secret soul. A nervous foot tapped impatiently for the words of her next sentence.

"I want life as badly as you ever wanted it."

"I have lived a lot since those moments of your life just before you slammed the door which freed you of mother and me. Just so I wish to be freed of the bonds of convention and the birth of my hobo and so unfortunate as to be born a girl."

"And if I'm beaten or if I slip, don't say to me: 'Never darken my door!'"

"You haven't got a door. Neither have I. And when I get up from this desk I'm going to unlock the only door between me and trouble."

"Goodby, papa."

"You've done me dirt, but damn me eyes if I can help liking you for it! You—"

"SHEBO"

Barbara queened on the automobile porch. Her back was straight as a lance. The red feather in her toque was no more jaunty than the set of her small head and slender shoulders.

She was within she was craven. The weeks of voluntary imprisonment in J. B. Hardiman's Ryneck house had told on her pride Day by day her bravado had diminished. And her bravery had diminished.

The minor problems of her passing days didn't bother her. She knew just how to handle them. From the oyster forks to the precise infection with which to address a groom she was letter perfect as chateleine of aer manse.

But they had not taught her in boarding school how to handle a

British Freighter Sustains Serious Damages

(Canadian Press)  
ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., May 28.—Steaming dead slow through a dense fog for 70 miles off this port, the British freighter Westlea, Montreal to Gibraltar with grain, struck a half submerged iceberg and sustained such damages that Captain Courteney turned the ship back to this port where she arrived this afternoon with her fore peak flooded.

An examination was being carried out at once to ascertain the extent of the damage.



A Friendly Chat with our Manager

WHY not talk matters over with our manager—you may receive new light on a vexatious business problem. Our manager comes into contact with many business men in varied lines of industry which gives him a composite view of conditions that can be of value to his customers. Further, he has behind him the accumulated records and experience of nearly 100 years of service to Canadian business on the part of this Bank.

To the ability and progressiveness of our customers we bring the partnership of money for legitimate business purposes, and seasoned financial advice. Moreover, there is a friendly tone all through the connection that you will appreciate.



The manager of a branch of The Bank of Nova Scotia near you is ready to become a business friend.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital \$10,000,000 Reserve \$19,500,000 Total Resources \$ 230,000,000

She killed the afternoon riding on a wooded road in Westchester she passed by five yards another equestrian. Both women wheeled their mounts simultaneously.

"Hello, Miss Brown!"

"The cool voice was Nan Adams. Barbara heard herself stammering. From the first time since she had absconded from West Forty-two street to Ryneck she recognized the acute sensation of actual guilt.

Barbara's mount lifted its head and nozzled the elder woman's glove.

"She recognized me," purred Nan softly. "We used to be great pals."

Barbara sought her casual, correct amiable tone. She found herself instead blurring:

"Look here Mrs. Adams! Don't look at me that way!" She shook her riding crop and her horse shied. She called across a widening space plain her continued presence at one between the mounts "I don't know what you were to Hardiman last month the quietest cottage maintained by (or for?) her or Ryneck

was serene. "You mustn't excite yourself nor the horses."

"You know what I mean?" Barbara's voice lowered to an ugly absence husband.

"You've all tricked me—all of you!"

"What's it all about?" Nan inquired. "The girl of today is really too ingenuous. But don't work up a frenzy, my dear. I shan't interfere. You may be sure I've always let J. B. have what he wanted—as long as he wanted it."

"You think I want your old money bags?" panted Barbara. "I don't! I don't! Come back and take him! I'm not as helpless as you all think. I've got money!" She laughed wildly. "I've got a dime!"

"Friends of Mrs. N. Adams are hard put to it these days to explain her continued presence at one of our best hotels. Since then I'm in question abandoned last month the quietest cottage maintained by (or for?) her or Ryneck

**Creamy Custards Delicious Puddings AT LESS COST**

THE richer the milk the better the dish. But dishes made with insufficient milk or skimmed milk produce "starved" food. Just think, bottled milk contains 1 1/2% water. That's why milk puddings and custards need to be enriched.

Use Carnation Milk. It gives that cream-and-butter flavor, adding smoothness and texture to every dish, at far less cost than by using cream. Carnation is pure, fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. Your grocer will send you several cans a case of 48 cans. Store it

in your pantry—it keeps! RICE PUDDING—Two cups Carnation Milk diluted with 2 cups water, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 cup sugar, grated rind of 1/2 lemon, 1/2 cup rice. Wash rice and combine with all the other ingredients. Pour into buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in an oven of 300° F. for three hours. Stir the rice several times during the first hour to prevent its setting. This serves eight.

Send for free copy of Mary Blake's Cook Book. Address Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ontario.

Two sizes—tall and small. The label is red and white.

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