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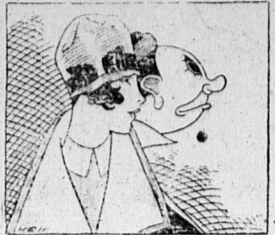
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SMILES



MOST STRIKING FEATURE She: What was the most striking feature of your encounter with the bandit? He: His blackjack, I think.



He: Are you still married? She: Yes. He: Well, how is George? She: Oh, I'm not still married to George.



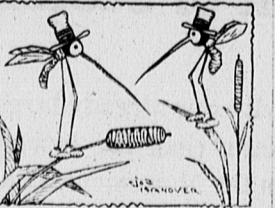
THE RIGHT SPIRIT "That bootlegger says he'd die before he'd sell any but good whiskey." "That's the right spirit for a man to have."



OVER THE HASH 1st Diner: What's that big, lubberly goof doing in here barreled that way? 2nd Diner: Passing as a corned beef, I guess.



DIDN'T BLOW GLASS "I like him so much. Did you say he was a glass blower?" "No, a gas blower, dear."



SLAP 'EM HARD Mosquito: People are the meanest things. They're always trying to slap us!

An Ohio man has invented a form of helicopter, operated by water pressure, to lift hose to direct streams of water into burning buildings too high to be reached with ladders.

Never rinse woollens in clear water. Put just a little soap in and dry in a warm kitchen—not too near the fire, or in a shady and windy place—and your woollens will keep soft and woolly and will not shrink.

WANTED IN EVERY HOME ZAM-BUK SOOTHING HEALING ANTISEPTIC

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

(Continued)

CHAPTER LVV

Winnie did not trust herself to make another appearance in the drawing room after her scene with Billy in the library. From her room she sent Viola with a message that she was suffering from a headache. At ten o'clock the entire party, with the exception, of course, of T. Q. and Mrs. Meadows, motored to the Country Club for dancing. Dal brought Billy home at half-past one, keeping her for another fifteen minutes in his car parked before the house, as he made ardent love to her.

She was so happy that she slept little, but when she did sleep, terrible dreams disturbed her rest—made her cry out with fright. Toward morning she fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion, and did not awaken until ten o'clock. Mrs. Meadows, arranging flowers in the drawing room, told her that Winnie was ill in bed, and that she

was crying about? Do you feel so ill as all that?" he said with gruff kindness as he stooped over the bed and took her limp little hand. "I'm not ill," Winnie's voice choked on a sob. "I just didn't have the heart to get up today. I—oh, nothing matters any more! I wish I were dead!" "Why, Winnie, darling child!" T. Q. protested, lifting the soft, limp hand to his lips. "What in the world is the matter?" "Sit down here by me," Winnie begged forlornly, moving her tiny body a little more toward the middle of the silk-draped bed. "Last night, Daddy Curtis, at dinner, it came over me all of a sudden that in just one more week we—wouldn't be dining together, you and I. Don't you realize, dear Daddy Curtis, that the year is gone? Just one more week!" she repeated desolately. "I—Winnie child, I have realized it, and I assure you that it makes me more unhappy than—than you may imagine, from my not having mentioned it, that in so short a time I shall be a daughterless, lonely old man again."



"Please come home, Daddy Curtis," that sweet, small voice had implored him.

had sent word that she would not be down for luncheon. Billy spent two hours with her violin, practicing doggedly, as if she were trying to make up for all the hours she had stolen from her music.

At two o'clock Dal called for her and there were three happy hours of driving in the crisp cold air of late February. Because she was afraid of seeing anxiety in his eyes she did not tell Dal that Winnie was ill—claimed to be ill. But when she returned to the house at five, she brought with her a bunch of lilies of the valley which she had bought for Winnie at a florist's. In her own way in which she had borne her happiness she was almost sorry for Winnie, had an obscure, unreasoning impulse to try again to make friends with the little blond schemer.

She was taking off her hat and coat in her own room the door of which stood open, when she saw T. Q. Curtis, home from the office earlier than usual, pass through the hall. She went to the door to call out a greeting to him, when she saw he was knocking at Winnie's door across the hall. "Winnie may be really sick," she murmured to herself, sorry that she had not been to see the girl before. T. Q. looked worried, as he listened for the small voice bidding him to come in.

T. Q. was worried. Something in the tremulous words with which Winnie had frightened him. "Please come home, Daddy Curtis, I—feel so bad! And I want to see you now!" that sweet, small voice had implored him.

If his thoughts could have been put into words as he opened the door, they would have been a prayer something like this: "Good Lord, help me to do the right thing by this child who has been so dear to me this last year."

"Hello, Daddy Curtis!" Winnie's weak, sweet voice called out to him. "Thanks for—coming—so soon."

"Why, Winnie, child! What are you crying about? Do you feel so ill as all that?" he said with gruff kindness as he stooped over the bed and took her limp little hand.

"I wish I were dead!" T. Q. protested, lifting the soft, limp hand to his lips. "What in the world is the matter?"

"Sit down here by me," Winnie begged forlornly, moving her tiny body a little more toward the middle of the silk-draped bed.

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"I—Winnie child, I have realized it, and I assure you that it makes me more unhappy than—than you may imagine, from my not having mentioned it, that in so short a time I shall be a daughterless, lonely old man again."

He was glad that she was not looking into his eyes, for he was afraid that she could read there



My mother lets us help ourselves

"She puts a big package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes on the table every morning—and we eat all we want!" No wonder kiddies love Kellogg's! It's flavor! Wonderful flavor and crispness! Serve Kellogg's often. With milk or cream—and add fruits or honey. Have them for breakfast, lunch—for the kiddies' evening meal. Always easy to digest. Sold by all grocers. Served at hotels, restaurants. On diners. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Always oven-fresh in the inner-sealed red-and-green package. Imitations cannot equal such wonder-flavor. Demand the genuine—Kellogg's—and get the original corn flakes!



"But—why, my dear?" T. Q. asked in genuine astonishment. "I've kissed you often enough, child, and you didn't seem to find me repulsive before." "That's all!" Winnie moaned, covering her face with her hands. "I haven't found you repulsive! I want you to kiss me so much that I don't—I don't dare let you do it! Oh, Mr. Curtis, you've been so blind, so blind!" A fit of trembling seized the old man. He passed a shaking hand over his dazed, incredulous eyes. No, no, she couldn't mean—that! This lovely, young little thing, demure with youth, made for romance—she couldn't love him in that way!

"I—Winnie, I'm afraid I don't understand!" he gasped. A sudden, shy, intensely sweet smile flashed out at him through her tears. "I—I think you do!"

He gathered her into his arms then, fiercely, passion which he thought dead for years surging through his rapidly beating heart. "Winnie, little sweetheart, Winnie! Do you want to stay here—with old T. Q.—as his wife?"

"Of course I do!" Winnie laughed softly, her arms tight about his neck, her flushed cheek rubbing provocatively against his. "Oh, T. Q. I do love you so! Haven't you guessed? All these months that I've loved you, and called you my Daddy Curtis, and you were so blind—"

He was murmuring clumsy en-learnments into her ear, lifting the silvery blond hair with tender fingers as he did so, when he was startled by an incredible sound.

He looked at Winnie to make sure that the silly giggle had not

come from her lips; but she was as startled as he, or appeared to be. "Someone is in the room!" T. Q. almost shouted, as he sprang from his seat on the edge of the bed.

"No, no! You imagined it! Or it was someone outside!" Winnie cried out in panic. But T. Q. strode to the thick taffeta draperies that hung to the floor before the great bay window. When he yanked them viciously aside, Viola, the colored maid, stood revealed, a hand clapped to her mouth, her eyes rolling with ludicrous fear.

"What do you mean by hiding in here and spying on Miss Winnie?" T. Q. thundered. Viola's frightened eyes rolled indignantly from T. Q. to Winnie, but she kept her hand tightly clamped over her mouth. Winnie sprang from the bed and rushed to the colored maid, seizing her arm to shake her.

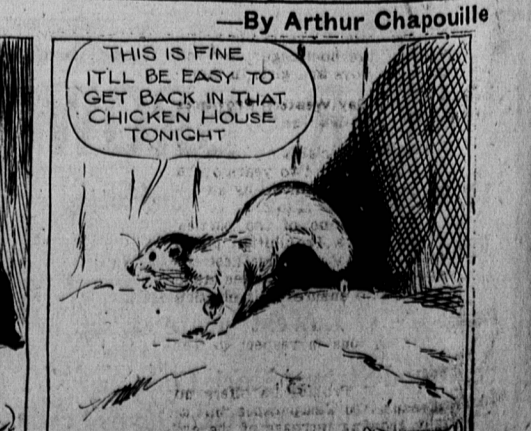
"What were you hiding in here or?" she shrieked in a metallic voice from which all sweetness had departed. "How did you get in here? When I was asleep?" Her pale blue eyes blazed into the rolling blue eyes of the maid as if she were trying to get across a message which she dared not put into words.

"Take your hands off me, white girl!" Viola's hand dropped from her mouth with astonishing abruptness. "Ain't gonna get me in Dutch with Mr. Curtis, you ain't. You told me to hide in here and listen to ever' word the old fool said—that's what she called you, Mr. Curtis—the old fool! I guess I ain't gonna get myself fired on your account, I ain't!"

Winnie dropped her hold upon the maid and flung herself against

COMMENT UNNECESSARY. Our Lord: "And when they wanted wine the mother of Jesus saith unto Him, 'They have no wine.' 'His mother saith unto the servants, 'Whatever He saith unto you, do it.' 'Jesus saith unto them: 'Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.' 'And He saith unto them: 'Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bear it.' 'When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was, (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom. 'And saith unto him: 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.'"

THE BEDTIME STRIP



—By Arthur Chapouille