

**The New Word Contest**  
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Have you entered the new Nyal word contest? You may win \$100 in cash—a total of \$600 is offered. Get your contest sheets from the

**NYAL**  
**DRUG STORE**

Once a trial—always Nyal

**DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS**  
 BY ANNE AUSTIN

(Continued)  
 CHAPTER VII

"You say that only women employes were given this questionaire?" Clay asked Billy when, with Mrs. Wells, they were seated at the cleared dinner table. "That's the ticket," Billy chuckled. "The men are being pacified by some other stunt, which T. Q. neglected to mention. All set now? Let's go—Name—do I have to put 'Thelma, mother?'"

"That's your baptismal name, honey?" Mrs. Wells roared placidly, her eyes beaming with pride upon the chestnut head bent over the un-a-customed labor of composition. "Billy Wells," Billy wrote in her large, vigorous hand. "How long have you been employed in the Curtis Store?"

"Too long," Clay Curtis answered for her. "You ought to be spending six hours a day with your violin, instead of eight hours selling gloves to women who think they're better than you because you wait on them."

A shadow passed over Billy's bright, impudent little face, but before she could speak her mother interrupted with unusual spirit: "Now Clay, don't you go putting ideas in Billy's head. Heaven knows I'd have kept on working myself if the doctors hadn't forbid it. I worked till Billy was 'fteen."

"I'd rather never touch a violin again than have you kill yourself in a store," Billy told her with such passionate sincerity that Clay looked at her with new respect in his soft black eyes. "But just for fun, I'm going to put your answer down, Clay. 'Too long.'"

"Oh, Billy child!" Mrs. Wells cried out in real distress. "He'll

Billy wrote obediently, her face lit with wicked enjoyment. "I've added, 'But ladies must live!' Her mother groaned aloud. "Wait! That trespasses on the next question," Clay reminded her. "Do you work because you have to earn a living or for the sake of a career? Gee! That calls their bluff, doesn't it?"

"I can't answer that flippantly," Billy discovered, frowning slightly. "I'm going to tell the truth," and she wrote, firmly. "Both, but the career is very remote from the Curtis Store. As for the present, it's 'the better 'ole,' and I'm glad to have the job."

"There, mother, rock in peace!" our Sassy Susie has saved the old homestead. And my answer, by the way for the next question—What is the chief ambition of your life? That's easy—To be the greatest westman—concert violinist in America."

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**CORNS**  
 Quick relief from painful corns, tender toes and pressure of tight shoes.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**  
 At drug and shoe stores everywhere

"That will get a laugh from Dad all right," Clay chuckled. "He hates bobbed hair—had a store run against it until he had to give in. But I bet it will be unique, that suggestion, and that's the main idea. What's next?"

"What is your present salary?" Billy read. "Shall I put, 'A joke?'"

"Oh, Billy!" Mrs. Wells moaned, stretching out a hand to stay the rash pen in her daughter's hand. "Please, honey!"

"I'll be good, mother!" Billy promised. "Here's the bitter truth—twenty-two bucks. You don't mind if I underline the figures with my pen dipped in violet, do you, darling?"

"Twenty-two dollars a week!" Clay cried, aghast. "For two people to live on! How on earth do you do it?"

"The Curtis Store doesn't pay me for supporting my mother," Billy pointed out. "It pays me for selling gloves, and if you ask me, I'm probably the champion glove seller in Colfax."

"Then your answer to the next question ought to be a pipe," Clay pointed out. "Lum! Do you consider that you are underpaid for your services? What a poser that'll be for Winnie and Nyda and Lella and the rest. I'd give my new spring hat to know what they're writing. Winnie's getting their school teacher boarder to help her, and Nyda and Eddie—her sweetie, Eddie Bunting, you know, mother—are conspiring together tonight to knock old T. Q. for a goal—first prize at least. Scratch your head, mother. Billy suggested wickedly.

"Goodness me, I don't know what to say! Let me think. Which she did, with much gawping and rocking. "I know, Billy! Say 'I expect to earn each raise before I get

**Tomorrow's Radio Program**

THURSDAY, APRIL 21  
 International Radio Programs

**EVENING CONCERTS**  
 8.00 P. M.  
 WLW (423) Cinc. Studio Features. KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Concert, WJZ, N. Y.  
 8.30 P. M.  
 WCAU (278) Phila. Feature. 9.00 P. M.

KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Concert. WJZ (455) N. Y. To be Announced. WEAU (492) N. Y. Cluquot Club. WFL, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WGR, WJW, WSAI, WCO, KSD and WGN.  
 WORD (275) Batavia. Program. 10.00 P. M.  
 WBZ (333) Springfield. Vocal Solo. 10.20 P. M.

WPG (300) Atlantic City. Organ Recital. 10.30 P. M.  
 WEAU (492) New York. Great Composers.  
 WCAU (278) Phila. Cornet solos. 11.00 P. M.  
 WTAM (390) Cleveland. Studio Program.  
 WCAU (278) Phila. Musicale. WLW (423) Cinc. Popular. 11.30 P. M.

WMCA (341) New York. Songs. WGY (379) Schenectady. Organ Recital.  
 OFCA (357) Toronto. Carbon Studio.

**FEATURE TALKS**  
 7.30 P. M.  
 WGY (380) Schenectady. Talk on America.  
 7.45 P. M.  
 WGY (380) Schenectady. Book Chat.

8.45 P. M.  
 WEEL (343) Boston. Big Brother Club.  
 9.15 P. M.  
 WIP (508) Phila. Passover Celebration.

**WANT TO DANCE?**  
 7.15 P. M.  
 WJZ (455) N. Y. Pennsylvania. 8.00 P. M.  
 WCAU (278) Phila. Plantation Serenaders. 10.00 P. M.

WEAF (492) N. Y. Goodrich Zippers, also W. E. WJAR, WTAM, WGR, WFL, WCAE, WJW, WSAI, WGN, KSD, WOC, WCO and WADC.  
 10.30 P. M.  
 WCAU (278) Phila. Parodians, Club Cadix.  
 WBZ (333) Springfield. Victor. WSAI (326) Cinc. Sinton.  
 WJZ (455) N. Y. Twin Oaks.  
 WIP (509) Phila. Victor.  
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**Guelph Lady Testifies On Marvel Pain Remedy**

Suffered Excruciating Pains in the Face—Found No Relief  
 Nerviline Made Her Well

Guelph, April 18.—Mrs. E. J. Barker of 120 Alice street, of this city, wants every one to know what she was suffering in suffering by Nerviline. "I suffered dreadfully with pains all over my face was badly swollen. A lady told me of the pain-subduing power of Nerviline, and I used it with instant effect. The swelling was reduced—the pain went away, and now I am well. For any pain, swelling or for bad colds or rheumatism, I can strongly recommend Nerviline."—Mrs. E. J. Barker.

It is because Nerviline is five times stronger than ordinary liniment that it relieves pain so quickly. Sold in 35c bottles by all dealers.

Don't try to win a prize! I—I can't explain, but—but—well, I don't want you to!"  
 Billy drew her hand away sharply and glared at him out of amazed, outraged blue eyes.

"I wish you wouldn't—for your sake," Clay persisted doggedly, though her anger and suspicion made him look miserable and guilty.  
 Billy took up the questionnaire, held it uncertainly between her hands as if she were half persuaded to destroy it.  
 (To Be Continued)

Excitement and suspense buzz through the Curtis store, and Clay Curtis arouses Billy's resentment. Read the next chapter.

**TENDERS**

Tenders will be received by undesignated up to April 30th for the building of Winsloe South School. A separate tender will be received for digging cellar and building cement foundation under same. Trustees finding all material, lowest on any tender not necessarily accepted.

Henry Horne, Sec'y. Trustees. 4957-4-18-31

**NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC**

Owing to the illness of Mr. Alton Lohnes, the Broom Manufacturing Business of A. Lohnes & Co., has passed into the hands of his brother, J. H. Lohnes of Charlottetown.

The Company takes this opportunity of thanking the public for their past patronage, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

The Business will be continued under the old name of A. Lohnes & Co.  
 JOHN H. LOHNES.  
 4918-4-16-41.

**HORSES FOR SALE**

Our shipment of Western horses have arrived in this lot we have heavy draft, Agricultural commercial, express and saddle horses, those horses are all young and found in good condition, well broken. We offer those horses for private sale at our farm at Winsloe. We invite inspection.  
 HORNE BROS.  
 4959-4-18-31 Winsloe.

**FARM FOR SALE**

AT TRYON  
 Containing 78 1/2 acres, 70 clear, balance soft wood. Large house all modern conveniences. Fire place, Barn and other buildings in good repair. Churches, stores and school at the door. An excellent potato farm. For further particulars write John Patterson 48 Kidder Ave., W. Somerville, Mass.  
 4957-4-18-51.

**FARM FOR SALE**

At Rose Valley, P. E. I., consisting of 45 acres of good land, balance covered with Hardwood and Softwood. Building in good repair. This farm is well fenced and for quick sale I will sell at a sacrifice as I am living in U. S. A. You want a bargain come and look it over. For further particulars apply to  
 BERT TROWSDALE,  
 Westmoreland, P. E. I.  
 4885-4-14-81.

**INSIDIOUS EYE STRAIN**

We use this adjective advisedly.  
 Sufferers from Eye-strain may have perfect vision and therefore do not suspect the presence of any eye defect.

The motive power of the entire human organism is Nerve Energy.  
 Normal eyes, it is computed utilize about 20% of this Nerve Energy, but when Eye-strain is present, a much larger proportion is required. Hence defective eyes, through their consumption of an excessive amount of Nerve Energy may seriously affect the functioning of other organs of the body and produce ill health.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED  
 G. F. Hutcheson  
 Optometrist



He caught her hand. "Tear it up, Billy!"

fire you sure, and I don't know what will become of us—" "Oh, all right," Billy conceded, erasing the lightly pencilled line and writing in ink. "Two years and three months."

"I tell you, Billy, you've got to make it original if you expect to catch Dad's eye. If I know the old boy—and I think I do—Miss Simmons and Mr. Hoskins will have precious little to say about the judging. Make it snappy, let the chips fall where they will, and I'll bet you snare a prize."

"Say," Billy accused him impudently. "I believe you want to get me in Dutch with T. Q. But maybe you're right." She bent her head over her work again and did not see the flush of guilt that dyed T. Q.'s son's face. "Let's get ahead—Do you like your work?"

"Free, since every other girl that answers that question will say 'yes.' I've got to be different. And I honestly don't like it. I loathe it. Smiling till my face aches, taking snubs from nine till five-thirty, forcing fat old hands into gloves too small for 'em because the vain old idiots won't acknowledge they aren't Cinderellas."

"Cinderella had small feet," Mrs. Wells corrected amiably. "Granted then, that I really don't like my work, what am I to say?" Billy laughed and sucked the end of her pencil.

"Say, I could think of happier ways to employ my time," Clay responded promptly.

your collars and cuffs and your silk underwear and your stockings—" "All right, all right!" Billy conceded hastily. "Let's get on with the priceless prying into my private passions. Passions," she explained to Clay, "was the only word I could think of beginning with P, and I couldn't bear to spoil the alliteration. I pause for applause. Well, all right, if you haven't a sense of humor—maybe this will get a laugh: 'What additional service, both for your good and the good of the store, would you suggest that the Curtis Store inaugurate?'"

"A five-hour day and a five-day week," Clay supplied promptly. "No, I've already thought of something better than that," Billy began to write rapidly. "Free, twice-a-month beauty parlor service, for shampoos, haircuts, manicures, marcel, or finger waves, with two permanent waves a year thrown in for the sake of the straight-haired girls. The high cost of beauty and bobbing is driving me mad." Now that's what I call a sensible suggestion," she applauded herself.

"Think how more attractive the store would look if every girl could be as well groomed as to hair and nails as a society girl. Thank heaven, I have naturally curly hair, but trims alone cost me a dollar and a half a month, and my Sundays are absolutely ruined by having to shampoo my air and fuss with my nails."

"I can't answer that flippantly," Billy discovered, frowning slightly. "I'm going to tell the truth," and she wrote, firmly. "Both, but the career is very remote from the Curtis Store. As for the present, it's 'the better 'ole,' and I'm glad to have the job."

"There, mother, rock in peace!" our Sassy Susie has saved the old homestead. And my answer, by the way for the next question—What is the chief ambition of your life? That's easy—To be the greatest westman—concert violinist in America."

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it, and I've just begun to open my weekly pay envelope with confidently expectant fingers. How's that?"

"Darling, you're a born diplomat!" Billy jumped up and flung herself into her mother's lap, causing the rocking chair to perform violently. "If that isn't expert fence-straddling, I'd like to know what is! I wouldn't sell that answer for ten dollars!"

"You'll win the prize," Clay answered soberly, almost gloomily, as if he had some secret reason for not wanting her to. But Billy was in much too high spirits to notice his gloom.

"Now, all I've got to do is to write not more than 300 words on the general subject. 'Why I work for the Curtis Store.'" She reached for the questionnaire and read the last printed line. "Two nice blank pages for my ecstatic thoughts on that burning question. I'm going to my room and court the muse. Clay, your playing won't bother me a bit; maybe it will inspire me. I promise to join you by ten o'clock to try out that song of yours. It had better be good after all this press-agenting you've done for it. Say," and she stooped to peer into his troubled face. "Why all the gloom? Sulk like a spoiled baby because I won't play with you now?"

"Billy!" He caught her hand, and at that first intentional touch of his color flamed up in her cheeks. "Billy, please don't turn in that questionnaire! Tear it up!

"That will get a laugh from Dad all right," Clay chuckled. "He hates bobbed hair—had a store run against it until he had to give in. But I bet it will be unique, that suggestion, and that's the main idea. What's next?"

"What is your present salary?" Billy read. "Shall I put, 'A joke?'"

**Stolen Sweets**



**It's best for all your Baking**

You see, Purity Flour is high in protein content and has superior rising qualities—it blends perfectly with the other ingredients. For superior baking of every description trust to

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 WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Saint John.

**F. J. HOLMAN, Agent, Charlottetown**

**ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION**  
 A very happy social function took place on the evening of the ninth inst., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Archie MacDonald, Kilmuir. The gathering was composed of the members and officers of the Kilmuir Sabbath School for the purpose of surprising their Superintendent, Mr. John N. MacDonald.

The following address was read by Mr. John Murray on behalf of the officers and members of the Sabbath School. The gift, a valuable and useful one was presented by the hostess—Mrs. MacDonald. Mr. John N. MacDonald, Kilmuir.

Dear Mr. MacDonald: We have gathered here to spend a social evening and to tell you we have appreciated the time and energy you have put forth in keeping the Sunday School together at Kilmuir. Your regular attendance, no doubt at times meant considerable sacrifice. We felt we should in some way show that we have appreciated your work both as Superintendent and teacher.

We ask you to accept this gift, as a slight token of the love and esteem we hold for you. Signed, Kilmuir Sunday School. Mr. MacDonald, although entirely taken by surprise, replied very feelingly and expressed himself as being very well pleased in having taken in the Sunday School work by so many men and women who so regularly attend, thus showing a good example to the young and rising generation and giving such assistance and encouragement to Superintendent and officers.

The remainder of the evening was spent in singing favorite hymns and songs, after which a bounteous luncheon was served. All present felt grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Archie MacDonald, host and hostess for the evening, for their hospitality on this occasion. The event was brought to a close by singing one of the favorite closing odes.

**PLAY AT LONG RIVER**

The Long River dramatic players staged their three act drama entitled "The Path Across the Hill" in Long River Hall on Thursday evening, April 7th. Although the night proved stormy the hall was filled to standing room and each of the players took their part so well that it would be difficult to specialize. Below is the cast of characters.

Samuel Crawford, grandpa—Arnold Bryanton  
 Robert Post, the visitor—Ernest Dunning  
 Walter Conrad, Ruth's brother—Andrew Johnstone  
 Dr. Jimmie Reed—Elmer Paynter  
 Salamander Alexander—John Henry Jones—Wm. Doughart  
 Mrs. Davis, grandma—Mrs. Edgar Gillespie  
 Ruth Conrad, Walter's sister—Marion Murray  
 Flo Gray, Ruth's cousin—Marjorie Found  
 Lottie, a neighbour girl—Mrs. Ernest Dunning  
 Zuzu, the cook (negress)—Ruby Bonness.

The scene is laid in an eastern village in the home of Samuel Crawford who has his two grand-children (Ruth and Walter Conrad) living with him, also their negro cook, Zuzu.

The devotion of Ruth toward her grandfather is wonderfully enacted throughout the play.  
 Ruth's cousin, Flo Gray comes from the city to visit them, and with her winning ways captivated Dr. Jimmie Reed who is engaged to marry Ruth. A hasty marriage follows, which to all appearances was repeated at leisure.

Walter becomes tired of country life, and secretly leaves home, when next heard of he is arrested in New York, implicated in boot-legging and in need of \$500. Grandma Davis, a neighbour, has a keen interest in Grandpa Crawford's welfare, and does her best to persuade him that they two could live so much more comfortably in her little cottage. He finally succumbs.

Lottie, a grand-daughter of Mrs. Davis, is sent by her mother to spy on the old couple and as she

"as a cold id her 'ead" she sneezes and is discovered. Grandma buys her off with a quarter.  
 Zuzu, the cook, is much concerned over her lover Salamander Alexander John Henry Jones, who is a chauffer in the city, a rumor has reached Zuzu that a "mighty likely yellow gal," has been casting her eyes at him. She goes to the city to see about it and returns as Mrs. S. A. J. H. Jones, bringing her husband back with her, he is very polite and converses in words of many syllables, evidently taken from a vocabulary of his own make up. Zuzu beams on him with a happy "shining" face which he reciprocates, although he tells her that she is the "ternationest, meanest" wife ever he had.

Robert Post, a stranger, comes to the Crawford home asking for board and lodging for the summer months, he recognizes in Grandpa Crawford the man whom he has been searching for, for years to bring to justice as revenge for a wrong done his father, years before, but who proves himself innocent although he has taken the blame all this time to shield his son-in-law, the father of Ruth and Walter.

Mr. Post is in love with Ruth which terminates in a happy marriage later on. He also comes from Walter's aid, liberates him from prison bringing him home again much to the happiness of them all. Lottie included who don't want him to go away "ady bore."

The instrumental music was given between acts by Messrs Paynter and Johnstone, violinists; Miss Anna Cousins with banjo, and Miss Mary K. Johnstone, accompanist. Much credit is due Mr. Ernest Dunning for the artistic manner in which the stage was gotten up as well as displayed great taste as the play was repeated at a full house on Tuesday, April 12th. The sum of \$120.85 was realized.

**ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION AT CLYDE RIVER**  
 The annual meeting of the Presbyterian congregation at Clyde River was held on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 9th.

A short devotional service was conducted by Rev. D. J. Staver, moderator of the session the various items of business were taken up and dealt with. All of the different departments of the work of the church were found to be in a satisfactory condition.

Through out the year the church services had been well attended. Because of this among other results the Sunday offerings were unusually large during the communion season were of a high order. This was especially true of the services held on the Communion Sabbath, Aug. 22nd.

They were very impressive indeed. Five new members were on that day received into full membership on profession of faith and by certificate.

Rev. D. J. Staver was assisted in the Sunday services by Rev. D. J. Fraser, principal of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

The Sunday School has had a good year. The enrollment was large, some sixty-two in all. After expenses had been met there was a snug balance on the right side.

The Christmas concert held under the auspices of the Sunday School was a very successful one. The Women's Missionary Society have been very active during the year. After \$60.00 had been paid to the treasury of the Presbyterian there was still quite an amount on hand.

The Mission Band is doing good work. The meetings have been well attended and several months ago the B. H. young girls had gathered in some \$150.00 in all.

The finances of the church as a whole were found to be in splendid condition, after all bills had been paid there was still considerable money in the treasury.

A beautiful gasoline lamp was donated to the church by Mr. H. J. McLean chairman of the Board of Trustees. The thanks of the congregation was tendered to Mr. Mc-

**SMILES**



**HAT-TRIMMED FLOWER**  
 She: How do you like my flower-trimmed hat?  
 He: Your hat-trimmed flower is very striking, indeed.



He: What do you think of marriage as an institution?  
 She: Love, being blind, it looks like an institution for the blind.



**PLENTY OF FROSTS**  
 Jim: Did you have many frosts in your section last winter?  
 Bill: Lots of 'em—every girl tried to go with turned me down.



**WORDS WHERE THEY BELONG**  
 Wife (quarrelously): I don't see why you wanted to buy that dictionary! We don't need it!  
 Hubby: There, that's enough. Let's have words in the dictionary and not over it, if you please.



**THAT'S SO**  
 Cucumbers: Do you know what both likely to become intoxicated?  
 Beet: What do you mean?  
 Cucumbers: Well, we'll probably both get pickled!



**HAS NO REP YET**  
 "You've heard of Sally Twinkle's haven't you? The great movie star?"  
 "Why no indeed, I haven't heard of her. Has she ever been divorced?"

—By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE