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I will sell by private sale my farm of 50 acres situated at Winslow South 6 miles from Charlottetown, two miles from Winslow Station, and 2 1/2 miles from Milton Station, 46 acres clear 4 acres of woodland. This farm is in a high state of cultivation, with a 10 roomed house and a no. 1 cellar. Good out buildings in first class order. 15 acres of this land broken for crop. Near saw and grist mills, Church Hall, School and store. Price right for quick sale. For particulars apply to Neil A. McFadyen or J. P. Bradley, Auctioneer, 104 Grafton St. City. 56927-mwf.-41

**TENDERS**

Tenders will be received by undersigned until May 11th, for painting of the exterior of Wacateley River Church, body two coats and roof one. Tender with committee furnishing supplies or painter furnishing supplies. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Signed

ATHEL T. ROCKHAM, Wheatley River, P. E. I. 8479-5-7-41.

**TENDERS**

Tenders will be received by undersigned until May 11th, 12 o'clock noon, for the complete rebuilding of St. Mary's Church, Souris, P. E. Island. Plans can be seen at J. A. McNeill & Son, Summerside; Parochial House, Souris; and Chappelle & Hunter's office, Charlottetown. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Signed

1482-4-29-3-4.

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EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES SUPPLIED AND FITTED.  
CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIR WORK.

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Registered Optometrist  
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**Insidious Eye Strain**

We use this adjective advisedly. Sufferers from eyestrain may have perfect vision and therefore do not suspect the presence of any evil defect. The motive power of the entire human organism is Nerve Energy. Normal eyes, it is computed utilize about 25% of this Nerve Energy, but when Eyestrain 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. Hutcherson**  
OPTOMETRIST

**SMILES**

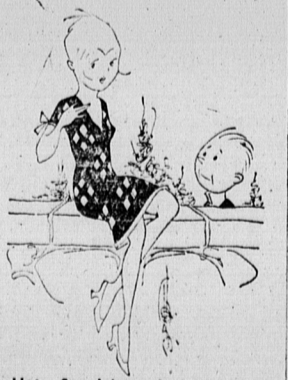


"What you find in the soup is sometimes the cat's whiskers."

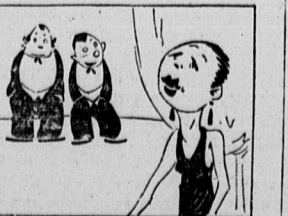
**SOME HOPE**  
In case your lad is a born poet  
Do not be sad,  
He may out grow it



Her eyes and her smile and her ankles just right,  
And her hair is a golden brown,  
And later I'll tell you the rest, for tonight,  
She'll be wearing her evening gown.



He! Can I have just one kiss?  
She! I should say not, I'm a wholesaler's daughter.



"She always thought she could get any man she pleased."  
"But never pleased any man, eh?"

**Why Worry About Bad Breath?**

You won't have to worry about your breath being offensive if you use Chamberlain's Tablets. They end bad breath by removing the cause—poor digestion. Also end gas pains, biliousness, constipation, and tone up sluggish liver. 25 cents at all druggists. Sample FREE. Write Chamberlain Medicine Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

**CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS**  
"Help You Feel Well"

**The Golden Girl**

CONTINUED

ANOTHER CHRISTENING

So-so did not go down to meet Constance when she returned that Friday. Jerry wanted both her and Fred to accompany him and was inclined to be peevish when So-so refused.

"Don't be so stubborn, Jerry," So-so advised him. "Connie hasn't seen you for a month. She'll want to carry you home for dinner and hear all about the Golden Girl plane from you. You ought to know by this time that four is a big crowd where an engaged couple is concerned."

"Oh, Connie wouldn't mind, she likes a crowd. Come on, So-so."

But So-so was not to be coaxed and she wondered once more at the nonchalant attitude Jerry and Constance took toward their engagement. "If I were engaged to Jerry and hadn't seen him for a month you bet I wouldn't want any one else horning in," she told herself.

So she was not prepared for the account Jerry gave her of the meeting the following day. He came to the Crownest to wait for Connie, who was driving out at noon to inspect the Golden Girl.

"And that fellow Clayton Robbins sure knows his aviation," he went on after mentioning Connie's arrival. "He's going to make that invention of your father's go like a house afire or I miss my guess. He's just full of enthusiasm—and say, it would do you good to see the way he can put Connie under his thumb if he takes a notion. Wish I could manage her that way."

"They've known each other since they were babies," So-so volunteered.

Jerry grinned at her. "Think I'm jealous, do you, So-so? Not a bit. Why shouldn't Connie and Clayton keep on being friends even if she is going to marry me? He's going to stick around and watch the tests on the Golden Girl. Said he'd be glad to hand out more money if we need it and then didn't Connie pan him? She doesn't want any one else in on this flight excepting her own dear papa, and how!"

"Did her father come back too?"

"Nope. The old man's going to cruise down to Bermuda for a couple of weeks, but he expects to be back by the time we take off."

Constance came in presently, bubbling over with enthusiasm, delighted to see So-so again, full of plans for the naming of the Golden Girl. Clayton was with her and greeted So-so like an old friend. Chloe was not at the Crownest that morning and So-so was unable to go with them for the inspection of the Golden Girl. In about an hour the trio came back Fred trailing in a few minutes later.

"Now we're going to make our plans for naming the Golden Girl," Connie announced. "She is having her last coat of paint today and we ought to be able to name her about the day after tomorrow. I'm going to ask every one on the field to be present and we'll all come here to the Crownest for coffee and sandwiches afterward. We'll have the newspapermen, too."

"Oh, no you won't," Jerry broke in. "Wait till we do something before we get ourselves spread all over the papers."

"Don't hide your light under a bushel," Constance told him. "You're going to succeed, why be silly about publicity?"

"You couldn't hide the Golden Girl under the Rocky Mountains," Jerry retorted. "Who's going to name the baby?"

"So-so of course. Didn't she name the Icemaiden and I've never had a suspicion of trouble. So-so's a lucky girl she is."

"I thought you ought to name the Golden Girl," So-so protested.

"Nope. You're elected. That makes us partners all around. So-so to name it, Fred and Jerry to fly it—"

"And Connie to furnish the little matter of 50,000 bucks to get us going," Jerry finished.

"Connie will get her money's worth. I haven't seen her so worked up over anything since she was 14 and vowed she'd beat me at tennis," Clayton put in.

"Did she?" Jerry asked interestedly.

"She did not," Constance answered. "Clayton took lessons and learned a cannon-ball variety of serve that I never could get near."

"Poor little rich girl," Clayton teased.

Constance shrugged an impatient shoulder at him. "Then it's settled," she said positively "So-so is to name the Golden Girl the day after tomorrow. I suppose we'll have to use grape juice since this is a more or less public christening."

"In heaven's name, why?" Jerry asked.

"Oh, we don't want any criticism and we'd be sure to get it if we used champagne, even to pre-war vintage," Constance replied.

"It's your funeral," Jerry said. "So far as I'm concerned all this nonsense about gold paint and grape

**The Weaver-Jackson Company**  
**Hollywood's Famous Beauty Experts**  
advise daily use of Palmolive Soap

"Society here is very cosmopolitan. So is our clientele. We must know all the beauty treatments in vogue on the continent. Among these, the most famous is the Palmolive Soap treatment... used by famous beauties throughout Europe."

Weaver-Jackson Co.  
By Willard Hayes U.P.  
HOLLYWOOD-LOS ANGELES-PASADENA

**HOLLYWOOD**, mecca of beauty, listens to its beauty specialists with the same respect that it accords to its physicians.

For in Hollywood, beauty means success, and a lovely skin means more than anywhere in the world. And what those experts say is vital beauty news!

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**Where Hollywood is beautified**

"Among our patrons are the smartest, the most fastidious, the most prominent women in Hollywood, Los Angeles and Pasadena. We take pride in serving fully half of the women in the motion picture industry."

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Operators working in the Paris salon of L'Institut de Beauté, presided over by the distinguished Madame Valentin le Brun, Madame le Brun advises all her smart patrons to use one soap—and one only—Palmolive.



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Palmolive Soap! And over four thousand specialists all over the country give their patrons this same advice.

In Paris, home of beauty, all the experts tell you the same thing. Lina Cavalieri, for instance, the former opera star, who now tells the smartest women in Paris how to keep their priceless beauty; Madame Valentin le Brun, the acknowledged dean of all Parisienne beauty specialists; Massé, Vincent, Delord et Bion, Payot—all the beauty specialists of note in the beauty loving capital of France recommend Palmolive Soap to their distinguished patrons; and in Vienna, Berlin, Budapest, Rome, Madrid, London—in all the great capitals of Europe you hear this same advice, "safeguard beauty with Palmolive Soap."



4612  
Retail Price 10c

juice is so much baloney."

"Oh, let the girls be sentimental if they like," Fred remarked good-naturedly. "I think the more fun we have now the better—we've got a stiff thirty-six hours ahead of us, in the not-too-far-off future."

"What will you wear, So-so?" Connie asked.

"Her new flying suit of course," Fred said promptly.

"Sure thing. Wait till you see it, Connie, you'll be perfectly green with envy. Fred gave it to her for Christmas. I wanted to give you one, but I'm no darned plutocrat like Fred here," and Jerry slapped Fred on the back.

"For heaven's sake stop talking about money," Constance said irritably.

Two days later, So-so dressed in the green flying suit, and feeling more self-conscious than she could ever remember, stepped forward to smash a bottle of grape juice over the prow of the Golden Girl.

Cameras were trained on her as she stood, a slender green figure, looking very small indeed by the side of the giant plane.

"I christen thee, Golden Girl," she cried, "and may luck ride with you on your every flight."

There was applause as So-so stepped back into the circle of her friends while the purple liquid streamed down the side of the Golden Girl.

"She ought to be called the two Golden Girl," a reporter nearby commented, as So-so and Constance posed together for a picture.

"Down in Rio where she's going they have the idea that all American girls are gold-plated, anyway," another one answered him.

So-so was glad when the ceremony was over. As the date for the take-off approached she was filled with foreboding. "It's silly," she told Constance as they all went back to the Crownest made brave with evergreen for the occasion, "it's downright foolish but I'm what father would call 'fey' about this flight. I feel as though something were going to happen."

"Don't tell the boys," Constance warned. "Jerry isn't a bit nervous, but I think Fred is. There's been a funny look several times on his face, as though he were scared about something."

"Not Fred," So-so defended him

stoutly. "He's just as crazy to go as Jerry is."

"I know, and no one could have worked harder at getting ready. Just the same something is troubling him. I know it is. Maybe it's you, So-so, why don't you be extra nice to him between now and the takeoff. You don't have to promise him anything, just be nice to him and hold his hand and cheer him up a bit."

So-so flushed guiltily, "Fred's no different than he has always been—about me, that is," she maintained. Nevertheless, she was troubled and during the party that followed she watched him closely. He seemed paler than usual, more subdued, stuck closely to Jerry and had little to say.

"It's just my imagination," she told herself, together with what Connie said. Fred isn't any different than he always has been. He's always been quieter than Jerry."

She forgot her anxiety that night when Fred brought copies of the evening papers to show her. "Here you are old lady," he said. "Big as life and twice as natural."

So-so took the proffered pages. There she was, posed with the bottle of grape juice in her hand at the side of the Golden Girl. Underneath the picture ran the caption, "Miss Solange Harper, naming the new airplane, 'The Golden Girl' in which Jerry Corbett and Fred France, pilot

**Rheumatic Sufferers Can Get Well**

Eat meat sparingly, and take but little sugar. Avoid intoxicants. Keep away from dampness. Drink water abundantly, and rely upon Nerviline as quick relief for pain. "I proclaim Nerviline an infallible relief for rheumatism," writes S. A. Brunswick from Augusta. "After years of suffering, I can say it is the most penetrating liniment I ever used. With Nerviline I have rubbed away all my aches and pains, and I urge others to use Nerviline for sore joints, stiffness and muscular pain." All dealers sell Nerviline in 35-cent bottles.

**NERVILINE**  
Drives Out Pain

and navigator, respectively, will shortly attempt a nonstop flight to Rio de Janeiro.

"I don't look so awfully bad in the picture, do I?" she asked.

"No picture does you justice, So-so," Fred said.

Some memory of Constance's advice about being kind to Fred allowed So-so to leave her hand in his for a moment and to bid him a more than unusually kind good night when he left for home later.

TO BE CONTINUED

More than 1,240,000 bushels of potatoes were sent from the United States to Cuba last year.

Twenty-four new airplanes were placed in service in Peru in the last 12 months.

**No need to "Swipe" them Now!**

You remember way back when you were a kid and you stubbed your toe or pricked your finger—remember the doughnut Mother used to give you to heal that "wound." You remember, they were so delicious you simply had to "swipe" another when she wasn't looking.

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