Was Nearly Crazy With Boils All Over His Body

Mr. S. L. Burke, Barronsfield, N.S., writes:—"For some time I was nearly crazy with boils all over my body. I tried everything I could think of to get rid of them, but to no avail, for as soon as one was healed up another would appear to take its place.

I was advised to take

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

and after I had used two bottles the boils had all disappeared and I have not been troubled with them since." Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

We again have a well-drilling machine on the Island and are prepared to drill wells any size and depth at reasonable prices. No job to large or too small.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Personal supervision given to all work. For references we refer you to the wells we drilled for the Summerside Water Works a number of years ago.

Machine now working at Maritime Electric Co.'s Plant, Charlottetown.

Inquire there or write

T. R. KENT
Well Driller
St. George, N. B.

If interested better make a note of this address

P. E. I. Hospital Annual Meeting

A public meeting of all contributors to the Prince Edward Island Hospital will be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall on Tuesday, May 31st, 1927, at 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing trustees and any other business as may be brought for the government of the institution in accordance with the by-laws, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it.

ADA E. HARRIS,
Secretary

5,17,19,21,23,25,27,30.

P. R. A.

The Annual Meeting of the P.E.I. Provincial Rifle Tssociation will be held in the Parlor of The Y.M.C.A. Friday, 27th May at the hour of 7.30 P. M.

F. S. MOORE, Colonel,
President.
CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut. Col.,
Secretary Treasurer.

5704-5-23-4i.

NOTICE

To whom it may concern:

It has been decided at a meeting held in Greenvale School on Friday May 20th, 1927 to enforce the Domestic Animal Act in the district, on account of the annoyance caused by animals from adjacent districts in past years.

LEONARD MOONEY, Recve.
Greenvale, Lot 46

5739-5-26-3i.

FOR SALE

A great business opportunity. That highly prosperous business place known as Montague Restaurant is now offered for sale. Apply on premises or to MRS. MacLEOD 206 Grafton St., Charlottetown

PRINCE BARON

By Baron Pride

A Pure Bred Percheron Stallion imported here from Ontario by Frank McLean and sold to Shaw and McGrath, Cardigan. Prince Baron has proved himself a sure stock getter, the people of this vicinity are fortunate in having for service such a highly bred animal.

Intending breeders will make no mistake in securing the services of Prince Baron.

For further particulars apply at our Stables.

HENRY WOOD
Vernon River

5414-5-stt 31

SMILES

Him: They say clothes make a man.

Her: I know his wife's clothes make him hot under the collar.

MADE HIM SEE RED

1st Wife: My husband becomes murderously angry when I paint my lips.

2nd Wife: Evidently makes him see red.

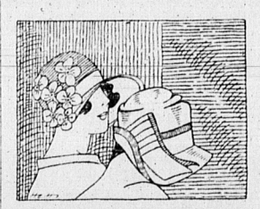
NOT PROVED AS YET

"Is he a criminal lawyer?"

"I wouldn't like to say. He doesn't come up for trial until next month."

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

Fly: I guess I'll stick around here for awhile!



GOT A HUSBAND TO BOOT

"What could have possessed that woman to marry a cobbler?"

"She was always crazy to have her own shoemaker and got a husband to boot."

BEAN BAG, OF COURSE

"Aw, go bag your head!"

"In what kind of a bag, pray?"

"Bean bag, of course."

On Ladies' Toes Are Sore Corns

Quick safe relief is almost instantaneous if you apply Putnam's Corn Extractor. Shoes won't pinch or hurt any more. One single drop of Putnam's stops the pain. A few applications make the corn dry up and drop off. Putnam's Corn Extractor gives satisfaction. Thousands use it every day. Get a bottle from your druggist. Refuse a substitute for Putnam's.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

ATLANTIC REGION

TENDERS

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Station Building" will be received up to 12 o'clock noon, Monday, June 13th, 1927, for the construction of a station building at Summerside, P. E. I.

Plans and specifications may be seen and forms of tenders obtained at the office of the Regional Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B.; Division Engineer's Office, Charlottetown; and the office of the Station Agent, Summerside, P. E. I.

Tenders received after the date and time specified will not be considered.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. U. APPLETON,
General Manager,
Atlantic Region,
Canadian National Railways.

Moncton, N. B. May 21st, 1927

Montreal has Paid the Price of Carelessness

This warning should be heeded in Charlottetown

Garden City Milk passes through the most modern Pasteurization Process and is the only clarified Milk in the City.

BETTER BE SURE THAN SORRY

Your health and your children's health is worth safe-guarding.

Citizens we invite you to come and inspect our sanitary system.

The Pure Milk Co., Ltd.

Cor. Fitzroy and Great George Sts. Phone 584

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

CHAPTER XXXVII

The note from Dal Romaine was printed in tiny, beautiful characters. The sight of his writing gave Billy a queer shock. She had never seen anything from his pen before, but she had imagined that he would write dashingly. The note, on a deckle-edged square of expensive correspondence paper, such as a fastidious woman might use, was dated simply "Friday."

"I'd forgotten it's Friday," Billy whispered to herself. She looked up, caught sight of her own image in the triple mirrors of her dressing table, and was shocked and incredulous at what she saw. Somewhere on that mad flight home she had lost her hat.

She passed a hand wearily across her eyes, pushed back the wild angle of her chestnut curls, tried to see herself clearly out of the fog of her misery, in the triple mirrors. How pale she was! She shivered, and focussed her eyes on the note in her hand.

"Friday—6 p. m. Mignon, darling, I must leave without seeing you. I've waited here for an hour for you, and now I must hurry away to make a train. I am called to Chicago on urgent business, and shall not be able to return until Monday. That means, dear heart, that our Saturday and Sunday engagements are off, or at least, postponed. I am terribly sorry, dear, but I know you will understand and forgive. I did so want to see you before I left. Goodby, darling. I am holding you fast. You understand, Dal."

She read it three times, painstakingly like a child who is just learning its letters, then realization rushed in upon her. He was gone. She would not see him for three days. But he loved her. He loved her! She picked out the words of endearment— "Mignon darling"—"dear heart" —"dear"—"darling"—

Suddenly she crumpled into a heap upon the long, cushioned chair, and sobbed with an abandon which she had never permitted herself before in her life. But as she sobbed she kept the stiff card, with its tiny, beautiful printing, pressed against her grief-twisted lips. He was gone, when she needed him most, but he had left her something of himself—

Viola, the colored maid, found her a little later, a spent, quivering little heap, and gently lifted her into her arms and helped her to undress.

"I'll get your bath ready, Miss Billy. You-all got a dinner party tonight, honey. Don't you remember?"

"Tell Miss Shelton I want to see her—right away," Billy roused herself from the lethargy in which her weeping had left her.

"Lawdy, Miss Billy, Miss Winnie ain't here. She left 'bout four o'clock to go off on a week-end trip to the country. Mis' Meadows, she mighty put out about it, too. Her dinner party all ever' which way now, with Mr. Dal and Miss Winnie h'k'n' off at the last minute—"

Billy's hands which had been rubbing cleansing cleam into her wan cheeks, seemed to freeze into immobility. Her heart felt as if it would never beat again. But when she did speak, her voice sounded casual to the maid:

"I didn't know Miss Shelton was going away for the week-end. Where did she go, do you know, Viola? Mr. Romaine was called to Chicago on business."

"Lawdy, honey," Viola chuckled, "she say she going to them Barkerses what she run around with so much, but I dunno. She sure took a lot o' glad rags for a quiet week-end in the country," the colored girl added meaningfully.

"My bath must be ready," Billy cried in a choking voice.

As she lay in the violet-scented warm water, she tried to think coherently. Surely it was just a coincidence that Winnie should suddenly decide to accept a week-end invitation on the very day that Dal was called to Chicago for a week-end. But Dal had said that it was urgent business. And this was Friday evening. He would not arrive in Chicago until Saturday morning. Most business men considered Saturday a holiday. And if he planned to be back on Monday, he would leave Chicago Sunday night—

"I'm not going to be a suspicious little fool!" she told herself fiercely. "Ralph was just trying to frighten me, linking Dal's name with Winnie's. Ralph's jealous of Dal. He hates him because he wanted to marry Annette—or did Dal really try to marry that big gawky, plain thing? I don't believe it."

But that reflection did not comfort her for long. Her lips twisted bitterly with a new reflection: "So you think Ralph's in love with you, too, you little idiot!" she apostrophized herself scornfully. "Getting to be like Nyda and Winnie and all the other girls—think every man that looks at you is in love with you. Nobody loves you. Clay hates you, despises you—and who could blame him? Dal's having a wonderful time stringing you along. All that idiotic rot about being a mystic, and putting a spell on you! You're easy, Billy Wells!"

But it would not work. She could not lash herself into a self-respectingly nonchalant, don't-care attitude toward Dal Romaine.

The informal dinner party, which had been planned for eight, had shrunk to six. T. Q. Curtis, sitting opposite Mrs. Meadows, was moody and irritable. Nyda, splendidly beautiful in the new dress of lipstick red chiffon over gold cloth, coquetted almost absentmindedly with Bruce Kruger, her dark eyes somber with a sort of angry trouble, while Ralph Truman, Billy's dinner partner, sat almost silent, his usually merry gray-blue eyes dark with brooding.

"Will you play for us, Billy, my dear?" T. Q. asked, when the somber dinner had slowly dragged itself to an end. "I think we all need cheering up a bit. I'm afraid I've been guilty of bringing my business troubles home with me but if you'll play, I'll forget them."

Billy started to refuse, automatically. It seemed absurd that anyone could expect her to play that night, after all she had been through. But something desperate, hunted, infinitely pathetic in T. Q. Curtis' eyes brought her up sharply. After all, she told herself cynically, that was the way she paid for her board and lodging.

She had dressed without a thought as to what she was putting on, docilely slipping into the dress which Viola had chosen as appropriate for a very small dinner party. Now, as she came back into the drawing room with her violin on her arm, she realized that she was wearing the autumn-leaf dress which T. Q. had given her for the first party in his home. The dress brought such poignant memories of the first time she had worn it, to show it off to Clay and her mother, that she heard again the ripple of notes under Clay's fingers as he improvised a song for her.

She lifted her violin to her chin, and almost without conscious intention began to play that song which Clay had dedicated to her in that dress—"To an Autumn Dryad." It was a gay, lilting, joyous little piece, but as she played it, she infused into a quality of pathos and despair, and a hopeless lovecry that brought tears into the eyes of old T. Q. Curtis.

When she had finished, she walked straight out of the drawing room, heedless of the spontaneous burst of applause and of Mrs. Meadows' and Bruce Kruger's demands for more.

She was putting her violin away in the music room when T. Q. Curtis' voice startled her to attention.

"Thank you, Billy my dear." There was the roughness of unaccustomed tears in his voice. "Who wrote the piece, child? I've never heard it before—but then I know so little about classical music." He came to her and quite simply, with fatherly affection, put an arm about her shoulders.

"It's not a classic—yet, Mr. Curtis," she answered, her words muffled against his dinner coat. "It was written by—your son—to me. It is called, 'To an Autumn Dryad'."

(To Be Continued)

The sight of his writing gave Billy a queer shock.

Simple Remedy For Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet—Safe and Simple Home Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition.

If you are a victim of Stomach Troubles—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like—if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyze the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with three or four tablets of Bisurated Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive, and handy tablet form of Magnesia that promptly neutralizes acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Bisurated Magnesia, tablets, which any good druggist can supply at trifling cost, should quickly convince you that 90 per cent of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Bisurated Magnesia Tablets!

NOTICE

Everybody come to the sale, on Monday, May 30th, commencing at 1.30 p. m., at the home of Mr. Jacob Scott, 29 Alley Street.

BENJAMIN CARTER,
Auctioneer.

5461-5-26-2i.

NOTICE

Campbell's Garage Hunter River is now open. All kinds of repair work done. Battery charging and repairing, also gas, oil, and accessories.

C. H. SELLARS.

That Stomach of Yours!

MRS. E. EVERSON

Guelph, Ont.—"I can highly recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines—those that have been used in my family have always proved very beneficial. I have taken the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for indigestion and stomach distress and it has given me wonderful relief. It is also a fine tonic and blood purifier."—Mrs. E. Everson, 71 Elizabeth St.

Thousands in every Province have testified that th's Discovery gave them renewed health.

All druggists, either fluid or tablets.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ont., for a trial pkg. of tablets.

The Luxury Soap of the World

LORDS and ladies, with their sprightly pages and demure handmaidens of more than a century and a half ago, entrusted their complexions to the absolute purity of Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap.

Yardley's still bestows enchanting loveliness—still yields its charming fragrance which lingers long after use.

YARDLEY'S
Old English
LAVENDER SOAP

$1 per box of 3 large cakes at all best druggists and department stores

YARDLEY, 8 New Bond St., LONDON, Eng.

CANADA: 358-362 Adelaide St. W., Toronto 2, Ont. U.S.A.: Madison Square, New York

Mrs Howard Fallis

ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING WOMEN SPEAKERS OF CANADA

Will Address Meetings in Prince Edward Island at the Following Places and Dates in the Interest of

Improved Temperance Legislation

GLENWOOD, May 26th, 8 P. M.
ELLERSLIE, May 27th, 8 P.M.
KENSINGTON, May 30th, 8 p. m.
CLIFTON, May 31st, 8 P. M.
CENTRAL BEDEQUE, June 1st,
CRAPAUD, June 2nd, 8 P. M.

Everybody Invited to Hear This Gifted Woman Speaker

She Has a Message of Particular Importance to Every Woman Voter.

ANNUAL MEETING P. E. I. PROTESTANT ORPHANAGE

The Annual Meeting of the Orphanage will be held on Thursday evening May 26th, 1927, at 8 o'clock in the School Room of Zion Presbyterian Church Charlottetown.

At least four Trustees must be elected to the Board.

Complete Financial Reports will be submitted and the work of the Institution freely discussed.

All contributors present will have a vote and all friends are cordially invited to attend.

5-17-tts-5i.

IRA M. BROWN Secretary-Treasurer

---CEDAR POSTS---

We have on hand:—

2000 Cedar Post 7 Ft. Long
2000 Cedar Posts 8 Ft. Long
1000 Cedar Posts 9 Ft. Long
500 Cedar Posts 12 Ft. Long
200 Cedar Posts 22 Ft. Long

QUALITY AND PRICES RIGHT.

L. M. Poole & Co.
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THE BEDTIME STRIP— The Apple Of His Eye. —By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE