



Gee Dad I've Gained 3 Pounds and I took only one jar of

Olajen

AT YOUR DRUGGIST

To Whom It May Concern

Those parties who have left pianos, organs, sewing machines and small musical instruments at our shop for repairs, will please call and pay for them within four weeks from date; otherwise, these instruments will be sold to pay for repairs.

MILLER BROS.

145 Great George Street November 16th, 1927.

BANKRUPT SALE

Sealed Tenders will be received at my office 51 Queen Street, Charlottetown, up to the 26th day of November, for the stock, consisting of fancy goods, confectionery and etc., also the store fixtures now contained in the store at Souris, lately belonging to Marshall A. Paquet of Souris, authorized assignor.

A list of the above stock and fixtures with approximate valuation may be had on application here.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

SIDNEY T. GREEN, Trustee of the Estate.

511-11-21-mwf.

Children's Aid Society ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Children's Aid Society of Charlottetown - including Queen's and King's Counties - and of all persons interested in the welfare of children, will be held in the City Council Chamber on the evening of Monday, the 28th November, inst., at 8 o'clock.

By Order. W. J. P. McMillan, President.

Charlottetown, 9th November 1927. 216-11-9-wfm6l.

AUCTION SALE

Auction Sale of beautiful household furniture at 57 Prince Street on November 23rd commencing at 10.30 o'clock, consisting of dining room, hall and kitchen furniture.

Eight fully furnished bedrooms, 1 beautiful ladies' dresser, mahogany, beautiful bevelled plate mirror, 1 gents dresser in oak, several other nice dressers in oak, with bevelled mirrors, eight white enamel beds with springs, several linoleum and conglom bedroom squares, lot of oil cloth, mats, window curtains, and numerous articles not mentioned. Everything must be sold as property is sold. Terms cash. Sale starts on time and in the kitchen.

MRS. MAY MACLEOD, 57 Prince Street Auctioneer. 496-11-10-4

J. LESTER DOUGLAS WHOLESALE PRODUCE

Exporter of Prince Edward Island Certified Seed and Table Stock Potatoes 39 QUEEN STREET CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Poultry

We will be buying live, and dressed poultry daily until the end of the season. Highest prices paid. SWIFT CANADIAN CO.

SEALED TENDERS

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including Thursday, December 1st, 1927, for the purchase from the Provincial Government, of the Agricultural Hall, Summerside.

The highest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

J. W. BOULTER, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I. November 16th, 1927.

By Order, EXECUTIVE COUNCIL, 11-18-1mw5l

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Where money talks, it's seldom dry sermon."



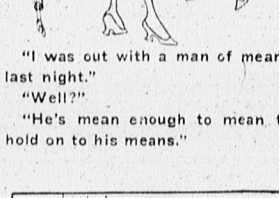
AN OLD ROUNDER

1st Bird: Mr. Owl looks all in 2nd Bird: Yes, he's been making a day of it again!



"I was out with a man of means last night."

"He's mean enough to mean to hold on to his means."



CHARMING HUSBAND

"She has a charming husband."

"I'll say she has. What girl is he charming now?"

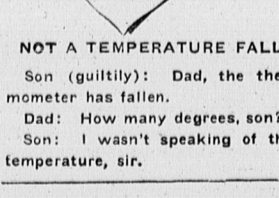


NOT A TEMPERATURE FALL

Son (guiltily): Dad, the thermometer has fallen.

Dad: How many degrees, son?

Son: I wasn't speaking of the temperature, sir.



THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR ALL KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

PAZO OINTMENT

SONIA

By VIDA HURST

Lesson No. 7

Question: Why does baby particularly need emulsified cod-liver oil?

Answer: Baby's progress in health, growth and bone-development depends upon vitamins. An abundance of essential vitamins is provided in pure, pleasantly flavored SCOTT'S EMULSION

afford to be sweet now." Her father looked up from his paper, frowning.

"Was that Joe Carter?" "Yes, father."

"Well, I don't want to see him hanging around here any more. He's given people enough to talk about; where you're concerned."

"Yes, father." As if that mattered now!

INSTALLMENT IV.

At 9 o'clock Don Stillwater knocked at the Marsh door. Mrs. Marsh dropped her sewing, but picked it up again. Sonia, her heart in her throat, opened the door. Her father rose, surprised but courteous.

Don wasted no time evading the issue. "I have only half an hour," he said. "I ran away from guests at home. I came to tell you, Mr. Marsh, that my uncle in Chicago has found a place for Sonia in the bookkeeping office."

Sonia's father grew old before her eyes. The flesh sagged on his cheeks. His eyes faded.

He turned to his daughter, reproachfully. "You've gone ahead with your plans in spite of what I said to you, Sonia?"

A lump rose in her throat at his beate tone. She could have defied his rage. But his trembling lips were like hands clutching at her heart.

"Oh, dad, it isn't that I don't love you, but I have to get away from this town. I hate it. It's killing me."

"Sonia," Don said, calmly, "suppose you run out in the yard for a while, I'd like to talk this over with your mother and father."

She was only too glad to obey. Her eyes were stinging with the tears she was so proud to shed.

What Dr. Stillwater told her parents she never knew. Although from her seat on the back porch steps she could hear fragments of their conversation.

"Small town—critical attitude—too much attention," drifted through the summer night. A future voice.

Once she heard her father's broken voice. "This kissing business has hurt me, Don. More than it should, I suppose. I know she didn't mean anything."

Thought was suspended as she sat in the dark, waiting. Her whole future seemed to hang on her father's decision. If he didn't let her go now she might never have another chance. A future in the city. Freedom to live her own life. Beauty, excitement.

"And I will be careful," she vowed, true to her promise to Don. "I won't do anything bad."

She had been in Chicago once as a little girl. But she could still remember Michigan avenue with its crowds of people and the bright lights.

"Sonia," called her mother. She ran in, stumbling, and faced her father. He stretched out his arms to her.

"I think it will kill me, Sonia, but you can go."

Later in her bedroom she criticized him for his sentimentalism. Why need he spoil his sacrifice with tears? It was her mother thought Sonia, who would miss her the most. Her mother really needed her, yet she had not uttered a word of protest against her going. Perhaps her mother did not love her so much. Sonia wondered. Anna Marsh had gone on as if nothing had happened.

Sonia took the white silk gown from the drawer where she kept it, and put it on. The creamy lace about her neck made her skin like satin. Her eyes were emeralds.

"Sonia, dancing in a silver gown," she whispered, "with emeralds on her white hands..."

Excitement ran like fire through every vein. Chicago! The word was magic. It would transform her overnight.

In the midst of her dancing the telephone rang. Without waiting for a kimona, she ran down the stairs.

"Yes?" "Sonia, this is Tom Underwood. I hear you're going to Chicago."

"Tom! She had forgotten her promise to him. But hadn't he known she never could have considered it really?"

"Yes, Tom, I'm going. Who told you?"

"Mother was over at Stillwater's for dinner to-night. Don told her."

"I'm sorry, I was going to tell you myself to-morrow."

"Sonia, I want to see you. I've got to talk with you."

"To-morrow, Tom. It's late now. Every one is asleep."

As she ran upstairs she heard strange sounds from the front bedroom. She paused, horrified, in the dark to listen, then crept in shame back into her own bed.

Her mother was crying! (To Be Continued.)



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John Smith And His Car

By FREDERICK C. RUSSELL

John Smith is a character whom every motorist should welcome. He is not selfish, rather he is a motorist martyr, a chap willing and glad to have exploited, in an interesting way, his experiences for the benefit of the other twenty

Misdirected Car Care

Anyone who has never met Smith has missed a good opportunity to see how a motorist can kill his car with kindness. Smith dreads repair bills, and yet he has gone out of his way in many instances to try to avoid them and by so doing has only made trouble for himself.

"Why do you want to punish your car?" I asked him the other day when he was going through some illogical manoeuvres at the garage.

To say that Smith was surprised by putting it mildly. Here he had applied every one of his best rules to prolong the usefulness of his car and yet, despite his endeavors, I was accusing him of neglect and abuse.

"Your attempts to care for your car aren't genuine," I told him. "I don't mean to intimate that you are not sincere in your efforts to get the best out of your car. It is just a matter of questioning the value of some of those plans you have adopted. This business of greasing the car at a certain hour of the day every week may seem like perfection in car ownership, but how do you know that you are not overlooking many vital needs of the car on days when you have not arranged for such treatment?"

"I have often noticed that you are very coolly considerate of your car. Sometimes you carry it to such extremes that you do more harm than good. Take, for example, your habit of always shifting into second gear whenever you think the car is running too slowly for high gear. You have done more damage in second gear than you could possibly have done in high."

Here I had to explain the situation very coolly, convince him of his mistake. Smith is one of those drivers who seem to feel that just because the car is running slowly in high, the engine is being strained. The moment the speed of the car gets down below 10 miles an hour he shifts into second, steps on the gas and is away like a shot. To him this is unalloyed consideration for the engine, but, if he would study the situation a little more closely, he would see that he has the wrong viewpoint.

Many engines have been damaged in second gear—and, for that matter, the engine does not suffer all the injury. Shifting to second entails wear and tear on the clutch, transmission, propeller-shaft, and ring gear. It means accelerating the engine and speeding up all of the auxiliary units, such as the water pump, generator, distributor, fan and breaker points. The faster these run the sooner they wear out.

It is surprising how much purposeless use these devices are given when they are in the hands of drivers who, like Smith, think they are being considerate when, as a matter of fact, they are nothing short of neglectful. Just imagine the number of useless revolutions of a generator shaft, for instance, when the driver is accelerating to accomplish some of these needless shifts.

There is no real danger in running in high gear at low speed, provided the engine is not actually straining. Occasionally you will see a driver speeding along with a cold engine in second gear. He says he is warming it, and would be shocked if you told him that he was abusing the engine. A great deal more damage has been done in second gear than in high. Occasionally in traffic it will save an engine, and certainly save the rest of the mechanism, to pick up in high gear without shifting to second. But this must be done considerably and without expecting quick acceleration.

By letting the engine gain speed gradually, no harm is done. Rather the car is spared unnecessary wear and tear.

Driving home with Smith the other evening I found that his car lagged as if it were being over-worked though there seemed to be nothing apparent to explain its laboring. When I asked him why we were not moving at a smarter pace, he said that he hoped to be driving the same car for some years to come, and had no inclination to send it to the junk pile on my account.

"That's all very well, Smith," I reminded him, "but don't forget that every car has its rolling speed. Under or above this speed it has to work harder. You think you are saving the car, but by running an average of five miles more an hour you might stand some chance of achieving your goal."

That seemed to have started him thinking. I have since noticed that, instead of trying to protect his tires and keeping the pressure up to a fixed figure for riding over rough roads, he has learned the wisdom of letting the pressure drop at times in order to provide a sufficient cushioning effect to save the car as a whole.

And now for plain good-bye with no frills. Ah! Yes, of course—Eismac of "Z."

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Mrs. M. Riessinger 1004 Nelson Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Do you feel like going back to bed?

AFTER YOU have dressed your children, fed them, and sent them off to school, do you feel like going back to bed? Do you shrink from your daily task of dish-washing and house-cleaning? Are you tired? Discouraged?

Many women have found that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent tonic for that tired feeling. It builds up the appetite. It induces natural sleep. Read what these two women say about it.

GAINED 18 POUNDS

Cleveland, Ohio: "After having my first baby I lost weight no matter what I did. I went down to 88 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my housework now without one bit of trouble."

Mrs. M. Riessinger, 1004 Nelson Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Remember this package. None genuine without the signature of Lydia E. Pinkham.

NEUROUS SPELLS GONE

St. Paul, Minn.: "I used to get nervous spells that would last a couple of days and were so bad that I was afraid in my own house in broad daylight. One day a little booklet was left on my porch and I read it through. I found a case similar to mine. I bought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and have had fine results. Now housekeeping doesn't tire me." Mrs. Jack Lorberter, 704 Dellwood Place, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., COBOURG, ONT.

Tryon Tid-Bits

Messrs. Russell Howatt, Ivan McKeeman, and Sted Green left on Thursday for Hogg Island on a shooting trip. Bon luck, boys!

Mr. Charles Howatt, West Tryon, left on Wednesday morning for Picton, N.S., where he will spend a few days before starting on a trip through the Maritimes.

Misses Minerva Gillis and Gladys Rogerson departed by the Car Ferry steamer Saturday en route to Boston, Mass., where they intend residing. These popular young ladies will certainly be missed from the social life of Tryon.

Mr. Stanley Garnier has accepted a position with Mr. S. N. Dawson, well known farmer and horseman of North Tryon.

Roads—well, they might be worse—and again, they might be better. Anyhow, they are bad enough to cause one to swear (almost). And if the powers that be, wish to be why it would be just as well to have something done to make 'em better.

Miss Grace Kirn arrived home on Thursday evening by the Car Ferry through an extended trip through Western Canada. Miss Kirn visited friends and relatives in several western cities, later going on to the Pacific Coast, where she visited various Canadian and American cities. Miss Kirn was delighted with her trip, but thinks that after all there is no place quite so nice as "the Garden of the Gulf."

Messrs. Geo. McWilliams and Stanley Thomson were Sunday visitors to Cape Traverse.

Mr. Geo. Muirhead was a recent visitor to Cape Traverse and Borden.

Mr. Austin Campbell, Cape Traverse, was a Sunday visitor to Tryon.

Weather—"they talked about the weather, and they talked about the crops," so I suppose a word about it here would not be out of place, and say, hasn't it been wonderfully mild, but oh, dear! Such an awful lot of rain, we shouldn't get much snow after so much rain. The wells oughtn't to go dry this fall. I hope it will soon turn cold; it will be nicer getting about. Oh, my! I hope not, we have so many potatoes out in sheds yet, and if it turns cold—Oh, my! I hope not. Such are the remarks I have been hearing every day for some time. Now it has turned cold and take it from me, some one is sure to be disappointed. But judging from the remarks cited above it is a mighty good thing that the weather man is impartial and deals out just what he (not we) sees fit.

And now for plain good-bye with no frills. Ah! Yes, of