Double the richness of ordinary milk, the use of St. Charles Milk will give a new flavor to old recipes of which your family may be getting tired. Try it.

Use it Wherever the recipe calls for Milk

STC-9-26

"Let the Maritime Provinces Flourish by Their Industries."

BORDEN FACTORY-TRURO, N.S.

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE!

Bookkeeper: "I never knew the shipping clerk had triplets."

Stenographer: "Yah! He married a telephone girl and she gave him the wrong number."

To Europe—Egypt, the Orient

World cruise

One management, Ship & Shore

Go—on the Empress of Scotland! 25,000 gross tons. Steady, comfortable. Seven decks. Large staterooms. Sail round the world in this magnificent ship—always with Canadian Pacific's thoughtful management to help you see more, do more, enjoy more. Excursions at all ports included in fare—4 days in Peking. *From New York* December 2nd. Holy Land, Egypt, India, Malaysia, China, Japan, Manila.—Home for Easter.

Early reservations are suggested. Literature from your local agent, or

G. Bruce Burpee, Dist. Passenger Agent, Saint John, N. B. Personal service if desired.

"See this world before the next"

Canadian Pacific

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Eucharistic Congress Pilgrimage

(Maritime Section)

Chicago, Ill., June 20-24

Special Train going through and returning.

On Return Trip Special Train will leave Chicago, June 24th with stop-overs at Port Huron, Niagara Falls, Montreal and special side trip to Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

For further information

Apply to

TICKET AGENTS

Canadian National Railways

9458-5-26-27-29.

SMILES

DO YOU KNOW WHERE THAT IS?

Hungryone: Where can you get the best stew in town?

Thirstyone: Wherever you can get the best hooch.

THE LOOSE SCREW

Traffic Cop: What do you mean by dashing through here like that You must have a screw loose!

Dear Girl: I know there's a screw loose somewhere, officer, but I just can't find where.

EXPLAINED

"Why are you looking for two summer resorts? Isn't one enough for you?"

"Sure, but I want another one for my wife.

"Tom, what is a night club?"

"It's one of those places the police raid with night-clubs."

FOOLISH TALK

"Your misfortunes come from your raising the devil all your life."

"How foolishly you talk. The devil was grown up long before I came on the scene."

COULD NOT DO HOUSEWORK

Woman Suffered until Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

St. Charles, Quebec.—"I was married three years and had no children. I was always troubled with pains in the abdomen and was not able to do my housework. After trying all other remedies suggested to me I have at last found that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best in the world for me. It has done me more good than anything else I ever tried. I am well now and able to do my housework and care for my family. I recommend it to my friends as I am sure they will be satisfied."—Mme. J. D. ROBICHAUD, St. Charles, Co. Bellechasse, Que.

Nervous and Run-down

Hamilton, Ont.—"I was nervous and run-down, and always had a tired feeling and no appetite. I jumped at every sound and was always low spirited. My worst symptom was depression and I was this way for several months. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have taken it for three months and am very much better and can work around more. I feel like another woman."—Mrs. P. L. GUY, 98 Tuxedo Ave. No., Hamilton, Ont.

MISS NOBODY

By TIFFANY WELLS

Published by Arrangement With First National Pictures, Inc.

(Continued)

"The Revealing Romance of a Flapper's Adventures on Life's Highway"

Barbara Brown, pretty, proud and penniless, accepts an invitation to a smart New Year's party from mysterious Nan Adams, a chance acquaintance.

She is eager for any relief, no matter how temporary, from the grinding ache of a friendless existence. She has no kith or kin—and her beauty is a menace to herself.

Barbara leaves her boarding house and the four weeks' overdue board bill and arrives in the midst of a raging blizzard at the swagger suburban town where her hostess lives.

She has just one dime—and cold, wet and reckless—she grimly resigns herself to fate.

Now go on with the story.

Her throat, aflame with the first ominous symptoms of a cold, was paying the price for her rash foot march through the suburban snow. Yet she had to talk. Chatter is one way of paying for a dinner. Too often the only way, the thought, her mind reverting to the lonely dime in her bag.

Rot. The dime would have bought her doughnuts and coffee. That menu comported with her estate. She glanced at her place card and found that they were at the pintade aux truffes en medallion. Truffles. Fragrant parasites beloved of gourmets. They say that they're gathered by pigs, who root them out with their snouts. She felt like a truffle.

"Who's the old chap with the big eyebrows talking to Bissis Adabs?" she asked Petrie. "He just looked at me and I felt like—like——"

"Like what?"

"Truffles!"

"Eh?" He was startled.

"Well, then, I feel as if he had hired the hubad race to—breed be"

"Don't be too sure he didn't," said Petrie. "He's done something like that in the case of everybody at this table, including your Mr. Petrie."

"Why do you lower your voice? Are you afraid your biddle aged god with the bald spot will blast your with his lightning?"

Mr. Petrie grimaced his disrelish but accepted the impeachment.

"We're all a bit afraid of J.B. Hardiman's lightning. He pays us to like him a bit—and fear him a lot. He pays well—if that's what you want to know."

She flushed to the implication that seemed to lurk in his words.

"He can't hire anybody who doesn't want a job," she returned with some asperity and another choked sneeze.

"Can't and Hardiman don't mix."

He mixed himself his umph glassful of whisky from the decanter which, though it had started out as the communal privilege of the dozen diners at the glittering board, had come to a definite halt at Petrie's plate, like the roulette marble which has found its number.

She choked a sneeze. She wondered how long she could keep this up. The protracted dinner was only at the salad. She longed to blow her nose.

She had a vision of herself stumbling through the snow on her way to this party, her precious frock gathered under her armpits. Last soldier of the regimented array on the hangers in her clothes closet—and a veteran at that—it had seemed infinitely precious two hours since, when she had made her unprotected body, for the dress' sake an offering to the gods of the storm.

"Stop kicking me," she requested without indignation.

"Not guilty," avowed Petrie.

"Then"—Barbara squirmed and straightened in her chair—"there's something terrible under the table."

"No! I tied my pink snake outside the door."

"But there is!" she insisted. "It breathed on my ankle!"

"It shall die, whatever it is."

He seized a fork and suddenly sank from his seat out of sight.

Then Gus was shocked sober.

He had kept Barbara's feet for the last. They were lovely. Feet that made a new curve of beauty at every turn of ankle or twist of toe. One of them was perfectly shod. But the other . . . the tiny boot ended at the toes in a lamentable wreck of shoecraft, which showed the sole and upper unhappily divorced. The dangling foot looked like a banana just before the first bite. The white that shone between the leather peels was beyond doubt a bare toe that escaped throught a hole in the stocking.

A stir above the board brought Gus out of brown study. Nan's feet moved and her voice floated down to him.

If St. George has slain the dragon we'll go into the other room for coffee."

He reached a long arm for the convenient Pekingese and scrambled upright with the critter held firmly by the scruff of its hated neck.

"What do we do with this giant flea?" he demanded.

"When Miss Brown has loosed you from her spell," Mrs. Adams spoke, a bit acidly, "you can bring her in to fascinate"—her eyes swept Hardiman—"others."

She snatched the giant flea from Gus' grip and, volubly consoling Wee-Toy for indignities, led her flock away from those two, who, for entirely dissimilar reasons, patently wished to be left behind. Barbara started to rise.

"Stay!" he commanded. She sank back and looked into his face, sniffing. "You're going to sit here until I come back with some aspirin"

When you ask for BOVRIL Get BOVRIL

He grabbed an immense square of handkerchief from his pocket and tossed it to her.

When he returned her tears were flowing fast upon the damask.

"Here. Aspirin," His voice was husky.

"I do'd wad Asbirid-" she wailed. "I wad"——blub-blub—"cyadide of potassiub!"

The brute had his arms around her shoulders and was dragging her across the floor. She found herself before the curtain hanging closed at one of the windows of the dining room. From under his coat, in the manner of a prestidigitator, he produced a pair of pink slippers with pretty silver buckles and a pair of curved silk stockings of the hue called nude.

"Stop sniffling. Put 'em on"

He stood guard. First on one foot, then on the other, she made the change behind the curtains. The glory of perfect dryness! Was there anyhere in the world of poets a kiss to match the sweet contact of this warm silk upon her cold and grateful flesh?

Dry eyed, dry legged, Barbara, queen of herself again stepped forth from her hiding place and, on the arm of dour Gus, swept toward the drawing room to face the mob.

"Ask no questions," he whispered.

"I won't" she promised. "Bud I'll adser addy you bay wad to ask be."

"And tell the truth?" he challenged.

"Cross my heart!"

"Then"—he had the earnest air of one about to question an oracle—"tell me — where've you been keeping yourself all these years?

"You are the only girl I ever met" he said, "who could be adorable with a cold in the head. When you stop sniffling you'll be irresistible." He changed the subject abruptly. "I had a chat with J.B. awhile ago."

"J.B?"

"Mr. Hardiman."

He paused. She turned to him inquiringly

"Did you warn him?" she bantered.

"I congratulated him," said Petrie.

Barbara puzzled.

Nan was behind them. Her eyes were fixed on Barbara's feet. Neither heard her as she asked, the handkerchief pressed against her lips:

"Does she step into my shoes—so soon?"

* * * * *

Of J.B. Hardiman it had been said that he liked to breathe in an atmosphere of woman.

"Take," said the commentator, "the spiced aroma of pillowed hair, capture in the revolving door of the Ritz a milligram of the perfume of a hurried lady, flavor with the pungent odor of a fresh glove new drawn from a warm pink hand, seal all this together in a vial for Hardiman—and he'd never miss the girl!"

However, as he found himself herded with the rest away from Nan Adams' dinner table and the couple lingering there, he discovered, to his discontent, that he missed the girl Brown.

Over his shoulder he caught a glimpse of Petrie and Barbara in that attitude of communion which comes from the sharing of a secret. He thought vaguely of an offer to the glum youth of prosperous employment in the Antipodes. He mentally visioned Petrie en route for a Hardiman concesion far across the seas—say, the potash field of Brazil.

"Or that new oil area in Galicia."

He swung to the voice which had so neatly climaxed his train of speculative thought. It was Nan's. Her conversational smile lifted mouth corners in a face that was the white of her bared teeth.

Hardiman was shocked by the contrast of soft alabaster with the smooth scarlet of the painted lips. Also he was annoyed, as he was always when to his swift decisions was opposed the absurd anguish of human hearts. If he was in for a scene, better to take it head on. He about faced and barely breathed the belligerent word.

"Well?"

(To be Continued)

Large Red Pimples Itched Terribly Cuticura Heals

"My face became full of large, red, scaly pimples and at times they itched terribly. They spread in great blotches and formed large, sore eruptions that burned a great deal. I was ashamed to go anywhere on account of them, and the trouble kept getting worse. The trouble lasted about a year.

"I tried various kinds of ointments without success. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they helped me. I purchased more, and after using three boxes of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap, I was healed in about two months." (Signed) Miss Mildred M. Breau, Crousetown, Nova Scotia.

Prevent pimples by daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment when required. Dust with Cuticura Talcum.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Potterne, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Radio Program

THURSDAY, MAY 27

International Radio Programs

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

ETHER'S WHITE-CAPS

9.00 WLW (423) Cincinnati—Program by the Junior Orchestra of the Cincinnati College of Music.

9.00 WCBD (345) Zion—Zion Preparatory College Closing Exercises.

10.00 CFCA (356) Toronto—Watson's Pavilion Orchestra from Sunnyside Beach, Toronto, Canada.

11.00 KGO (361) Oakland—"The Revelation," Three-Act Drama Presented by KGO Players.

8.30 WHO (526) Des Moines—Program.

SILENT STATIONS

Eastern: CFCF, CNRA, CNRO, CNRT, PWX, WAAM, WAHG, WCAP, WLIT, WOO, WOR, WTAM. Central: KFAB, KFDM, WEMC, WOS, WSM, WSUI. Western: KFWA, KLX, KOA, KWSC.

EVENING CONCERTS

6.00 P. M.

WEAF (492) N. Y. Mid-Week Hymn Sing.

7.00 P. M.

WNYC (526) New York. Studio.

KYW (536) Chicago. Family Hour.

7.15 P. M.

WPG (300) Atlantic City. Concert.

WEAF (492) N. Y. "Hire's Harvesters," also WEEI, WFI, WCAE WLIB, WSAI, WWJ, WEAR, WGR.

WTIC (475) Hartford. 102 U. S. Infantry Band Concert.

7.20 P. M.

WLS (345) Chicago. W. L. S. Concert Artists.

7.30 P. M.

WPG (300) Atlantic City. Piano Recital.

7.45 P. M.

WGY (380) Schenectady. Syracuse U. Program.

7.50 P. M.

WKRC (326) Cinci. Popular Vocal.

WBBR (273) Staten Island. Watchtower Trio.

8.00 P. M.

WCX (517) Detroit. Studio Program.

WEAF (492) N. Y. The Clicquot Club Eskimos, also KSD, WADC, WCAE, WCCO, WEEI, WFI, WGR, WJAR, WLIB, WOC, WSAI, WWJ, WEAR.

KFNF (263) Shenandoah. Concert.

WMAQ (448) Chicago. Bush Conservatory Concert.

8.15 P. M.

WREO (268) Lansing. Male Quartette.

WBZ (333) Springfield. Organ Recital.

8.20 P. M.

KYW (536) Chicago. Musical.

8.30 P. M.

WJAD (266) Nashville. Program.

KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Half Hour with Famous Composers.

WBAP (476) Fort Worth. Studio Program.

WBZ (333) Springfield. Organ Recital.

WMAQ (448) Chicago. Vocal.

WHAS (400) Louisville. Concert Program.

8.45 P. M.

WORD (275) Batavia, Ill. Vocal.

9.00 P. M.

WLW (423) Cincinnati. Cincinnati College of Music; Junior Choir Program.

WRVA (256) Richmond. Virgin State Teachers' College Glee Club.

WSBD (345) Zion. Zion Preparatory College Closing Exercises.

9.30 P. M.

WBBM (226) Chicago. Modern Composers Music.

WHAD (275) Milwaukee. Wisconsin Commandery Band Concert.

WOAI (391) Houston. Mistletoe Melody Maids.

WFAA (476) Dallas. Musicale Recital.

WBZ (333) Springfield. Studio Program.

9.55 P. M.

WMAQ (448) Chicago. U. of C. Chimes.

10.00 P. M.

KMA (252) Shenandoah. Musical.

WCCO (417) Minneapolis, St. Paul La Sebana Program.

WGN (303) Chicago. Sam "n" Henry.

10.03 P. M.

WLW (423) Cinci. Doherty Melody Boys.

10.10 P. M.

KTHS (375) Hot Springs. Cello Recital.

WGN (303) Chicago. Musicale.

10.30 P. M.

WBAP (476) Fort Worth. Studio Program.

11.00 P. M.

KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Pitt.-Post Midnight Review.

KPO (428) San Francisco. Studio Program.

KGO (361) Oakland. "The Revelation," 3-Act Drama, Presented by KGO Players.

KGW (492) Portland. Vaudeville Program.

11.20 P. M.

WLIB (303) Chicago. Liberty Studio Ensemble.

11.30 P. M.

WRVA (256) Richmond. Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.

12.00 Mid.

WOC (484) Davenport. Orchestra.

WRR (246) Dallas. Studio Program.

12.15 A. M.

WLW (326) Cincinnati. "Night Howls."

12.30 A. M.

CJCM (312) Mt. Joli. Theatre.

FEATURE TALKS—SPORTS

3.00 P. M.

WRC (469) Wash. Baseball.

5.00 P. M.

WGBS (316) New York. News Review.

5.30 P. M.

WOAW (526) Omaha. Every Child's Story Hour.

WHAR (275) Atlantic City. Lecture.

6.30 P. M.

KYW (526) Chicago. Amer. Farm Bureau.

WGBS (316) New York. "Footlight and Lamplight."

KGO (361) Oakland. Friend to Boys.

7.00 P. M.

WEAF (492) N. Y. "What's a Good Book to Read?" Also from WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WWJ, WOC, WSAI.

WTIC (476) Hartford. Book Review.

7.30 P. M.

WGY (380) Schenectady. Book Chat.

WORD (275) Batavia, Ill. Sunday School.

7.45 P. M.

WPG (300) Atlantic City. Safety Dialogue.

8.00 P. M.

WRVA (256) Richmond. Market Reports.

6.15 P. M.

WMAQ (448) Chicago. Commerce Talk.

8.30 P. M.

WMAQ (448) Chicago. U. of C. Lecture.

8.45 P. M.

WJAR (306) Providence. Talk.

9.00 P. M.

WHAS (400) Louisville. Sunday School.

WEBH (370) Chicago. H. & E. News Flashes.

10.00 P. M.

WLW (423) Cinci. Civil Service.

KTHS (375) Hot Springs. Baseball Results.

10.06 P. M.

KGO (361) Oakland. Baseball Scores.

WANT TO DANCE?

6.30 P. M.

WJY (405) New York. Hotel Astor.

WEAF (492) N. Y. Garden.

7.45 P. M.

WOAW (526) Omaha. Randall's.

9.00 P. M.

WEAF (492) New York. Silvertown, also WEAR, WEEI, WGR, WWJ, WFI, WTAG, WOC, WCCO KSD, WCAE, WJAR, WADC, WLIB, WSAI.

WRC (469) Washington. Royal Salon.

9.05 P. M.

WIP (509) Philadelphia. Piccadilly Cafe.

9.30 P. M.

WGY (380) Schenectady. Dance.

10.00 P. M.

WEAF (492) N. Y. Lopez.

WPG (300) Atlantic City. Silver Slipper.

WJR (517) Pontiac. Goldkette's.

CFCA (356) Toronto. Watson's Pavillion Orchestra.

KMA (252) Shenandoah. Farm Seeds.

11.00 P. M.

WEAF (492) N. Y. Lopez.

KTHS (375) Hot Springs. Whittington Park.

11.15 P. M.

WKRC (423) Cincinnati. Marion McKay—Swiss Gardens.

11.30 P. M.

WLW (423) Cinci. Castle Farm.

12.00 Mid.

WOC (484) Davenport. Le Claire.

12.45 A. M.

WDAF (366) Kansas City. Nighthawks.

1.00 A. M.

KNX (337) Hollywood. Cocoanut Grove.

KGW (492) Portland. McElroy's.

2.00 A. M.

KPO (428) San Francisco. Halstead.

(Copyright, 1926, by International Radio Programs, Chicago.)

Women Lose

less time, keep charm under trying hygienic conditions. New way provides true security—discards like tissue

OLD-TIME sanitary methods bring unhappy, fretful days. Now the insecurity of the hazardous "sanitary pads" has been ended.

You wear sheerest gowns, meet every and all social or business exactments in peace of mind . . . any time, any day.

It is called "KOTEX" . . . five times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad!

Thoroughly *deodorizes* . . . thus ending ALL fear of offending.

Discards as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrassment.

You ask for it without hesitancy simply by saying "KOTEX" at any drug or department store. Costs only a few cents. Proves old ways an unnecessary risk.

KOTEX

No laundry—discard like tissue

Kotex Regular 75c Kotex Super $1.20

Episcopal Primate Spends Summers In Maritimes

Most Rev. John Gardner Murray, Head of Episcopal Church in United States, Has Two Hibbies—Getting Things Done and Fishing.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 24. — Most Rev. John Gardner Murray, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America who is here for the 136th annual session of the Rhode Island Episcopal Convention, will leave shortly for his summer home in Chester Nova Scotia.

Presiding Bishop Murray, who is likewise Bishop of Maryland had a successful business career as mine operator and financier before taking religious orders. When recently asked whether he thought business experience advantageous to the young men planning for a clerical career, he replied, "I believe that business men are much more in need of religious instruction than the clergy are of business training."

Primate Murray has two hobbies—prompt dispatch of business and fishing. When he retires to rest at the close of the day, the business of the Episcopal Church, so far as it is under his control, is up to the minute. At a recent meeting of the National Council in New York, taking the gavel and proceeding directly to the problems at hand, he remarked with a broad smile, as if reminiscent of the protracted deliberations of Congress, "We are here, not so much as a parliamentary body, as we are to dispatch business.

In summer Bishop Murray withdraws to the seclusion of Chester, where he assumes the role of a modern Isaac Walton and follows the fortunes of the rod and reel.

Bishop Murray is the first ecclesiast in the American church to be both Presiding Bishop and President of the National Council, the executive and administrative body of the denomination. By reason of these two offices he ranks with the Archbishop of Canterbury, ecclesiastical head of the Church of England. Primate Murray was elected at the New Orleans General Convention to serve for six years, whereas the Archbishop of Canterbury is an appointee of the British Crown.

Bishop Murray has attained his position as head of the church and as one of the outstanding spiritual leaders of contemporary America through a notable career in the financial and commercial world. He was born in Lonaconing, Md., Aug. 31st, 1857, and as a youth was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He first studied for the ministry at Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa., and later completed his theological course at Drew Seminary, Madison, N. J.

Following the death of his father he entered business and rose rapidly in a banking and brokerage career so that, at the age of 35 years, he was able to retire with with a competence and satisfy his long-deferred ambition to enter the church.

Resuming his study for Holy Orders, he was ordained deacon in 1893, and priest one year later, following which, for four years, he engaged in missionary work along the Alabama river between Montgomery and Mobile with eight scattered congregations under his personal supervision.

His success in this difficult task attracted wide attention, and in 1896 he was called to the charge of the Church of the Advent, Birmingham, Ala., one of the largest and most influential parishes of the South.

Bishop Murray's genius for organization and leadership during his seven years as rector of this parish resulted in a call, in 1903, to the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore, Md., where a fresh record of achievement resulted in 1909, to his election as coadjutor to Bishop Parrett, upon whose death, two years later, Bishop Murray attained full Episcopal rank.

Under his leadership the diocese of Maryland has attained great prominence in the denomination. For several years he was a member of the Board of Missions which gave way to the National Council at its inception in Detroit in 1919. Bishop Murray at that time became President of the Province of Washington, composed of 11 Eastern and Southern dioceses. His elevation to the supreme office within the power of the church to grant was a natural step, and since his tenure of office as presiding bishop, he has displayed unusual statemanship and business acumen in forwarding the work of denomination.

for cleaning toilet bowls

Snowflake

Removes Stains and Whitens Porcelain

3 places for Snowflake Kitchen, Bathroom, Laundry

Cedar Posts

Just landed from Schooner Dwina

2500 CEDAR POSTS

7—8—9 and 12 feet long

L. M. Poole & Co.

PAOLI'S WHARVES

9459-5-25-4i.

Connolly Estate Scholarship

Applications will be received by the undersigned until June 15th, 1926, from all students desirous of competing in a written examination for one of the Connolly Estate Scholarships offered annually by the "Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly". This examination, to be held in July, will be open to all deserving students, who upon investigation shall have been found eligible to compete, in accordance with the provisions of the Will of the late Owen Connolly. Each applicant must state (1) His name in full, (2) Age, (3) Names of both parents, (4) Post Office Address and (5) the nature and extent of his studies during the past year.

M. J. SMITH,
Secretary "Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly."

Kinkora, P. E. I., May 22nd, 1926.
9449-29-2-4-7-8-7i

Valuable Lot For Sale By Auction

I will sell on Saturday, May 29th commencing at 7 p. m., one choice lot of land situated on Brighton Avenue adjoining the Rev. Mr. Spencer's property, beautifully situated, having a frontage on Brighton Avenue of 80 feet and extending back 107 feet.

BENJAMIN CARTER, Auctioneer.

9493-5-27-2i.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until Monday the 31st day of May for the building of the new church at Iona, P. E. I. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Chappel and Hunter, Architects, Charlottetown, A. F. MacQuaid, Souris, Rev. J. J. McDonald, P. P. Summerside or the undersigned.

The successful contractor will be required to give security for the due performance of the contract. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Signed P. S. Duffy, P. P.
Iona, P. E. I.

9429-5-22-6i

AUCTION AT KENSINGTON

I will sell by Auction on Saturday the 29th at 6 p. m. all the personal property of the late Ellen Waugh, consisting of 1 farm wagon, 25 hens and quantity of carpenter's tools, also all household effects and that new bungalow with approximately 1 acre of land. This property is situated in the best residential and most aristocratic section of Kensington and must be sold to the Highest bidder,

Terms made known at sale.

HUGH MORRISON, Auctioneer.

9489-5-27-2i.

FARM FOR SALE

One hundred acres of land at Lorne Valley in good condition and being the land formerly owned by the late Samuel McDonald.

For further particulars Apply to MARK R. McGUIGAN Solicitor

9426-5-22-7i.

FARM FOR SALE

63½ acres of land situated two miles from Bradalbane Station. Never failing stream of water running through farm. Pump at house. Buildings in good repair. Apply to

WILLIAM McLEAN, On Premises

9068-5-3mth8i.

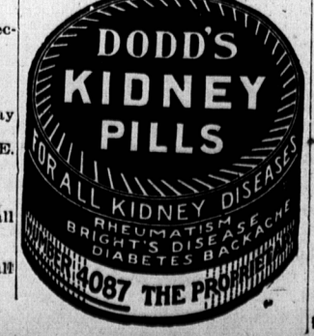
Professional Cards

Mark R. McGuigan B. A.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC
Money to Loan
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
2220-1-11-1i.

Dr. C. C. Archibald

Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital
Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses
Office, Bayer Building
Great George Street
Office Hours—9 to 12.30. 1.30 to 5.

McDonald & McPhee B. A.

I. A. McDONALD H. F. McPHEE B. A.
Barristers, Attorney, Etc.
Money to Loan
Riley Building Charlottetown