Removes pain and the cause of CORNS

Corns simply can't hurt once Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are applied. Pain ends *in one minute*. Millions of people have adopted this safe, sure method. It stops the *cause*—pressing or rubbing of shoes. Corns can't stay—or come back—when the cause is removed.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. Get them at your druggist's or shoe dealer's—35c. per package.

For free sample, write The Scholl Mfg. Co., 112 Adelaide St., E. Toronto, Ont.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

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AT HUNTER RIVER

ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23RD

Dancing Contest open to Ladies and Gentlemen within 10 miles of Hunter River to begin at 2 p. m. sharp.

Contest for track teams from all schools within ten miles of Hunter River to begin at 5 p. m.

Shooting Gallery, Shot Putting, Guessing Contests, Ring Throwing, Bowling.

An Old Time Dance, with good music, at night.

Meals and Refreshments.

Good prizes and competent judges in all contests.

If raining, on following day.

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Doctor with large practice, wishing to retire, offers beautiful property consisting of residence and offices with hot water heating and electric lights; also barn and garage.

Good doctor, should live, and pay for this property in two years.

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Every Wednesday Steamer leaves St. John 9 A. M.; Eastport 2.30 P. M.; Lubec 3.30 P. M., arriving Boston Thursday 9 A. M.

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Connections at Boston with direct steamer to NEW YORK

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Leave Montreal June 23rd. Arrive Charlottetown and leave for Nfld. June 26th.

S. S. "HITHERWOOD"

June 30th. July 3rd.

For particulars, space and rates apply

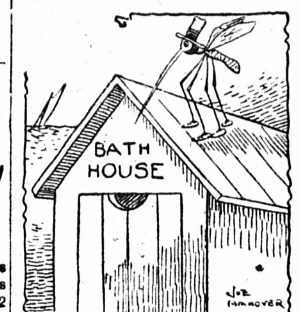
CARVELL BROS., LTD.

AGENTS.

SMILES

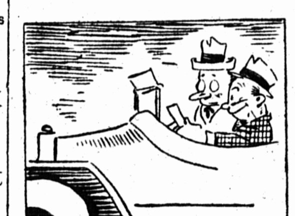
He: Shall we take a run down to the beach?

She: If you'll make a little run on the bank first, I'll consider it.



REVENGE IS SWEET

Mosquito: Aha! There's a fellow in there who slapped my brother to death last night. Just wait till he comes out in his bathing suit!



ACTIONS EXPLAINED

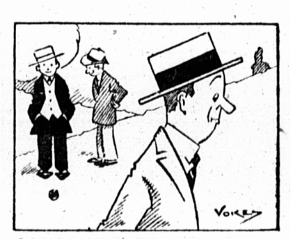
"Why does this car act like it's drunk?"

"Because I just gave it a slug of alcohol, I guess."

A BLACK FUTURE

Hubby: Why are you always looking back?

Wifie: Because I have nothing to look forward to.



SOMETHING OF A PROBLEM

"Queer chap that—have you figured him out yet?"

"Oh, I've summed him up all right."

PARK CORNER

Honor Roll of Park Corner School for April and May

Grade IX. 1. Amy Campbell 2. Harold Bernard.

Grade VIII. 1. James Campbell.

Grode VI. 1. Chester McKay

Grade V. 1. Eileen Howatt 2. Muriel Montgomery.

Grade IV. 1. Jean Stewart 2. Glenwood McLeod 3. Masie Lamont and Elsie McKay.

Grade III. 1. Maud Campbell 2. Lucy McLeod 3. Doris Sims.

Grade II. 1. Lloyd Howatt 2. Hodge Montgomery 3. Anna Delany.

Grade I. 1. George Campbell 2. Ruth Montgomery 3. Harold McLeod.

Most stars in Grade VI. Mosie Lamont.

Most stars in Grade III. Maud Campbell.

Most stars in Grade II. Lloyd Howatt.

Perfect attendance:— Eileen Howatt.

MISS NOBODY

By TIFFANY WELLS

Published by Arrangement With First National Pictures, Inc.

She Learned About Women

Milkshake, plotting something terrific out of a pot, hovered over the stove. This was a large iron plate set on four brick feet. Beneath the plate burned several cans off a patent alcohol fuel. There were two pots on the iron plate. Mulligan simmered in one, coffee bubbled in the other granite vessel.

By a test known only to himself, Milkshake determined which was which. He made the matter certain by dumping a small canister of prepared coffee in the right hand brew and three tins of sardines in the gluepot on the left.

Barbara caught him testing the result of the latter manoeuvre with an unwashed spoon, and met his eye with one of startled reproof.

"It needed a touch of something," he mumbled doubtfully, and retreated.

Barbara cleaned a broken cup as best she could with a piece of newspaper and dipped herself a cup of coffee. It warmed and did not kill. The hour, by now, would be midnight. Many of the bums dozed. A group kept awake. Whenever, in the throes of a Mulligan nightmare, a sleeper grew noisy, one of the wakers rose and kicked the offender into a new position. Then he would return and join again the talk, which was nightmare tio

It was talk of towns, of epochal handouts of hostile and friendly territory, of jungles where the tramps made camp, of stakes to be gotten, of various kinds of whiskey. Milkshake recollected longingly the "Rub o' the Brush" he had swigged over the historic bar of Heinegebubeler in Chi, a bar, it was stated, from which all the knotholes had been eaten by the high-powered restoratives spilled thereon.

"Foist time I took a shot o' that stuff I jumped so high I bounced t'ree times," he said. "A dime a shot in the ol' times. Four bits was plenty to get plastered in them days. There was a boig for ya. Reformers butchered it. I drifted t'rough a couple o' years ago an' went over to the ol' south side. I could of almos' cried to see the billboards stuck over the fronts o' houses where many's the night I saved flop-joint dough by buyin' beer."

* * * * *

Booth bestirred himself. "The philosophy of conquering the female——"

The Dean looked up from his book for a moment and snapped. "It's not philosophy. It's biology and resumed reading.

"Call it what you will" said Booth. He rose and began to pace the floor of the freight. "For my part, it is an art. I have been married six times."

There was scattered applause.

"You are a simple, a primitive soul, to whom love is but a seasonal urge," reproved Booth sonorously "I am speaking now of love as an art."

"How you do this?" questioned Helsingfors.

"I never reveal professional secrets," replied Booth stiffly.

Solly began a detailed account of a first-class matter in which the heroine was the pulchritudinous postmistress of a prominent village. It reeked. Barbara longed to kill him, to torture first and then slay. She glanced toward Bravo, lolling lonely in the shadows. He was awake, but paid no heed to Solly's narrative. Here she was, a woman in a freight car full of blowsy bums, and they were foully maligning her sex. Why didn't Bravo come to her defense? Why didn't he get up and strangle the boasting Solly, choke the filthy lies down his greasy gullet?

But were they lies. . . and wasn't she a man? She rolled over and pillowed a buzzing head on her arms. She dozed fitfully and had a strange dream. . . J. B. Hardiman was a tramp, asking for a handout.

Water dripping from the roof of the car awoke her. She found her head pillowed against another sleeper. His mouth was a gaping, toothless chasm. She sat up and slithered away.

Barbara made up her mind. She would be a vagabond, yes. But she'd travel alone. It was a scrofulous company. She loathed them, every one.

Bravo had said nothing. He was of the rotten sex. She knew now why, in her heart of hearts, every woman considered every man her born enemy. Men were hateful, traducing, vulgar, devoid of gentility, chivalry and decency.

Bravo had heard, and without protest, without comment. She hated him, too.

She hated all the generations of round heeled daughters of Eve by whose records man could prove his rooster boast. And why, oh why, did life give her so many excellent reasons for hating the female, Barbara Brown?

Every candle was extinguished. In the gloom of the car faces gleamed with a ghostly radiance, as of lard by moonlight.

Preparatory to making the full stop at Cartersville, the train began to lose speed. Five minutes since, Bravo had ordered them to douse the glims. It was decided to disembark in the railway siding which mushroomed from the main line outside this small Southern town, rather than risk an entrance into Pine Springs through the well-policed freight yard of the larger town.

Barbara was directly in front of the side-door of the freight when it was opened. She shrank back with a cry and, throwing up her arm, shielded the abnormally enlarged pupils of her eyes from the blinding spectacle of sun and earth-green glory which stood revealed.

They left the freight one by one.

In her turn Barbara stood in the doorway and prepared to leap.

"Come on, yellow-belly, jump off or ya get kicked off," Milkshake, insulting by way of being emphatic (a masculine trick to which Barbara was now fairly well calloused,) was behind her, and merciless.

She hitched up her pants, closed her eyes and leaped. She took her inevitable bruising without a whimper. Pain was small change in the hobo's life. She assured herself that Alley was unhurt and limped down the path that Mr. Booth, Helsingfors, Solly, The Dean and the half dozen other tramps who had preceded her had taken. It led to a clump of thinned woods.

Within it the boes at once stripped to the waist and soon were spluttering over a dish-pan of water. In the foreground stood a hairy monster of a man Barbara, with horrified eyes, watched him as he dashed cupped handfuls of water against his chest. The water disappeared into the matted shirt of black hair with which nature, in one of her intense moods, had provided him.

One could, thought Barbara, carry the business of being a he-man too far.

She kept a respectful distance between her squeamish self and this overdone male. She started for the other end of the shed. Here, too, she was repelled.

No use talking, she'd have to become a man among men by easy stages.

From the long top pole of the shed hung one-half of the moist pink carcass f a pig. A large and jovial negro stood by. Punctuating his discourse with resounding slaps dealt on the defenseless departed's smooth flanks with the palm of his hand, he recited the Odyssey of its capture.

"They's a wagon goin' down the pike like a fiah injin. Ah hops it an' ah gets a ha'f-Nelson on mah lady fren' an' off we rolls into the ... mud like Zbyszko an' the' Strangler goin' to th' mat. On mah way heah ah washhes mah lady fren' off in the creek. An' then ah brings this bacon right on home.

"Sweet lady po'k chops!"

He finished his tale on the note of ecstasy.

He flung his arms about the "lady fren" and planted six square inches of gummy kisses on her gleaming ribs.

With Barbara a Lazarus at their banquet, the men went simply and grossly to their object of turning the raw pork into food. A razor was produced by the negro. Each hacked himself a chunk, spitted it on a green lance cut from underbrush and roasted his dinner to his taste over a bonfire in the center of the clearing.

Victim of a city-bred, stomach, Barbara loitered on the edge of the circle. Here Bravo came upon her, sitting with her cat between her feet, her chin resting upon her knees. He contemplated her before he spoke, and for the first time had a swift impression of the romance concealed and silent in the heart of this strangely beautiful boy he had initiated into hobodom. He took quick note of the slender white neck under the rim of Barbara's cap and of the slim, unknuckled fingers which lay along her cheeks.

"Game kid," he privately commented. "But he'll never stand the gaff—without a lot of help."

When he addressed the stripling he was uncomfortably silenced by the outrageous beauty of the eyes which were suddenly turned upward to his from under the peak of his cap. He had to look away before he could coherently order his sentence.

"They're fools." He gestured toward the pig-addicts at the barbecue. "Mr. Armour'll have every ... his precious pig. You and I are going to head the hell out of here before it's too late." He paused "Are you with me?"

A lump in her throat choked her reply.

The world is full of little gods. Traffic cops, ferryboat captains, floorwalkers, hotel clerks. And Bravo softspoken and insolent hetman of the difficult avocation to which Barbara had surrended an unanchored heart, was clearly Jehovah to her first carload of bums.

(To be continued)

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION FOR MRS. PENN

She Escaped It by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Windsor, Ont.—"After the birth of my first baby I was very much rundown in health and the doctor said I must have an operation as I was suffering from a displacement. A friend wanted me to try your medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and I took it steadily for a year. During this time I was carrying my second baby and I felt real well all the time and did not have a hard confinement. I feel sure the Vegetable Compound did me a lot of good, and all my people do, too. One sister in Leamington, Ontario, takes it, and both sisters praise it as a good medicine. I am more than pleased with the result."—Mrs. W. PENN, Windsor, Ontario.

Mrs. Corbin Relieved from Pain

Stewiacke, N. S.—"I had pains across my back and in my side for two years after my first baby was born. My mother had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I read about it in the papers, so I tried it and the pains all left me. I have a family of three children now, and the medicine helped me during the months before they were born. I recommend it to my friends."—Mrs. CARY W. CORBIN, Main Street, Stewiacke, Nova Scotia.

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WHY allow the cylinders of your motor to become coated with carbon?

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At the same time carbon costs you money in increased upkeep cost—frequent cleaning of cylinders is necessary; repair bills for worn parts and rapid deterioration are inevitable results.

There is only one motor oil in the world that *successfuly combats carbon*. Marvelube—the new process Imperial motor oil!

Marvelube has been developed by *Imperial Oil Limited* after four years of intensive research and experiment in the search for an oil that would correctly lubricate the modern automobile motor. This wonderful new oil is made by the Marvelube Process from a selected grade of Peruvian Crude Oil, the world's finest lubricant base.

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Marvelube cannot be duplicated by any other oil company because *Imperial Oil Limited* controls Peruvian Crude and is sole owner of the Marvelube Process.

A trial filling of Marvelube will convince you that it lives up to every claim we make for it. This new oil is made in six grades, including Marvelube "F," specially designed for Ford Cars. It is now on sale at all Imperial Oil stations and by good dealers everywhere.

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Marvelube MOTOR OIL

Successfully combats Carbon

STANLEY BRIDGE

Honor Roll of Stanley Bridge School for May

Grade IX. 1. Margaret Quinn 2. Jean McLeod 3. Evelyn Anderson.

Grade VIII. 1. Una Farish 2. Elmore MacKay 3. Arthur Walsh.

Grade VII. 1. Paul Fleming 2. Margaret McKay 3. Myrtle MacKay.

Grade VI. 1. Urban Walsh 2. Preston Bennett 3. Geraldine Queen and Ida Davidson (equal)

Grade IV. 1. Clare Quinn 2. Levisa Fleming 3. Edgar Brown and Marion Walsh (equal).

Grade III. 1. Alban Bolger 2. Tom Reid 3. Annie McGuigan.

Grade II. 1. Hilda Hiscott and Kenneth MacKay (equal) 2. Lillian Cole. 3. Charlie Queen.

Grode I. A. 1. Louis Quinn, 2. Louis Reid.

Grade I. B. No examinations.

Perfect attendance, Preston Bennett, Ida Davidson, Clare Quinn, Levisa Fleming, Alban Bolger, Kenneth MacKoy, Louis Quinn, Louis Reid, Francis Fleming, Waldo Cousins, Louis Walsh.

LIVERPOOL, June 11.—George Gadd, of Reohampton, won the Northern Professional golf championship at Formby today, having an aggregate score of 196 for 72 holes.

Bill Mehlhorn, of Chicago, E. R. Whitcombe, and J. H. Davies of England, tied for second place with an aggregate of 299.

Prize money totals one thousand pounds.

IN THE STUD

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Trial Mile 2.16¼

Winner of Standard Bred Class Provincial Exhibition 1925.

Land League is a beautiful black stallion weighing in the vicinity of 1200 lbs. Sired by Nathan Axworthy 2.09. His dam is by Direct 2.05, dam of Xomrect 2.03¾. Was world's champion green trotter. Land League needs no boosting. Just look at one of his colts. He will stand for service at owner's stable. Terms $5.00 cash at time of service. $10.00 more when mare proves to be in foal. Mares at owners risk.

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