

### Unique Summer Hygiene For Safer Wearing of Lightest Chiffons, Etc.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Registered Nurse

KOTEX is the new hygiene that has largely ended the use of old-time "pads" among women. A scientific creation, it offers an end to three great embarrassments of old methods. Filled with Cellulocotton wadding—the world's super-absorbent—it is 5 times more absorbent than ordinary cotton pads. Scientifically treated, it deodorizes, made of a special material, it discards easily as tissue! No laundry, no embarrassment, 8 in 10 better—class women now employ it. Doctors

and nurses urge it. Get Kotex for protection you know is real. See that box you buy is marked "Kotex" If it isn't, it is not genuine Kotex. No laundry—discard like tissue



### Nurses' Examinations

The annual examinations for nurses qualifying for the R. N. degree will be held at Charlottetown and Summerside on July 28th and 29th inst.

### ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the members of the Silver Fox Breeders' Association of Prince Edward Island will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Market Building, Charlottetown, on Tuesday the 2nd day of August, 1927, at 2 o'clock p. m.

### TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to August 3rd from parties willing to contract for building of Church in Dunstaffnage. Instructions, plans and specifications can be seen at the office of J. E. Harris, Architect, Charlottetown. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

### FOR SALE

The beautifully located Farm and Ranch property of John D. Hume, consisting of forty acres land with house and outbuildings, stock and crops. Also fifty pen ranch and foxes. Would sell part or in block. Sale on account of ill health. Apply to Owner, On Premises.

### FOR SALE

My farm at North River, seven miles from Charlottetown, consisting of 127 acres, 20 acres under wood, balance clear and level. Never failing stream at bank. This is one of the best farms in Prince Edward Island. Excellent for seed potatoes, dairying or fox ranching. Buildings in good repair, including a two story house, fitted with bath and sewerage. Apply on premises.

### AUCTION SALE

At Rocky Point on Thursday, July 28th at 1 o'clock sharp of Farm, Stock, Crop and Implements, Household Effects as follows: Farm of 50 acres situated at Rocky Point, South Shore, all clear and in good condition, and ideal farm, close to church, school and market, also the following: 2 horses, 2 milch cows just freshened, 2 young cattle, 2 young calves, 2 sheep and lambs, 1 brood sow, 6 pigs, 25 hens, Crop—standing oats, potatoes, hay and turnips, all farming implements complete and all household furniture.

### NOTICE

Persons wishing to save Brown Top For Seed this season should make application to the undersigned before July 22nd.

### FARM FOR SALE

Shore farm for sale at Vernon, 46 acres, adjoining R. R. Station and wharf, School on corner of Farm. F. O. three general stores and blacksmith in immediate vicinity. Good telephone in dwelling. Very finest seed potato proposition. 8 out-buildings, can be sold in two parts. Buildings and 22 acres or 24 acres without buildings.

### HEARTS AFIRE

By Mae Christie  
(Continued)  
CHAPTER XVI  
Magic

So wrapped up was Prudence in her own perturbing thoughts that she failed to see a man's figure straggling in a cottage garden. It was a very pretty cottage, set back a little from the road, with a big shed built on at the side for a laboratory. But the tenant at the moment wasn't working. He was out in the early sunshine, taking a 'breather' from his toil, succumbing to the magic of a sweet spring morning, and listening to the deep humming of the bees about the hive.

"Good morning, Miss Prudence. Whither away?" She started at the sound of Peter Armstrong's voice, for a moment staring at him stupidly. "I didn't recognize you." Yes of course it was he, in the very shabby suit he'd worn on the first occasion of their meeting, when she took him for a tramp! "I'm going to the library, to get a book on sweet peas growing."

"Oh, I have a couple that maybe you'd like to have a look at." He opened the garden gate invitingly, his eyes eager. "Do come in and have a look at my domain." She hesitated. Then, catching sight of old Nanny moving about the interior of Pear-Tree Cottage, yielded to curiosity, and the impulse for company and distraction. "Just for a moment, I—I'd like to see the place you work in. I can't pronounce its name right... lab... labor..."

"That's the Latin for 'work,' said Peter Armstrong, with a general grin. "Nothing like hard toil, you know, to chase away the blues." "I've got the blues this morning," supplemented Prudence unexpectedly. "Can you give me a job?" He laughed outright. "Your job is just to go around looking the way you look just now. That's accomplished enough."

She flushed. Bert Traymore often had said that sort of thing, but with a glib quickness the other lacked. And Peter Armstrong's eyes—such handsome eyes—looked directly at one, honest and sincere. He didn't pay one compliments. Everything he said, he meant. That was one sure thing about him. He led the way to his laboratory. It was a long, low shed, with several skylights and a couple of windows, giving lots of light for the 'experiments' conducted in the place.

A long shelf crammed with books of reference, records of work accomplished, land bundles of paper, ran along one side of the room. Below the shelf there was a long table with lots of bottles on it, of queer shapes and sizes; burettes, pipettes and measuring flasks; a delicate balance in a glass case held a prominent position. And on another, smaller table in the centre of the place was a queer muddy mess that looked like blacklead. The greasy mixture was on Peter Armstrong's coat, too, and a little of it on his hands.

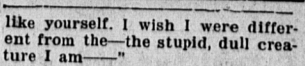
"I've been mixing up lubricants," he said cheerfully, noticing her glance. "I test them on these little spinning discs"—he indicated the articles in question—"blending different kinds of oil with graphite." Prudence didn't understand it, but the sound of his attractive voice somehow seemed to ease her pain. He talked as though he really enjoyed her company, and desired it.

"I wish I had a career," she said suddenly. "I envy workers, you know." "I didn't like you, the first time I met you. But now things are different. I—misjudged." Peter raised his brows. They were well defined, and had a little air of brooding about them, as though his ancestors had been aristocrats. "I was a bit summary in meeting out justice to the Traymore fellow. But he was asking for it. And you know, when I flung him in the water, I didn't realize that you were there."

Prudence's heart had given a stab at the mention of Traymore's name. But all the same, her spirit rose. She was going to fight this miserable feeling, and strive to be what Peter Armstrong thought she was.

### Kill That Constipation!

"I suffered terribly from constipation until I tried Fruit-a-tives. Now I am enjoying splendid health."  
John D. Denton, Mount Pleasant, N.S.



"Fruit-a-tives", made from intensified fresh fruit juices combined with tonics, is a natural remedy for constipation. Enjoy life. Try "Fruit-a-tives". 25c and 50c a box.

like yourself. I wish I were different from the—stupid, dull creature I am— "Don't talk like that! If you only knew..." Their eyes met, his holding hers in an odd spell that sent a strange, perturbing thrill through every fibre of her being. "If you only knew," repeated Peter Armstrong, his handsome eyes looking directly into hers, and his voice low and vibrant with a note she had not heard before.

"If you only knew the freshness, the inspiration that a girl like you can bring into a man's life, you would never dare to call yourself names again." Freshness? Inspiration? And Bert Traymore had already tired of her! She could scarcely credit what Peter Armstrong said! She wanted desperately to believe it, and she knew he wasn't insincere, or a payer of idle, empty compliments, but... but...

Prudence's heart thrilled to the words. She told herself that this strange, elemental, that if one man, and he as famous as Peter Armstrong, found her an inspiration, there might be hope that Bert would feel that fascination, and return to her again. The girl did not realize the full magnetism of Peter's personality. Her reaction had been to Peter, and not to the absent Bert. Prudence had a deal to learn about herself, if the truth be told.

She stood there in the dusty laboratory, looking up at Peter with her pretty eyes, a picture sweet enough to warm the heart of any man. Peter was human. This trusting child had filled his thoughts considerably of late, more than he yet realized. She was so different from the women he had known. So different from that one... and yet there was a curve of cheek, a wave of hair, the upward lift of long, thick lashes... strangely reminiscent... it filled him with an agony of memory, and yet an odd, inexplicable hope. Could a man a second time?

What words were these that she had designed from him, almost against his will? 'Freshness? Inspiration?' Yes, she was both these things. There was a dewiness about her like this sweet spring morning, an unconscious charm one couldn't quite define, but it was there. Without hardly realizing that he did it, he put up his hand and touched her wrist... the little wrist that was so fragile-looking, yet so capable.

"Prudence! We're... friends, aren't we?" She nodded dumbly. Heaven knew she needed a real friend... if Peter Armstrong meant it. (Did he, though?) The man was thinking: "That lift of dark lashes... that turn of the head... how like to some one! But this girl hasn't got the selfishness, the cruelty, the memory stirred within him, and the old ache he'd hoped was dead. Queer how the elusive likeness to that 'some one' drew him like a magnet!"

She had been in trouble, too. He knew what suffering meant. She spoke now, with an effort seeking to break the magic spell, and sound normal and natural and at ease. "I—I didn't like you, the first time I met you. But now things are different. I—misjudged." Peter raised his brows. They were well defined, and had a little air of brooding about them, as though his ancestors had been aristocrats.

"I was a bit summary in meeting out justice to the Traymore fellow. But he was asking for it. And you know, when I flung him in the water, I didn't realize that you were there."

### Tomorrow's Radio Program

- FRIDAY, JULY 22
- International Radio Programs
- CONCERTS
- 2.00 P. M. WIP (508) Phila. Recital.
- 2.20 P. M. WSAI (361) Cincl. Musical.
- 3.45 P. M. WOO (508) Phila. Grand Organ.
- 4.30 P. M. WGY (380) Schenectady. Music. WMAK.
- 5.10 P. M. WIP (508) Phila. Concert.
- 6.30 P. M. CFCF (411) Montreal. Instrument.
- 7.30 P. M. WJZ (454) N. Y. Royal Hero. to WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, KYW, WBAL, WJBR.
- 8.00 P. M. WJZ (454) N. Y. Philco Hour to WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, KYW.
- WEAF (492) N. Y. Musical Miniatures to WEAF, WTAG, WLIT, WRC, KSD, WOC, WTIC, WMAQ, WBAL (285) Balt. Ensemble.
- 8.30 P. M. WBBM (389) Chi. Studio Program.
- 8.45 P. M. WABC (326) N. Y. Music Melange.
- 9.00 P. M. WBEZ (333) Springfield. Musical Program.
- WJZ (454) N. Y. Bonnie Laddies.
- 10.00 P. M. WOK (252) Chi. Trionon.
- SPORTS-TALKS
- 6.25 P. M. WMAC (370) N. Y. Baseball.
- 7.30 P. M. KDKA (316) Pitts. Markets.
- 9.00 P. M. WBEZ (333) Springfield. Kappa Sigma.
- DANCE ORCHESTRAS
- 7.40 P. M. WMAK (545) Buffalo. Dancing.
- 8.00 P. M. WMAQ (448) Chicago. Chapman.
- 8.30 P. M. WGY (380) Schenectady. Remote. N. Y.
- 9.00 P. M. WTIC (461) Hartford. Bond.
- 9.30 P. M. WEAF (492) New York. Palms O'Or.
- 10.00 P. M. KDKA (316) Pitts. Pos. Orchestra.
- 10.30 P. M. CFCF (411) Montreal. Denny's.
- 11.30 P. M. WBEZ (333) Springfield. Stater. (Copyright, 1927, by International Radio Programs, Chicago.)

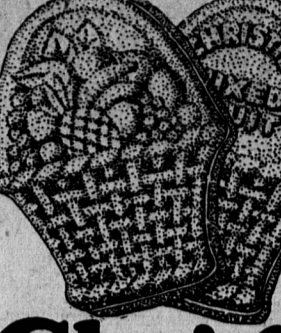
Laugh came from the region of the open door, and turning quickly—the man and girl saw, silhouetted in the aperture, the slim, elegant figure of Virginia Dale, clad in a white woollen skirt and jumper she had bought in a fashionable kind, with a white felt hat in sailor shape set jauntily upon her golden locks, her face painted to a perfect peachiness, but so cleverly done that mere man would not detect it—no, not even in the bright sunlight that flooded Peter's workshop!

"I cried Miss Page's observation," she chattered gaily, nodding in assumed bonhomie towards the pair. "Peter, you sinner, you pretended you didn't care to have women round the place. And now I've actually caught you—flirting!" According to Virginia's creed, the one sure way to 'put a man' about her before the time was ripe for teasing. Of course he wasn't serious yet about this Page child, but she—Virginia—would get the good work in, in time.

Peter looked at her with a twinkle in his eye. "And who constituted you our chaperone?" She hated that insinuation, giving her the weight of years. And so at once she tried another tack, of flattering interest in his work. "Oh, do show me how the little wheels go round!" She skipped over to the central table, eyeing the friction discs. "What's that messy stuff, Peter?"

"Not an aid to beauty," she grinned. (Oh! had he recognized her, after all, on that unfortunate encounter at the Towers, when the beauty's face had worn its mask of mud? Up till now, she'd quite convinced herself he hadn't. But this hint pointed otherwise. Wretched little Lucia must have given the show away.) "Do show me the experiment," she urged, to hide her confusion.

"All right, it's quite simple. Mixing lubricants... so now I start spinning the disc... then pour the mixture on..." Peter's hand shook a little with suppressed amusement at Virginia's antics, so ordered by the Nanking government-greasy mixture on one of the little lists under the leadership of Su flew at a tangent, spattering the enthusiast's snow-white frock, white shoes and stockings, and even that forbid the buying and selling of women and that bar even the use of the term 'slave girl.' Slaves they will still be, in a sense, but they are to be known



### A New Christie Biscuit the same high "Standard of Quality"

Christie's MIXED FRUIT. Iced fillings with assorted fruit flavors sandwiched between two attractively-shaped biscuits so light and flaky they fairly melt in your mouth. In the store or on the 'phone always ask for

### Christie's Biscuits The Standard of Quality Since 1853

### ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

On Monday evening, July 4th, the friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Prowse of Brackley gathered at their home to give expression to their regrets at the departure from their midst of such highly esteemed neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. Prowse have resided in Brackley for over forty years. They expect to make their home in the future with their youngest daughter, Mrs. Harold Yeung of Union Road. An address was read by Mrs. W. A. Clark, at the close of which two large chairs were presented and placed side by side. Mrs. Prowse was then seated in the rocker and her life-partner in the arm chair.

Mrs. Younker then came forward and handed Mrs. Prowse a plush-lined box containing a gold coin and to Mr. Prowse a case, gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Jackson. The friends were very sincerely thanked for their kindness after which all joined in singing "Blest be the tie that binds" and "They are jolly fellows."

Speeches were made; the first one being by the chairman of the evening, Rev. Mr. Boothroyd followed by several others. This part of the program was brought to a close with a solo by Mr. Edward Sellick. A bountiful lunch was served and all went home feeling that one more memorable evening had been spent in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Prowse.

Following is the address: Dear Mr. and Mrs. Prowse:—Whereas in the Providence of God, circumstances have arisen that seem to make it necessary for you good people to leave us we have met at your home tonight, this we may tender you our sympathy for your future. We deeply regret your having to leave us; for your endearing presence, your friendly counsel and above all your true and Godly lives will leave a wide gap in the life of this community, not easily filled.

We shall greatly miss you especially from the church and Sunday school, where you were always found in your places no matter what the weather. One very gratifying fact about your leaving Brackley is that you are not going far away and we trust the long standing association with Brackley Church and the people, will many times draw you back to attend the services or visit in our homes.

I am sure our doors will open wide to welcome you at any time. This is a world of changes and over all is a great future hangs a veil. It is not a great act of wisdom that sure, the result of such faithful and Godly living as you have shown brings its own reward. We have had many changes in Brackley during the past few years and your leaving us to live elsewhere was no one we ever anticipated, therefore parting with you, faithful friends however badly we must feel about your going, we all trust you will go our most sanguine wishes, trusting you may both be spared to see us again.

Complimentary remarks were made by many of the visitors present on the standing of the school and urged the rate-payers to cooperate with the teachers in their very important line of work. After the crowd had received their usual treat of home-made candy the afternoon's proceedings were brought to a successful close by the singing of the National Anthem.

### Vaccination Compulsory

Section No. 100 of the Public School Act states that no child shall be permitted to attend any public school unless he or she can produce a certificate of successful vaccination. In compliance with this Section of the Public School Act no child will be admitted to any of the Schools under the jurisdiction of this Board until a certificate of successful vaccination has been presented to the Secretary of the School Board, and a regular permit to attend obtained from him. As a Doctor cannot give a certificate of SUCCESSFUL vaccination for at least ten days after the actual vaccination takes place, parents are urged to have vaccinations effected before the 15th August.

### Halifax Ladies' College And Conservatory Of Music

Affiliated with Dalhousie University  
Collegiate work leading to matriculation.  
Art, Business, Expression Departments.  
Household Science: courses lead to Certificate, Diploma, Baccalaureate Household Science from Dalhousie University.  
Music: in all its branches leading to Teachers' Certificate, Graduation Diploma, Baccalaureate or Bachelor of Music, Dalhousie University.  
Autumn Term for Resident Students opens September 14th, 1927.  
E. Florence Blackwood, B. A., Principal of College.  
H. Dean, Director of Conservatory of Music.  
Scholarships worth \$200.00 each given in all departments.  
For further information apply to the Secretary.

For many years of usefulness and as "adopted daughters." All the girls now owned by wealthy men must be registered and their names, birthplaces and two photos must be filed with the courts. In future these adopted daughters may no longer be beaten, must be permitted to share food with the family, may be made to work only eight hours a day, and may no longer be forbidden to marry.

### P. R. A.

The Annual Prize Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Rifle Association takes place at Kensington Range, Charlottetown, 2nd, 3rd and 4th August 1927, commencing at 8.30 A. M. Make your entries early with the Secretary. Programme mailed on request.  
H. M. DAVIDSON, Lt. Col. V.D.R.O. President.  
CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut. Col. V.D.R.O. Secretary-Treasurer.  
8018-7-21ft.

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—By Arthur Chapouille

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| Montreal   | Ch'Town    |
| July 22nd. | July 26th. |

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