Good Fortune Follows Chance Meeting

Advice to Take "Fruit-a-tives" Results in Perfect Health

MR. E. LE MAY

How often chance meetings mark turning points in our lives. Mr. Emery Le May of Montreal owes his health to just such a meeting. He writes:

"I was always constipated, bilious and weary until one day I met a traveller who recommended 'Fruit-a-tives'. I procured some. You would not know me for the same person. I am in perfect health, always energetic. I am happy to congratulate you on your medicine. I recommend it on every possible occasion."

Happiness and success are impossible when constipation keeps dragging you down. Don't suffer. Overcome this serious trouble in the natural, common-sense way with "Fruit-a-tives". They contain only nature's oldest remedy—fresh fruit juices—combined with tonics. "Fruit-a-tives" strengthen and revitalize weakened bowels, liver and kidneys. 25c and 50c a box at all druggists. Start on the way back to health to-day. Try "Fruit-a-tives".

Province of Prince Edward Island

ROADS CLOSED TO AUTO TRAFFIC

The operation of Motor Vehicles on the Public Highways of this Province, outside of incorporated City and Towns, is prohibited until further notice.

By Order,
H. R. STEWART
Clerk Executive Council

4-23-smtts-5i.

Chinchilla Rabbits

"The Little Money Makers"
WE SELL—The Finest Obtainable Stock
WE BUY—The Progeny of Our Stock
Write for price list and details
G. R. MacQUARRIE
Summerside, P. E. I.
Reference Bank of Nova Scotia.
5058-4-23-s.ti.

Farm For Sale At Winsloe

30 acres of land at Winsloe Station with good barn—22 acres under cultivation and balance hardwood. Well fenced and well watered. 4½ miles from Charlottetown.

ARCHIBALD A. McNEILL
Winsloe

5133-4-27-6i.

Tenders For Supplies

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk, up to and including Thursday, May 5th, 1927, for the following supplies and materials for Permanent Works: Gasoline, oils and greases.

Coal.
Lumber.
Hardware.
Blacksmith work.
Coarse red sand.
Inshore sand.
Cartage.
Cement.
Broken hard stone.
Hard burnt brick.

Forms of tenders may be had on application at the office of the undersigned. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. NICHOLSON,
City Clerk

5182-4-29-4i.

Professional Cards

McLEOD & BENTLEY
J. A. Bentley
W. E. Bentley, K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
Office: 180 Richmond Street
MONEY TO LOAN
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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 5.00

McDonald & McPhee B. A.
J. A. McDONALD H. F. McPHEE B A.
Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.
Money to Loan.

Mark R. McGuigan B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
Money to Loan

SMILES

TO CATCH FLIES

"Yes, that baseball manager is very thorough. He even gave each of his players a sheet of fly paper."

"What for."

"So they'd be able to catch flies."

VISIBLE IN HIS CASE—OR CASING

He: He says he believes a man and his business are linked together by an invisible chain.

She: In his case it's easily seen—he's a sausage dealer.

He: Well, how's your form this spring?

She: You'll see as soon as the bathing season opens.

MORE THAN SHE THOUGHT

She: I don't believe you know anything about a wonderful extinct bird of New Zealand.

He: I know more than you think.

A YARD OF TWO FEET

Clerk: Yes, there was full measure in that piece of goods I sold you. How many feet do you think there are in a yard?

Customer (with a downward glance): In your case only two.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Bird: In all my flying trips, I've never yet seen one of those castles in the air, that you hear about!

5¢

MR. PEANUT

Tune In

WITH a distant station coming through beautifully and a good supply of Planters delicious salted peanuts at your elbow, most everyone will tune in on a delightful evening's entertainment.

Planters SALTED PEANUTS
"THE NICKEL LUNCH"

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

(Continued)

CHAPTER XVI

A tall stately old woman, with proud, still face, whom every girl that worked for T. Q. Curtis knew as Mrs. Lucia Meadows, poor but aristocratic widow of a former governor of the state, received the girls as they arrived at the drawing room door. T. Q., a strange T. Q., the perfect host in well-tailored evening clothes, introduced the girls to Mrs. Meadows before she extended her hand.

"And this is little Miss Billy Wells, the musical genius of the Curtis family.' T. Q. laid a hand ficetingly on Billy's head.

"I'm so glad to know you, Miss Wells. I've heard many delightful things of the little violinist with the big future. And there is someone else who has been wanting very much for you to arrive. My nephew—ah, here he comes. Miss Wells, allow me to present Mr. Dalhart Romaine, my nephew, who is visiting me from New York—"

If she said more, Billy did not hear, for her hand was tingling in the clasp of thin, brown, satin-smooth fingers, and for the second time she felt her blue eyes being drowned in a pair of brooding, sooty-black ones that made her forget everything else in the world.

His voice played upon her quivering nerves. No, she had not forgotten a single tone of it—rich, caressing, low, almost unbearably intimate.

She drew a sharp breath, took back her hand, though every nerve in it cried to remain in that tingling contact. He said something and she said something, but the words didn't matter. She was dimly conscious that Nyda Lomax had arrived, looked regal and amazingly beautiful. And she was also dimly conscious that Winnie Shelton was holding court at another end of the room.

And she knew that so long as Dalhart Romaine—how fantastically right his name was!—walked at her side, she would see all other things dimly, hear only the high, thin notes of sound, and find them meaningless. And if he went away, she would be straining toward him, for as surely as witches had ever been burned at the stake, he had cast a spell upon her. And she knew that he knew it—and exulted in that knowledge, looking down upon her with that whimsical smile upon his clear-cut, thin lips.

They went in to dinner at last, or it may have been soon, but she only knew that it was he who took her in, her small white hand resting quiveringly upon his black coat sleeve. There would be pain when she took it away, at the table—

If T. Q. Curtis had cast himself in the role of a god, insofar as the destinies of the seven prettiest girls in his department store were concerned, he looked a very genial, kindly god indeed as he sat at the head of his table and looked with proud eyes upon his nineteen guests.

Mrs. Blanche Corwin, Billy had learned the morning after the awards had been made, had begged off from the party and had been given in money the cost of the evening clothes which she had won as a successful contestant. An invalid daughter made money of far more importance to Mrs. Corwin than dinner parties and evening clothes.

Billy found herself only two places removed from her host, her dinner partner on her left being T. Q.'s friend and lawyer, Presley Warburton, a tight-lipped, silent man of middle-age. On her right, so near that it was a breath-taking adventure to reach for her crystal goblet of water, since her fingers might touch his as they selected a spoon, was Dalhart Romaine. Dalhart! Dalhart Romaine! Mrs. Meadows called him Dal.

Across from her, with Winnie Shelton almost cuddling against him, was Ralph Truman, son of the owner of the automobile factory in which Clay was now working. A nice man, she concluded, forcing herself to concentrate on him while Dalhart Romaine bent toward Nyda Lomax on his right. Cleanly blond and pink-skinned, with nice, frank blue-gray eyes—eyes that twinkled when he looked up and caught her appraising him.

"I've been doing some sleuth work in connection with you," Ralph Truman said. "Miss Shelton tells me that you're the musical genius that my friend, Clay Curtis, has been lucky enough to discover."

"Clay boards at our house," Billy told him with uncompromising honesty, although she was aware that T. Q. Curtis had stiffened to rigid attention. "He's working in your father's factory now."

"Does he like it?" Truman asked, his smiling eyes grave for a moment.

"He hates it," Billy stated flatly. Oh, what was Dalhart Romaine talking about to Nyda Lomax—bending toward her, almost whispering in her ear, around which a glittering strand of her marcelled black hair curled so seductively? She bit at her lip, forced herself to smile at Truman across the table. "The noise of the machinery is tearing his nerves to pieces. It's Clay who is the genius," she added, with a flick of the eye toward Clay's father.

"I must hear you play," Dal Romaine's voice, vibrating, low, reached out for her, drew her away from Truman, brought her back into that pulsing world which he had walled off for the two of them.

"I—didn't bring my violin tonight," she answered, her eyes raising against her will to cling to his. "I—I want to be a concert violinist, but—you know—I work for my living, and my mother's—"

"The gloves were too small," he confided, "but the young lady would not let me exchange them because I told her of a pair of Cinderella hands which I had used as a model. Your hands are like white butterflies—"

Color flooded her face, made her eyes burn. She dropped her hands hastily to her lap, scared at them as if she had never seen them before.

"Miss Wells, you look like a sensible girl—" Presley Warburton shattered the moment, and she was almost glad.

"Oh, I hope not!" she cried, as if in mock horror. "Maybe it's the dress—"

"The dress is charming, in excellent taste. You look like a lady in it."

"Oh!" Billy let the sharp exclamation escape her involuntarily, wishing that she dared look into Dal Romaine's eyes for a moment to see how he had been affected. She was going to hate Presley Warburton, who thought he was too good to be dining with shop girls—but she must be pleasant, no matter what he said, she told herself fiercely. "That's frightfully disappointing," she told Warburton, her blue eyes very wide and innocent. "I was told—by a young man of discrimination—that I looked like an autumn dryad. It's dreadful, after that, to be told that one looks like a lady."

Dal Romaine's low chuckle rewarded her. "You are a dryad dancing in a drift of maple leaves," he whispered, his breath warm and sweet on her cheek.

Presley Warburton abandoned his soup entirely and concentrated his attention upon this astonishing young woman whom he had not suspected of having acute sensibilities.

"What do you think of Curtis' recent curious behavior?" he asked her in a confidential undertone. "For I take it that you do think?"

"I think it's a lovely party." She opened her innocent blue eyes still wider. "Such charming men"—and she glanced up and down the long table—"even if they do seem a little at a loss as to what to say to 'poor but honest working girls'."

"These sociological experiments!" Presley Warburton growled under his clipped mustache, as if he sensed that the impudent young thing on his left had been rebuking him.

Billy grinned, and gave a side long look under her lashes at Romaine, who was watching her with narrowed eyes, a smile flickering over his lean, Hindu-dark face.

"You look like a gleeful, wicked little Puck when you grin like that," he told her. "Now what are you thinking?" he demanded as if he had a right to know.

"I was just reminding myself that you can't be an East Indian, with a name like Dalhart Romaine, and with an aunt like Mrs. Meadows, and a voice straight from Boston, but every time I start to speak to you I have the curious feeling that I ought to speak some strange, foreign tongue to you."

"So you feel it, too," he said at last in an almost expressionless voice, so low and quiet it was. "I knew—that first day—that you did. Some day I will tell you why, for it was meant that you should know. As for the dark skin, the Oriental cast to my features, I am French—and gypsy, on my father's side. My father married Mrs. Meadow's sister, and I was brought up in London and Boston and New York. My aunt would like to wash the dark, gypsy stain out of my blood, because, being a mixture of French gypsy and Boston is not quite respectable you know. Tell me—" his face changed miraculously with his smile as he bent closer to her—"does the brown gypsy stain in my skin repel you?"

"Oh, Mr. Romaine, listen!" Nyda Lomax called out imperiously. "Can you tell fortunes—if we cross your palm with silver?"

A stab of pain so sharp that she felt mortally wounded shot through Billy's heart. So he had told Nyda too. Cheap, theatrical! She hated him!

(To Be Continued)

Jealousy and heartache are uninvited guests at T. Q.'s party. Read the next chapter.

Rheumatic Misery

Relief Can Only Come Through Better Blood — Liniments of No Use.

In no other disease does the blood become thin so rapidly as in rheumatism. Not only does it become thin but it is loaded with impurities—rheumatic poisons. Without the proper treatment these poisons increase, the inflamed joints swell and the patient becomes a cripple. Most treatments simply aim to keep down the pain, hence with every unfavorable condition a renewed attack follows.

To cast out rheumatism the blood must be enriched and the rheumatic poisons driven out with the natural secretions of the body. This can best be done through a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have a specific action on the blood, giving it new richness and redness. Thousands have tried this treatment with beneficial results. That every sufferer from rheumatism who does not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is neglecting the most hopeful means of recovery is shown by the statement of Mr. David Carroll, Pictou, N. S., who says:—"For years I was troubled with rheumatism. The pains were not continuous, but they always returned, and kept getting worse. I tried so-called electric belts and many medicines, but did not get more than temporary relief. Only those who have suffered from this trouble will realize what I suffered at times. I had begun to despair of getting better when a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills. In a short time I could feel this medicine helping me so I gladly continued taking the pills and soon found that every trace of the trouble had disappeared and there was a great improvement in my general health. It is now two years since I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I have not had the least twinge of the trouble in that time. That is why I confidently recommend the pills to other sufferers."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Gas On The Stomach Vanishes, Distress Ends

If you haven't tried trusty old Nerviline, do so now. Its unexampled success is due to the fact that it is five times stronger and three times more penetrating than most remedies. It contains the most antiseptic essences. That feeling of heaviness at the pit of the stomach and uneasiness before and after meals is quickly dispelled by Nerviline. Thousands recommend Nerviline. Mrs. J. Greene, of Northfield, N. S., praises Nerviline highly. She found it stopped the little ills and kept the hospital bill small. For cramps, colic, diarrhoea, gas in the stomach, Nerviline will prove a boon in every home. Large 35c bottles sold by all dealers.

Public Temperance Meetings

Rev. A. A. MacLeod, Field Secretary and Organizer of Temperance Alliance or W. E. Bentley, K. C., Solicitor for Temperance Alliance, will address Public Meetings at the following places on the following dates:

Monday, May 2nd—Travellers Rest and Pownall.
Tuesday, May 3rd.—Sherbrooke and U. Church Conference, Charlottetown.
Wednesday, May 4th.—Wilmot Valley and Kilmuir.
Thursday, May 5th—Cape Traverse and Sturgeon.
Friday, May 6th.—Bedeque, or Borden and Cambridge.
Sunday, May 8th.—United Church Appointments. Murray Harbor and Murray River.
Monday, May 9th.—Flat River.
Sunday, May 15th.—Kensington and Malpeque.

5187-4-29-6i.

Coming to Prince Edward Island

REV. MURDOCK MACKINNON, M. A., D. D., MINISTER OF RUNNYMEDE UNITED CHURCH, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Dr. MacKinnon will address public Temperance Rallies under the Auspices of the Temperance Alliance of P. E. Island at the following places and on the following dates:

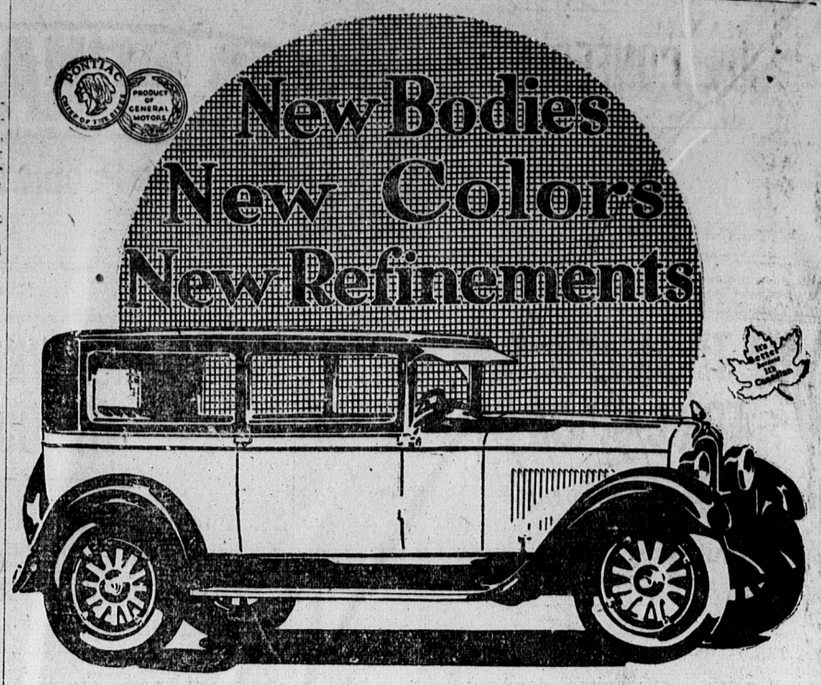
Tuesday, May 10th at 8 p. m. at Capitol Theatre, Summerside.
Wednesday, May 11th at Public Hall, O'Leary.
Thursday, May 12th, Western Ministerial Association, Kensington at 11 a. m. Public Meeting, C. M. B. A., Hall, Kensington at 8 o'clock.
Friday, May 13th Public Hall, Souris.
Saturday, May 14th, Oddfellows Hall, Montague.
Sunday, May 15th 11 a. m. United Church, Mt. Stewart.
Sunday, May 15th, MASS MEETING, Prince Edward Theatre, Charlottetown at 8.30 p. m.

The whole public are invited to any or all of these meetings.

Dr. MacKinnon is an outstanding Platform Orator and brings first hand information on the question of Prohibition and Government Sale in the Provinces of Canada.

HEAR HIM.

5187-4-29-tf



THE art and skill of Fisher craftsmen are strikingly exemplified in the long, low lines of the New and Finer Pontiac Six bodies, in their smart belted effects and in their luxurious comfort!

Rich Duco finish, in the latest and most appealing colors, adds to the striking beauty of the New and Finer Pontiac Six. New refinements such as sweeping, full-crown fenders, new, higher radiator, tilting beam headlights, place this car in a class far above that into which its phenomenally low price brings it.

And, back of all these evident improvements and advances stand the established Pontiac qualities of power, speed, stamina and economy—the qualities which won for Pontiac Six the most outstanding success ever accorded any new car during its first year.

Only by seeing the New and Finer Pontiac Six, by driving it and by learning its new, lower prices, can you realize how great a thing has General Motors done in the field of the low-priced six.

PF-2130

AT NEW LOW PRICES

A. HORNE & CO. CHARLOTTETOWN | PRINCE MOTORS SUMMERSIDE

DEALERS FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

Time Changes C. N. R. Effective May 2, 1927

Commencing Monday, May 2 the double train service to and from Prince Edward Island, daily except Sunday, will be resumed.

The morning connection from the Island will be by train No. 39 leaving Charlottetown at 6.45 a. m. Sackville 12:05 P. M., and arriving Moncton 1:35 P. M., where connections will be made with train No. 3, "Ocean Limited" leaving there for Montreal and points West at 2:35 P. M., also with train No. 13 leaving Moncton at 2:40 P. M., for Saint John.

The morning connection to the island will be by train No. 2, Maritime Express, leaving Moncton at 10:40 A. M., and arriving Sackville 11:58 A. M. Train No. 42 will leave Sackville at 1:10 P. M. arriving Charlottetown 6:30 P. M.

The afternoon service from the Island will be by train No. 41 leaving Charlottetown at 2:00 P. M., and arriving Sackville at 8:35 P. M., where connections will be made with train No. 1, Maritime Express leaving Sackville at 8:35 P. M. for Moncton and points West. Connections will be made at Moncton with train No. 411 leaving there at 11:30 P. M. for Saint John.

The afternoon service to the Island will be by train No. 40, leaving Moncton at 4:40 P. M., and arriving Charlottetown at 11:20 P. M.

SUMMERSIDE—TIGNISH

Train No. 4, will leave Tignish at 3:20 A. M., instead of 7:00 A. M. Summerside 7:00 A. M. instead of 10:30 A. M., arriving Charlottetown 10:30 A. M., instead of 12:45 P. M.

Train No. 206 will leave Tignish at 8:00 A. M., Summerside 3:00 P. M., and arrive Charlottetown 5:10 P. M.

Train No. 522 will leave Charlottetown at 9:30 A. M., arriving Borden 1:15 P. M. This new service between Charlottetown and Emerald Junction, train 522 running only from Emerald Junction to Borden at the present time.

The above services are all daily except Sunday. 5120-4-27-5i

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Change In Train Schedules

EFFECTIVE SUNDAY
MAY 1, 1927
For Further Particulars
Apply to
TICKET AGENTS

4-20-23-27-3i.

Left, John Philip Sousa, celebrated band leader, plays the newest in harmonicas, which provides three full octaves and by presing a small lever all the half-tones can be obtained. In circle, Miriam Roby Jordan, English beauty, who led compaign against abbreviated looks when the fad came in. Right, Margaret Brown of Boston, with her painting of King Alfonso of Spain, for the New York Yacht club, and painted at the palace in Madrid. Below, Will Rogers, the mayor of Beverley Hills, home for a day to do a little "mayoring."