

SUMMER COMPLAINT CAUSES MANY DEATHS AMONG INFANTS

Thousands of mothers throughout Canada have used



during the past 80 years it has been on the market, and their child's life no doubt saved by its timely use.

London Letter

By TEMPLE CHAMBERS (By British United Press.)

LONDON, Aug. 24.—The public little realises the cost to the King personally of keeping up a large establishment like Windsor Castle.

When the Court is in residence there is a veritable regiment of servants, and they cannot be dispensed with.

This is, of course, only when the Court is in residence at the Castle, but even at other times scores of servants are necessary to keep the place in order, and all these have to be paid and fed.

There is, therefore, some speculation, as to the ultimate future of the Castle; whether in the course of years the great building may still remain the home of the Sovereign.

The royal family reside there much less than during the reign of King Edward. A stay at Windsor Castle in January in days gone by was an invariable rule, and so was an autumn visit for shooting in the Great Park, several parties of guests assembling for the sport, and today the Easter stay and the sojourn at Ascot seem about the only times that royalty visits Windsor during the year.

The duties of a Chief Whip are notoriously wearing, but several strenuous years as the holder of that office seem not to have shortened the life of Sir William Hart Dyke, who has now attained the age of 90 years.

Sir William, who succeeded his father as seventh Baronet in 1875, was Chief Whip in Beaconsfield's administration from 1874 till 1888, and in 1885-6 was Chief Secretary for Ireland.

At his beautiful Kentish home, Lullingstone Castle, near Dartford, is preserved a curious "luck"—a leather bag of antique workmanship into which every year to the Dykes estates drops a coin when the marries.

This has been done by many generations of Dykes, but no one knows how many coins the bag contains, tradition averring that to count the contents would bring dire calamity upon the family.

The Marquess of Aberdeen who will of course be remembered in Canada, as Governor-General from 1893 to 1898, has just reached his 80th birthday. He wears his years lightly, possibly because his sense of humour has kept life wholesome for him.

At the end of his first period as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland almost the whole population of Dublin turned out to do him honour, and he likes to recall, as a typical Irish Bull, the remark of one of the spectators,—"Sure, we gave him a grand reception when he was going away."

Once during the term he had a famous Irish Judge who had been a strong politician, sitting beside him at a State dinner in Dublin Castle. "Do you think," asked Lord Aberdeen, "there are many Home Rulers here tonight?"

"Divil a wan" replied the Judge, "except your Excellencies and the waiters."

Sir Robert Home, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, is more a trade emissary than a politician nowadays, and he has learned to combine business with pleasure.

During the next four months he will visit four Continents and he will be very little seen in London until Parliament re-opens for the next session.

He will go to Montreal shortly to attend a meeting of the Empire Mining and Metallurgical Institute, of which he is president, and soon after his return he will set out again for Burma.

want of a less polite term) of some of the younger generation is illustrated by incidents which occurred at two of the last dances of the London season.

In the first case an Ambassador was just leaving and a sudden cry went up for his car. The big limousine started suddenly into motion and drew up in front of the house. The car door was opened by the chauffeur, the Ambassador walked down the steps, and then there emerged casually from the interior of the vehicle a young couple who had chosen this as a suitable place in which to sit out!

The other story also concerns this increasing practice of using other people's cars instead of crowded lounges or uncomfortable stairs for sitting out.

A man met a girl to whom he had something important and confidential to say. "This is a dull show anyway," he said. "Let's go for a drive and have a talk."

She agreed, and climbing into his car, they drove into the country. They then returned to Berkeley Square and the owner of the car pulled up in front of the house where the dance was still in progress. They were just about to emerge when the back door of the saloon opened and a pair stepped out of the darkness.

"Thanks for the buggy ride," they chanted cheerfully and walked inside.

Lord Reading has, I hear, been invited by the Liberal Students of Aberdeen University to be their candidate at the forthcoming election for the Lord Rectorship. His is their unanimous choice.

The present Lord Rector is Lord Cecil of Chelwood.

While Lord Reading has, of course no Scottish ancestry, he likes Scotland and the Scots, and whenever possible he spends a fishing holiday in the Highlands.

In the past there have been Conservative and Liberal Lord Rectors of Aberdeen University. During the period of his premiership in 1908, Mr. Asquith, (now Lord Oxford and Asquith) filled the post.

Away back in 1878 Lord Rosbery was Lord Rector, and a suitably hand-picked and artistically modelled nose of plasticine was laboriously affixed to him and the procession started.

At the climax of the show the nose and its wearer parted company, and at the head of the gallant company there rode a figure whose face was a fiery beard were indeed the face and beard of Henry but whose most incongruous nose, and untamed belonged indubitably to Captain Victor Cecil.

Animal's Dispensary

LONDON, August 23.—We have long had homes for lost dogs and starving cats; the latest, so far as the West Riding of Yorkshire is concerned, is a travelling veterinary surgery—or, if you prefer, the "People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor."

Supported by voluntary subscriptions, there is in London a fully-equipped dispensary for treating the ailments of our dumb friends or putting them out of their misery, and the kind-hearted people who run it have hit upon the plan of touring the provinces with a hospital on wheels, and rendering veterinary aid to the pets of people who cannot afford a professional fee.

It possesses an operating table with the necessary instruments; six weeks' supply of drugs, medicines, and ointments; and a couple of lethal chambers.

The van is in charge of three men properly qualified to deal with dumb sufferers; and their activities during one week-end ranged from sick tortois to a pigeon with a broken wing, to a say nothing of miscellaneous injuries to cats and dogs.

It is claimed that between 60,000 and 70,000 animals and birds have been treated since this novel scheme was started.

"My boy," said the patronizing man, as he handed around the florid toffs, "that's something like a cigar!"

"So it is," responded the victim after he had taken a puff or two; "what is it?"



APPECIATING HUBBY Don't forget to be grateful to Friend Husband if he is courteous to you. Some husbands say "Thank you" and "If you please" to their wives, just as if they were strangers; and there are those who kiss their wives good-bye and then tip their hats when leaving the door.

Be kind to the husband who washes the bath-tub after his bath and picks up his soiled linen and does not leave his shoes and ties strewn about. It is grand not to have to be a valet to one's husband!

It is a wonderful husband who respects his wife's ideas, who listens when she talks; and answers back, thinking her opinions worth discussing, agreeing with or refuting, as mind to mind. And he is a great man who has confidence in his wife to such an extent that he does not follow her every act with questions as to what? and where? and why? and how come?

The husband who is patient with one's shortcomings, who does not grouch if the biscuits are a disappointment, but realizes that his wife is human and feels badly enough about her failure—such a husband is a treasure. He is the same who quietly helps you out of your predicaments. He does not taunt you if you nearly miss your train, but simply and silently—yes, and even smilingly, hunts up your coat, puts out the cat, and locks the door.

Blessed is the husband who is good natured and likes what you cook; the way you dress, the things you want to do, the friends you choose and who merrily joins in your pleasures.

It is fine to have a husband who talks his plans over with you and confides in you and takes you along with him when he goes anywhere, or comes home and tells you what they did and said out in the world where he was.

And, last but not least, it is a joy to have a husband who remembers that, inside, you are an "eternal feminine" who likes to be told that your hair looks pretty that way, or your dress is becoming or "your pie was the best there."

Flattery is music which sets our hearts a-tingle, because we know it plays the accompaniment to a song of love. Verily, Sister, if you have a husband who is like all this, or any good part of it, appreciate him—and tell him so. His price is far above rubies.

PICNIC TRAPPINGS It is an aid to the hurry-up picnic to have always on hand a supply of picnic accessories, such as the picnic basket equipped with salt and pepper shakers, paper napkins, plates, drinking cups, oilcloth, table cloth, trying pan and thermos bottle. If you do not have these assembled in one place, it will help to have a list of them pinned up somewhere in kitchen or pantry. Then when you are skrimishing around getting ready for the picnic, you can name over your list and be sure you are not forgetting anything. It is a convenience to have one plan which fits inside another. The first, filled with a hot or a cold food, and the space between the two packed with shredded papers, will maintain its hot or cold temperature for a long time—on the principle of the hot box or thermos bottle. Thus a hot or cold dish may be prepared at home and served in form at the picnic. To take along a camp oil stove or the over grate to lay over the bon-fire will help with the cooking—though it is hard to beat the weiner, roasted on the end of a long stick and eaten, split and spread with mustard, between the halves of a bun.

Quart berry boxes are a convenience as part of the picnic paraphernalia. In dishing out to the children—or the older folks—each one's portion of sandwiches, cookies and fruit may be served in them and this prevents the help-yourself-fashion in which some people are likely to be greedy and waste food because their eyes were bigger than their stomachs.

If you are not sure of dry wood for starting the picnic fire, take along a can of "solid" alcohol. Set under the wood, it will start the fire. If you save your candle ends, they will answer the same purpose. Weiners may be roasted in the corn popper, shaking it over the coals to turn the weiners which are on the inside.

Sofa cushions, covered with oil cloth, make it safe for the picnickers to sit on the ground without catching cold.

INSULATION In building a home, it is economy to insulate the walls. Insulation will make the house cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Some insulating materials are fireproof and this is an added advantage. It will permit smaller radiators and give more space in the rooms. Insulation prevents the air from the inside and the outside mixing. Thus it ex-

cludes the heated air of the outdoors in summer and encloses the heated air in winter. Insulation does not interfere with ventilation, as this may be provided by means of windows and doors, the heating plant, or fans.

THE KITCHEN COOL The housewife who starts the electric fan going when she sits down in her living room, or uses it in her bedroom at night, forgets to start its cooling breezes in her kitchen when she is working there. It would save the busy kitchen worker much sweltering if the electric fan were used in the kitchen. For kitchen comfort alone, the electric fan justifies itself. Not only is the kitchen hotter, on account of the heat of the fire, but the steam of cooking foods adds its heat. Gases from the flame and cooking odors could be ventilated out of the kitchen by using the electric fan there. Thrifty women, who are so accustomed to pinching pennies, need to consider this health as well as economy stunt to save their vigor and their dispositions and their clean linen.

LACE After some years of puritan plainness, we are suddenly becoming frilly, and lace—dainty and mysterious—is again coming into vogue. We find it as the trim of a dress, as collars, cuffs, draperies, as edging on lingerie; or as the whole of a gown, if you please. If the wearer is short, the pattern should be small and the lines run up and down. A tall, slender figure can wear a bold pattern of lace over a contrasting background. This tends to shorten the stature. Lace shawls and lace scarfs are popular today and we even have lace hats. All this lace effect is softening to the middle aged lady, who had a hard time of it trying to feel at home in those straight, simple, untrimmed things which look so lovely on the little girl of sixteen. Lace adds dignity and elegance to a costume and is airy-fairy looking for hot weather.

CHILDREN'S LUNCH Children hate to come in from their play to merely eat. Every mother knows how hard it is to get the modern youngster in at meal-time. But children love to eat outdoors. A good way to get them to eat the things they should and do it in good humor and with zest, is to invite the playmates to come and join in the dinner party, each bringing his own tray on which is his own lunch and eating it on the screened-in porch or in the backyard. Sometimes the children will have more fun putting their provisions together, and children like a change in menu as well as the rest of us. At other times each will be content with his own ration. This communal lunch plan is no trouble to the hostess mother as each child takes his own dishes home to be washed.

CLEANING SHOES White shoes, when cleaned, are usually set away wet. As they dry, they get hard and stiff and are likely to shrink. Thus a hot soap better, will wear longer and will feel better to the feet, if they are put in shoe-trees to dry. If you have that type of shoe tree which, like a last, fills the shoe, and if it can be stretched to hold the shoe taut while it dries, so much the better.

Love Token Of Mystery Countess

(By British United Press)

LONDON, August 24.—The countess who to England of Mme. Camille Flammarion, has stirred fresh interest in France in a remarkable mystery which for many years has fascinated French people.

A beautiful young French Countess fell gravely ill, and on her deathbed begged her doctor to carry out a strange request: "I have a confidential confession to make to you," the Countess gasped with her last breath.

"I have loved Camille Flammarion, the brilliant young astronomer, with a flaming passion, and now that I am dying I want him to have a souvenir from me.

"It will astonish you to know that I have never been presented to him, or talked to him or even seen him, but I have developed such an intense admiration of M. Flammarion from reading his books and following his work that I secretly fell in love with him and worshipped him day and night for years.

"I want to remain with him in the flesh, and so I beg you that as soon as I die you cut a big piece of skin off my shoulders and send it to him as a binding for one of his books.

"I want my name kept a secret, however.

The Countess died the same afternoon—it was autumn of 1882. Before the body became cold, the doctor, who was a noted practitioner named Ravaud, cut a piece of skin 12 by 18 inches off her lovely shoulders, made a package for it, and personally carried it to the astronomer's house, where he left it with the laboratory note.

After he had recovered from his astonishment, Flammarion had the anonymous lady's skin tanned and used it to bind a copy of his "Terres du Ciel" (Lands of the Sky).

He had an inscription printed in small gold letters at the foot of the cover, the translation being as follows:— Pious Fulfillment Of An Anonymous Wish Binding in Human Skin (Woman) 1882.

The mystery which surrounds this extraordinary incident in the career of the famous astronomer has never abated—for the identity of the charming young countess is still a mystery. Now the people of England are going to have the privilege of seeing the souvenir, and of hearing its remarkable history at first-hand, for M. Flammarion's widow is visiting this country to deliver a series of lectures, and she is bringing the book with her this summer or early autumn.

Mme. Flammarion often talked to her husband about this mystery before his death in 1925.

He told her once that when he was living in the Rue Cassini, near the Paris Observatory, in 1882, he returned home one evening after a slight quarrel in looking at the stars. As he passed the concierge's lodge she handed him a little package.

As he undid the wrappings of oiled paper and red ribbons he felt a sickening sensation come over him. He was so excited that the package dropped to the floor, and a big piece of soft, velvety human skin unfolded before his eyes.

The note which accompanied this touching souvenir forty-five years ago was written in a clear hand. It is still perfectly legible, and translated reads as follows:—"Monsieur,—True to my promise, I have carefully carried out the request of the dead Countess, who always loved you. She begged me to send you the day after her death the skin of her lovely shoulders ("le peau de ses belles epaules"). This is the skin, and you must promise that you will use it to bind a copy of the first book you publish after her death."

M. Flammarion immediately hurried to see Dr. Ravaud, who has since died. "I gave her my word of honour while she was dying that I would not reveal her name," the doctor told him.

"All that I can tell you is that she was a marvelously handsome young woman, a member of one of the first families of France, and that she secretly adored you since she was a young girl.

"I had a horror of mutilating such lovely shoulders, but I promised the Countess to do it, and I had to keep my promise.

"I did not even tell her family about her strange request."

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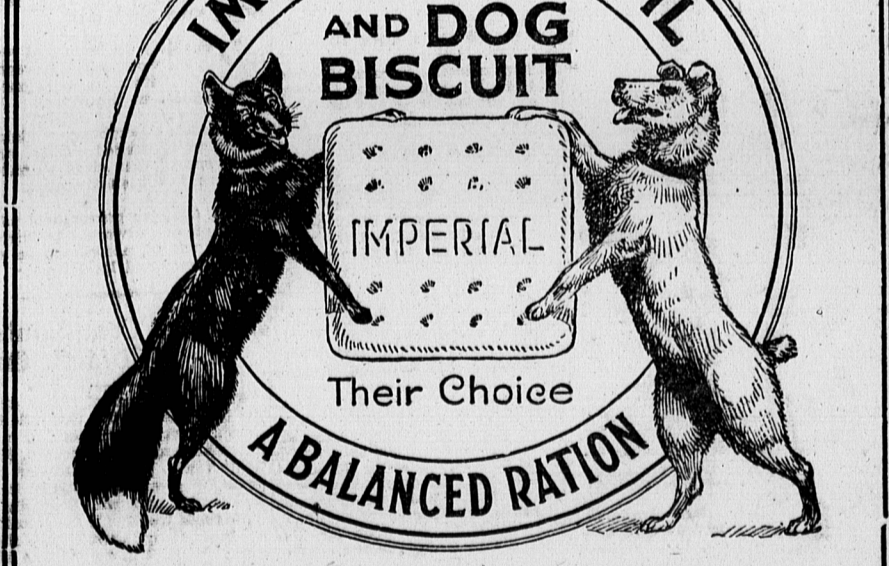
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Watch Your Foxes' Summer Diet

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