

RESTORED TO GOOD HEALTH

Mother of Eleven Children Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Her Interesting Experience

Buckingham, Quebec.—"I am the mother of eleven living children, and my baby is five months old. I am only 28 years old and I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness and my nerves. I knew of it from my sister, Dame Edouard Bellefeuille of Ramsayville. For five years I was in misery and was always ready to cry. Now I am so happy to have good health. My daughter, who is 18 years old, has also taken it and will be happy to recommend it to all young girls.—DAME WILLIAM PARENT, Box 414, Buckingham, Quebec.

Why suffer for years with backache, nervousness and other ailments common to women from early life to middle age, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will give you relief?

In a recent country-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, over 250,000 replies were received, and 98 out of every 100 reported they were benefited by its use.

.....

WRITE

S. F. TARBUSH

CHARLOTTETOWN

to show you his samples of Suits, Coatings, Raincoats and Dresses and get his prices and styles. Merchants, Doctors, Clergymen, Members of Parliament, Bankers, Bank Clerks are his customers.

Farm For Sale At Winsloe

30 acres of land at Winsloe Station with good barn—22 acres under cultivation and balance hard wood. Well fenced and well watered. 4 1/2 miles from Charlottetown. ARCHIBALD A. McNEILL Winsloe

5133-4-27-61.

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

5182-4-29-41.

FOR SALE

At Vernon Bridge Shore Farm, 46 acres, splendid dwelling, 8 out-buildings by rail and water, school, stores, P. O. all within 1/4 mile, connected with Rural Telephone. Never failing well, splendid water. Also super-spring never failing. Rare property for seed potato production. Can be sold in two parts to suit purchasers, viz., buildings and 22 acres and 24 acres without buildings. Apply Hotel Vernon, the Russ Charlottetown or "A" Guardian Office.

AUCTION SALE AT PLEASANT VALLEY

The Trustees will sell by Public Auction the former Methodist Parsonage at Pleasant Valley, on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1927 at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

Property consisting of 1 acre land, large dwelling house, and barn, good water at door, near to church, school and Elliott's R. R. Station.

If not fine sale will be held on first fine day following.

THOMAS WIGMORE, Auctioneer.

5039-4-22-101.

EYES TESTED AND

Glasses fitted by scientific methods.

E. W. TAYLOR AND J. S. TAYLOR Registered Optometrists 142 Richmond Street

SMILES SPORT CRACKS



THE SERVICE IS AN ESSENTIAL QUALITY IN THIS GAME



SNAKE IN THE GRASS "That fellow's a snake in the grass."



THEM'S TRUE WORDS "I tell you, you can see through the men by the clothes they wear."



NOT TIES, BUT BONDS "I hear she's held to her old husband by many ties."



ALSO THE HAND "One's face has a great deal to do with success in a card game."



RAYON is more sensitive to laundering than any other fabric—never wring it, never twist it, never rub it with cake soap. Rayon is most fragile when wet.

As you might expect, Rayon should be washed only in mild, pure Lux suds—dipping it gently up and down as you do silks.



DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

(Continued) CHAPTER XVII

"You are angry with me about something," Dal Romaine's low, rich voice challenged Billy a few minutes later, after she had sat speechless and tormented through the meat course. She had hardly tasted her food, though she had looked forward to the feast all day. "You have gone so far away that I can't find you. Where are you Billy Wells?"

She wanted to hurl angry words at him—faker, poseur, bunco-artist—but when his eyes drew hers her anger and contempt ebbed away. She was conscious of only one thought—that he had missed her, in her withdrawing, had willed her to come back to him.

"You were believing that I had told Miss Lomax just what I had been saying to you," he went on, in words so low that they could reach no other ears than hers.

"You're a mind-reader, as well as a fortune-teller?" Billy retorted with something like her old impudence.

"It is not hard to read your mind—it is such an honest, open mind. As a matter of fact I can read minds rather well. Minds of people who vibrate with me, if you understand—and I think you do."

"I know very little of the metaphysical and occult world," Billy shrugged, but she could not lower her eyes or turn to her food as if the subject did not interest her.

"You do not have to know—



On Land or Sea KING COLE TEA

bitter twist to her lips, but it was the bitterness of pain.

"Miss Lomax asked me if I wasn't some sort of a foreigner, and I told her, in a word, that I had sassy blood in my veins. One cannot refuse to answer a question. But we must not quarrel, Billy Wells."

When he turned to her again, she was happy in a painful, over-excited way, but she said little, just enough to keep him from Nyda. At last the seven courses of T. Q.'s elaborate dinner had been served and eaten. Mrs. Meadows rose, the girls followed her, drifting into little groups, giggling and com-

to let her Ritz me, because we work in the store," she whispered to Billy. "Oh, say, what do you think of the sheik? He gives me the shivers with those eyes of his. I believe he's a hypnotist, and I told him so, too."

"He's certainly unusual," Billy answered indifferently, as she sat down before the mirror. "Good heavens! T. Q. must have looted the cosmetics department. He's got everything here, from twenty-dollar-an-ounce perfume to mascara."

"He told me to have everything necessary sent up—and I did," Nyda laughed. "Winnie, you've certainly bagged the prize bachelor. You sure got in your work quick on Ralph Truman."

"I'll trade him to you for Dalhart Romaine," Winnie smiled. "He's the most fascinating thing I ever saw. Ralph and I thought he was going to kiss my ear any minute, but when he was talking to Billy, it looked as if he thought she was the only girl in the world. And Billy didn't like it, oh, no! No indeed! Clay Curtis had better come home and get on his own sheik clothes."

"Let's go down," Billy suggested abruptly to Lella Sampson, who had been rubbing her cheeks vigorously with her own soiled powder puff.

At half past nine the vast drawing room and the almost equally vast dining room were thrown together and an orchestra of grinning black boys, armed with all the instruments that modern jazz calls for, had been installed.

Billy's first dance was with Dalhart Romaine. He had been talking with Nyda Lomax when the coped-out trains of the first fox trot set out their irresistible invitation, and Billy, watching them with wide, unhappy eyes, had been sure that he would take Nyda into his arms. But he bowed, that abrupt continental bending of the waist, and left Nyda to be disputed over by the other two men in the group that proved Nyda to be one of the belles of the evening. And he came straight to Billy, his dark face still and inscrutable. He held out his arms, as if he knew she had been waiting for him, as if he could not conceive of her wanting to dance first with any other man.

She wanted to tell him that the dance was already taken, but his eyes brooding down upon her, with that curious hint of sadness in them when they were unsmiling, drew her far more potently than the suggestion of his extended arms. They slipped into the dance, and for the first few steps she held herself rigidly, resisting the rapture that ran along every nerve in her body at the light embrace of his arms.

"Don't think so much," he whispered, that odd smile flashing brilliantly over his face.

She sighed once, deeply, then relaxed in his arms, gave herself up utterly to the joy of dancing with a perfect partner. He did not talk, for which she was grateful, but after a round of the drawing room, he willed her to meet his eyes, and he held them unwaveringly until the dance was finished.

Ralph Truman claimed her for the next dance, and his light, nonsensical chatter helped to steady her nerves. She became her impudent, flipping self again, parried his "kidding" skillfully, evaded making a "date" with him, but promised vaguely to go through his father's factory with him some time.

"I want you to see where Clay works," he told her, serious for the moment.

"You forget that I work, too," she reminded him. "This is Cinderella's hall, you know, but it happens that there are nine Cinderellas here tonight."

Twice they passed Dal Romaine, his dark, sleek head bent over tiny Winnie Shelton, an amused smile quivering the corners of his mouth. Just before the music stopped, Truman whirled her out of the drawing room door into the hall, where T. Q. Curtis stood talking with his lawyer, Warburton. In the instant of their intrusion, Billy heard a



She gave herself up utterly to the joy of dancing with a perfect partner.

paring notes, while the men sat on for a smoke with the host.

"Oh, Billy!" Lella Sampson seized her chum as the party drifted into the drawing room. "I used the wrong fork somewhere along the line and when I got to the ice cream I didn't have anything left but my coffee spoon to eat it with! I thought I'd die when Mrs. Meadows told the waiter to bring me an ice cream fork. I wish I hadn't come! I feel awful in this red dress."

"You look lovely," Billy whispered soothingly. "Oh, hello, Nyda! Yes, I'll go up with you. I'd like to renovate my complexion, too. Coming, Winnie?"

The four girls went up the wide staircase. A bedroom at the head of the stairs had been turned into a cloak-and-dressing room, and a white-capped maid was on duty to serve them.

"This rose wabble," Nyda spoke with natural irritation, her seductive drawl laid aside until it was needed. "A needle and black thread, please," she demanded laughingly of the maid. "Not going

to let her Ritz me, because we work in the store," she whispered to Billy. "Oh, say, what do you think of the sheik? He gives me the shivers with those eyes of his. I believe he's a hypnotist, and I told him so, too."

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word flung like the smack of a leather glove into the face of her employer. "Fool!" Then Warburton saw her and Truman, scowled at them, and retreated into the library across the hall, leaving T. Q. with them.

"Having a good time?" he grinned.

"Glorious!" She lifted her arms to him, as the orchestra began to play an encore. "Dance with me just this once, Mr. Curtis. It's a waltz."

They bumped into Dal Romaine, looking for her, and the darkening of his face in disappointment made her absurdly happy.

"Mr. Curtis, who is Mr. Romaine?" she asked.

"I've never met him before, my dear, but he's a nephew of Mrs. Meadows. I understand from her that he is in business in New York. I'm not clear just what it is. He seems to have made quite a hit with the girls, doesn't he?" There was a slight edge of contempt on the words which did not escape Billy.

It was five minutes to twelve when the jazz orchestra's saxophone tooted "Tha-a-a-t's all!" She had had five dances with Romaine, but he had been almost as devoted to Nyda and Winnie, claiming the gorgeous brunet for four dances and the tiny little blond for three.

"Of course I'm taking you home," he told her, holding her bare arm close against his side before releasing her.

But Billy saw T. Q.'s quizzical eyes upon her. "No," and she shook her head at Romaine, then released her hand and took three sliding dancing steps to T. Q.'s side.

"I hope the taxis are waiting," he asked, with far more earnestness than the occasion seemed to justify. "What would you say if the hour didn't strike for you at all?"

(To Be Continued)

A telegram throws the Wells household into a ferment of excitement in the next chapter. What is T. Q. up to?

EGGLINGTON SCHOOL

Following is the honor roll of Eglington School for months of February and March.

Grade VIII.—1, Ernest Underhay; 2, Loretta Fisher; 3, Archibald Fisher.

Grade VII.—1, Reta Coffin; 2, Mabel Underhay; 3, Ray McKenzie; 4, Helen Fisher.

Annual Convention of the Prince Edward Island Teachers' Federation

WILL BE HELD IN THE Prince of Wales College Hall ON Wednesday, May 4, Thursday, May 5, and Friday, May 6.

Addresses will be delivered by: S. N. Robertson, M. A., L.L.D.; H. H. Shaw, B. Sc., Rev. Jas. A. Cloran, C. S. S. R., St. John, Miss Jean Browne, Toronto and others.

Every teacher is urged to attend.

CLARK'S PORK and BEANS

An excellent food all ready to heat and serve. Clark's Pork & Beans are perfectly cooked and the seasoning is delicious. Save both work and money.

W. CLARK LIMITED - MONTREAL ESTABLISHMENTS AT MONTREAL, P.Q., ST. REMI, P.Q. & HARROW, ONT.

SUMMER BACHELORS

TEACH GIRLS ABOUT LOVE AND SOON THE STUDENTS ARE PROFESSORS

THE BEDTIME STRIP

HERE COME THE DOGS WITH THE BATTLE OF LAST WEEK.

WHY SO GROUCHY LOOKING? I THOUGHT WED MADE UP.

WE'LL BE FRIENDLY AS LONG AS YOU KEEP A COUPLE OF JUMPS DISTANCE FROM US.

YOU'RE SUCH A FIRE-EATER YOURSELF WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT YOUR OWN BATTLES?

YOU PROMISED TO HELP ME LICK THAT POLICE DOG THAT CHEWED ME UP.

THAT'S RIGHT. DAD AND MOTHER WOULD BE TICKLED TO GET SOME GOOD DOG MEAT.

LET'S GO. ALL ABOARD FOR THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

MONDAY'S MOTOR MESSAGE

The Fourth Message—

"Dunlop Tires deserve well because they serve well."

Start the week—and your car—right. Use

Dunlop Balloon Tires

Grade VI.—1, Wallace Stead; 2, Lila Dingwell; 3, Irving Coffin.

Grade V.—1, Eldon McKenzie; 2, Hilda Coffin; 3, Frances Dingwell; 4, Alex. Fisher.

Grade IV.—1, Olga McKenzie; 2, Violet Lutz; 3, Blanche McKenzie; 4, Elden Burke.

Grade III.—1, Bertie Coffin; 2,

Marion Fisher; 3, Stanley Burke; 4, Lorne Dingwell.

Grade I.—1, Allison Burke and Frances Coffin; 2, Omar McKenzie.

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.

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.

FARM AT AUCTION SALE

Saturday, May 7th, at 2 p. m. 38 acres at New Haven, 34 acres clear in good state of cultivation. R. A. McPHAIL, 5204-4-30-61.

FARM FOR SALE AT LONG CREEK

50 acres of choice land, good buildings, also 1 acre of land with good buildings. A bargain for quick sale. Apply MacPHEE BROTHERS, Prince George, Charlottetown. 5224-5-2-mwfs41.

INSIDIOUS EYE STRAIN

We use this adjective advisedly. Sufferers from Eye-strain may have perfect vision and therefore do not suspect the presence of any eye defect. The motive power of the entire human organism is Nerve Energy. Normal eyes, it is computed utilize about 20% of this Nerve Energy, but when Eye-strain is present, a much larger proportion is required. Hence defective eyes, through their consumption of an excessive amount of Nerve Energy may seriously affect the functioning of other organs of the body and produce ill health.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED

G. F. Hutcheson Optometrist

Conspiracy.

—By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE

YOU PROMISED TO HELP ME LICK THAT POLICE DOG THAT CHEWED ME UP.

YOU'RE SUCH A FIRE-EATER YOURSELF WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT YOUR OWN BATTLES?

THAT'S RIGHT. DAD AND MOTHER WOULD BE TICKLED TO GET SOME GOOD DOG MEAT.

LET'S GO. ALL ABOARD FOR THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

HERE COME THE DOGS WITH THE BATTLE OF LAST WEEK.

WHY SO GROUCHY LOOKING? I THOUGHT WED MADE UP.

WE'LL BE FRIENDLY AS LONG AS YOU KEEP A COUPLE OF JUMPS DISTANCE FROM US.

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