

**WATSON'S TONIC**  
ALE AND STOUT

I felt it my duty to write about a friend who told me about your Dr. Watson's Tonic. I had been feeling very weak and had been taking a different medicine, but I had not seen any improvement. I took it regularly and do not require any other medicine. I am not a believer in drugs, but this is all I need.

The package makes 3 gallons.  
At All Dr. Stores, Montreal, Toronto.

**SMILES**

I DON'T FEEL SO WELL THIS MORNING

I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T NOTICE YOU WERE A LITTLE PALE!

**HEARTS AFIRE**

By Mae Christie

(Continued)  
CHAPTER XVII

In the Spinney Prudence walked away from Pear-Tree Cottage with a lighter heart than she had entered it. Virginia Dale to whom Bert had written the aident letter that had so caused Prudence's heart to ache had marched in on Prudence unexpectedly, but the pain of coming face to face with her rival in Bert's affections had been such a distressing experience after all.

Was it because of Peter Armstrong's words? What had he said? "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."

Ab! that had been balm on wounds. Not even Virginia's advent—white-clad, beautiful Virginia, intent on fascinating Peter, as she tried to weave her spell on every man she came across—not even the heady feeling of elation that the interview had brought about.

Was it because of young Armstrong's opinion? Was it because a little of her own self-confidence had been restored to her again.

Following that train of thought, was it because Virginia, despite her lovely clothes and beauty, had cut so poor a figure at the recent interview?

Prudence marched along the highway, drawing deep breaths of sweet-scented air, and marvelling at her own feeling of elation. After days and nights of pain, when the whole world seemed utterly, intolerably sad and gloomy, it was a huge relief to feel that after all, life might contain a large variety of worth-while things.

After much anguish, this was the beginning of the real woman Prudence. The cuckoo's fluted call no longer had a mocking note. It was sweet and soothing, and had music in it.

A little stream that ran along the roadside for a hundred yards or so bubbled delightfully as it dimpled over green weeds near its surface, or made a tiny tinkle as it divided round some stick or stone.

Prudence diverted her own course to follow its meandering line to a sort of glade where the beeches' spindle buds were sprouting in a fairy tracery of green. Here the brook went gliding under delicate willows, and on the stream's edge were the plants of water-side.

"Lady's smocks," in their pink and lilac, made an enchanting splash of colour everywhere among the green, and here and there were clumps of kingcups, gloriously golden.

The girl sank down upon the mossy bank. A willow-tree was just behind her, screening her off from the rest of the world.

How quiet it was! How peaceful! Strange that a few days ago she couldn't have borne the solitude of this sanctuary! She would have cried her eyes out, as she'd done these many nights.

"But I feel better now," she told herself, not fully realizing yet that it was Peter Armstrong's healing influence that had worked the miracle.

Fifty yards away from where she sat, a tall elm showed rooks' nests in its summit, half veiled by the green. Prudence regarded them for a moment through the delicate tracery of her own resting-place.

And then her gaze travelled downwards to the bottom of the man tree. Good gracious! a man was there, kneeling on last year's dead leaves, working intently in the ground. He had his back to her, and there was something familiar in the set of the light grey coat, in the tilt of the grey felt hat. She couldn't see his face properly—who was he? what was he doing?

He had some sort of implement that he was working with. Oh yes, a trowel. Digging a hole, was he?

And why? She sat quite still, watching from her hiding-place. Some mystery was afoot. She was all interest. From the motion of his right arm, she guessed that he had stopped digging. Later, she saw that he was patting the earth into position.

**MORSE'S TEAS**  
ALWAYS PLEASE

They have done so for 56 Years

Indeed, there were other trees all round that spot. He stood for a moment, hesitant, then glancing down at his suit, started to flog it with his right hand, which he had just freed from a gardening glove.

Prudence crouched lower behind her screen, so that he might not see her. Let him find her of his own accord. She wouldn't help him. He had behaved—oh yes, he had!—abominably!

Philistia and Israel confront each other once more. On this occasion the alien enemies are the fortunate possessors of a giant champion. Twice a day he moves out in front of the Philistine line and utters his insulting challenge.

Israel's degeneracy is apparent. Saul has forgotten God's favor. As he cannot look for divine intervention he uses the human expedient of offering a prize to anyone who will accept the challenge, but for forty days no one appears to pick up the giant's gauntlet.

Ten miles away a rustic lad tends his "few sheep." Fidelity to home life has developed noble traits. He drinks deep of the Theocratic spirit, and keys his harp to the note of victory. His courage has been tested in his encounters with ravenous beasts. More than once he has stood between them and his otherwise defenceless flock. Nor is he altogether a social novice. He has been a time or two at the king's palace. But it never occurred to David as being beneath his dignity to turn errand boy and carry some cheeses, bread and parched corn down to his brothers at camp.

The lad with ten cheeses was the greatest acquisition the host of Israel ever had. His envious brothers thought him out of his sphere and ordered him back to his flock. But from that moment he was never to go back. Eliab was incapable of understanding David. Not love of adventure, nor hope of personal gain quickened his pulse or prompted his questions. No ill-timed criticism dashed his spirit. He saw the Lord's honor at stake. He would fain vindicate it.

When brought into Saul's presence he seeks to cheer the despondent monarch, crying "Courage! thy servant accepts the challenge. It is pleasant to find a kindly touch in the monarch's otherwise dour bearing. It is when he deprecates David's danger. When reassured by the story of the lad's encounters with beasts, he clothes him with his own armor.

Armor was of course impracticable, but out of courtesy to the King David allowed it to be put on. It was quickly seen that he had lost his dexterity the only quality by which he could hope to win. Now without any armor or weapon save his crude sling Israel's champion moved out beyond the battle line, his confidence is based upon the purity of his motive, the justice of his cause and the power of Jehovah. But with all that he takes care in the selection of his stones.

The shepherd boy challenges admiration. He is not Israel's hero alone. He is ours as well. In advance of the Philistine line stands that living tower. A torrent of curses pours from his brazen throat when he sees the insignificant foeman advance. He lifts his visor and through back his head in derisive laughter. That is David's opportunity. His sling whirs in air. There is the whizz of the missile. The aim is correct. The momentum is sufficient. A shudder goes through the giant frame. With a crash that living tower falls to earth. The giant's armor becomes his metallic coffin.

UNDER THE STUDY LAMP

Living principles for today move before one in that scene of long ago Goliath is type of giant wickedness increased in the armor of legal license and sheltered behind social customs. But the very insolence of legalized wickedness sometimes seals the doom. . . . But no amount of money can buy a deliverer. Deliver-

ing to feel interest in the styles again! If falling in love with Bert had been intoxicating, what comfort there was in falling out of love that had only brought such pain into her life!

"I've finished with romance, and I'm going to be happy, minus love!"

Daringly, imprudently, she flung the challenge to fate, little reckoning that fate has ways and means of making the too-daring pay for such a speech!

(To Be Continued)

**Sunday School Lesson**

Third Quarter: Lesson IV: 1 Samuel XVII: 31-37:41-42:48-51, July 24th, 1927.

Golden Text:—Jehovah is the strength of my life whom shall I be afraid. Psalm XXVII:7.

**DAVID AND GOLIATH (The Story)**

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(To Be Continued)

**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.

W. J. P. McMILLAN,  
Pres. Examining Board.  
L. J. YEO,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

7975-7-20-31.

**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.

By order of Committee,  
H. B. DINNIS,  
Secretary.

Marshfield R. R. 3, P. E. I. 8012-7-21-81.

**TENDERS**

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to August 8th, 1927 for supplying Coal to the Protestant Orphanage for the coming year.

Prices quoted will be per ton delivered at Mt. Herbert Station. Approximate quantity 120 tons. Both Stove and Furnace qualities required.

Lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

Particulars as regards Delivery, Etc., address  
IRA M. BROWN,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

158 Prince Street, Charlottetown. 7-20-wmfm.

**FOR SALE**

AT DUNSTAFFNAGE

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

Apply to Owner,  
On Premises.

7814-7-14-tf6sl.

**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. DAVISON, Lt. Col. V.D.R.O. President.

CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut. Col. V.D.R.O. Secretary-Treasurer.

8013-7-21tf.

**BOSTON by Steamer**

INTERNATIONAL LINE

Fare from St. John \$10, from Eastport or Lubec, Me., \$9.

Every Wednesday steamer leaves St. John 9:00 A. M. Atlantic Time, Eastport 1:30 P. M., Lubec 2:30 P. M. Eastern Time, arriving Boston Thursday 10:00 A. M. Daylight Time.

Every Monday, Friday and Saturday steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston.

Leaving St. John 7:00 P. M., Atlantic Time, due Boston next day 2:00 P. M. Daylight Time.

Connections at Boston with direct steamer to New York

Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers

**EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES**

In making apple pies add a few raisins and see how the flavor is improved.

To keep an enameled washing machine looking well, wash the outside with kerosene each week after the washing is done, then wash off with soap suds and dry with a

**A SURVEYOR'S JOB**

Mr. Stout: I've got to get a tailor to measure me for a new suit.

Mr. Thinn: Couldn't a surveyor make a better job of it in your case?

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**GOOD CONNECTIONS**

"Has she any good connections?"

"She's a telephone girl."

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