

Became So Weak Could Hardly Stand

Mrs. Wm. Palmer, Tomahawk, Alta., writes: "Last spring I had a long spell of sickness and became so weak I could hardly stand. I could not sleep at night as the least little noise would wake me up. I tried blood tonics and other nerve pills, but they did me no good, and I was getting worse. I wrote my mother about my condition, and she sent me three boxes of



After the first box I was feeling much better, so I kept on until I had used the three boxes, and now I feel as well as ever I did when I was a young girl." Price 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

GAY'S PLANTS

"The beautiful is as useful as the useful"—Hugo. Flowers have been so much improved of late, that the old time flowers can hardly now be recognized.

Annual Bedding Flower Plants—Aster, Stock, Phlox, Snapdragon, Koochia, Petunia, Verbena, Marigold, Balsam, Sweet Alyssum, Salpiglossis, Cosmos, Zinnia at 25c per dozen, postage prepaid. Seeding Pansy, Salvia, Sweet William, Dianthus or Pinks, Forget-Me-Not 40c dozen postage prepaid. Marguerite Carnation 50c dozen. Pansy and Daisy in bloom (wintered over) 10c each, \$1.00 per doz, by mail add 20c doz, for postage. Double Hollyhocks (choice) 15c each, \$1.50 per doz. Cucumber 30c dozen. Canterbury Bell Digitalis or Fox Glove and Delphinium or Perennial Larkspur, 25c each. These are large one year old plants and too heavy to mail.

Vegetable Plants—Extra early Cabbage, Cauliflower and Celery 20c doz, \$1.30 per 100—by mail \$1.40 per 100. Extra early Tomato 30c doz, mail 35c. Late Cabbage for fall and winter use 30c per 100, 35 cts. by mail. Late Cabbage plants grown outside not ready before 20 June.

Note—Cabbage for fall or winter use will not keep if forced early.

For the convenience of customers visiting our city we have arranged with Carter & Co., Seed Store, 72 and 74 Queen Street and M. Fraser, East end City Market to handle our plants, and they receive them from our gardens fresh daily. We are always pleased to have customers visit our gardens head of Prince Street and personally select plants.

P. S.—Pansy and Carnation have been very much winter killed—order heavy plants by express.

Please do not send orders for less than one dollar and also enclose amount with order—this will lessen our work this heavy season.

J. J. GAY & SON, Box 137, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 5362-5-31-ts-ft.

Department of Public Works Charlottetown, June 6, 1927.

Tenders For Poles For French River Wharf Road

Sealed Tenders will be received at this office until noon on Monday, June 20th, for the supplying and delivering of 60 cords of poles, 16ft. long, not less than 4 ins. at small end, at French River on or before July 30th next.

Parties may tender for the whole or any portion of same. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for poles for French River Road." For further particulars apply at this office.

L. B. McMILLAN, Secretary of Public Works, 6040-thusatu.

EYES TESTED

Glasses fitted by scientific methods.

E. W. TAYLOR AND J. S. TAYLOR

Registered Optometrists 142 Richmond Street

SMILES



SHE WOULD BE, NO DOUBT "I don't think you ought to go out in such a dress. I'd think I was making an awful show of myself if I did."



"Yes, it runs in the best families." "What does?" "A silk stocking."



HAD SERVED THE PUBLIC "You stated he had served the public for many years. When has he ever held office?" "Never—he's been head waiter in a swell hash house, you know."



SHE'D BE MUMMY, SURE "Wonder what the ancient Egyptian child called his mother?" "Who knows? But if he were alive today he'd call her mummy don't you think?"



GOT HER NEGATIVE "How did you come out when you proposed to the lady photographer?" "Got her negative, that's all."



GASSED "I hear the goof who has been going with that talkative Miss Gabb is quite sick." "Yes; the doctor says he's showing the effects of having been gassed."

Advertisement for BOVRIL omelette mix, featuring a picture of the product and text: "A NEW OMELETTE Add a Teaspoonful of Bovril to every two eggs. Mix in usual way. BOVRIL Makes Them Delicious"

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

(Continued)

CHAPTER LI

Billy did not see T. Q. Curtis again until just before dinner time that night. When, on descending the staircase, she saw him in the front hall, in low-voiced conversation with his lawyer, Presley Warburton. The lawyer nodded to her grimly, but T. Q. greeted her with his usual grave courtesy.

Dinner was a painful ceremony that night. Nyda was still very pale and subdued; Winnie, who had returned from her father's bedside with encouraging news as to his condition, had been told of the robbery by Mrs. Meadows, and talked a bit at not being allowed to talk of the exciting event.

Just before dessert was served, Sawyers brought Billy a telegram, which she tore open with trembling fingers.

"Off for Chicago. Don't worry. Will wire developments. Courage, Clay." It was the laconic message, but it was enough to make her heart beat fast with excitement and hope.

She offered no explanation of the telegram, and T. Q., though he had studied her face keenly as she read the message, asked for none.

When the meal was over, Winnie skipped to the old man's side, and, linking her arm in his and cuddling her cheek against the sleeve of his dinner coat, asked coaxingly:

"Aren't you going to have a private detective to work on the robbery, Daddy Curtis? It's just an awful shame to lose all those lovely presents you gave us."

T. Q.'s smile was a little sardonic as he answered: "To tell you the truth, my dear, I hadn't realized until you spoke what the loss would mean to you girls. Let's leave it at this—if I don't recover"

T. Q.'s breast rose on a great sigh, but the sternness of his

5 Years' Catarrh Ended In One Week

Tells of Quick Relief

"I can help every sufferer from Catarrh who follows my advice," writes Lucien E. Webbe from Woodstock. "Five years of Catarrh and Bronchitis enabled me to say the only remedy that ever helped me was Catarrhose. My throat was always sore, I coughed continually, I had a bad-smelling discharge in my nostrils. By using a Catarrhose Inhaler, I have ended all my troubles. My hearing is better, my throat is strong again, and I feel like a new being. I recommend all Catarrh sufferers to use Catarrhose."

Catarrhose is a certain remedy for Catarrh. It drives it completely from the system. No drugs to take—just a healing vapor to breathe through Catarrhose Inhaler. The Dollar size is guaranteed. Also 50c size. Sold by all dealers.

close to him and, raising her chin slightly, gazed upward with candid clear eyes, which did not flinch at the sad question she read in his. For the third time in their acquaintance Billy Wells felt as if she were looking at the naked soul of Thomas Quinn Curtis.

"Mr. Curtis," she began gently, after that searching gaze had held her unblinkingly for a long minute, "I want you to try to believe that I didn't do this thing. I left the house today without your permission, and I think I started something that will result in the clearing up of the mystery. I can't tell you what I suspect, for I'm wrong, I would seriously injure someone. If I am right, you are going to be hurt—dreadfully hurt—when the truth comes out. I don't see how you can be spared. I'm sorry—so awfully sorry for all the unhappiness and pain which have come to you this last year."

T. Q.'s breast rose on a great sigh, but the sternness of his

Sunday paper, when Sawyers threw a bomb into the quiet dining room:

"Mr. Clay Curtis is calling, sir." T. Q. sprang to his feet, incredulous joy succeeding blank amazement on his stera old face.

"You say—my son—is here, Sawyers?"

"I've shown him into the library, sir. He has a—a young man with him, sir." Sawyers coughed, as T. Q. was plunging out of the room. "He also asked to see Miss Nyda and Miss Billy, sir."

Billy glanced swiftly at Nyda. The beautiful face went suddenly white.

T. Q. Curtis came slowly back to the table, his keen narrowed eyes studying Nyda's betraying face. "I don't know what my son wants, Nyda, but—we'd better join him. Will you take my arm?"

But Nyda shook her head as she stumbled to her feet. Seeing that she was in a dazed condition, T. Q. grasped her arm, and, half supporting her, led her from the dining room across the great reception hall and into the library. Billy followed, feeling sick with dread.

"Hello, Dad. Would you mind closing the door? I don't want my friend here to leave unceremoniously. Sit down, Banning!" Clay turned from a quick handshake with his father to bark the order to the sullen-faced man who subsided into a chair in the middle of the room.

"I'm glad to see you, son, but—I'm afraid I don't understand," T. Q. began ceremoniously.

Nyda had halted at the door, and Billy, afraid that she would try to escape, and almost hoping that she could do so, took her place by the stricken girl's side.

"You will pretty soon, Dad. Sorry, but will you stand aside? Do you recognize this man, Nyda?" His left hand fell heavily upon Banning's shoulder, but his right hand did not leave his pocket, which bulged with hideous suggestiveness.

Nyda passed her tongue over her dry, open lips, nodded and finally spoke in a gasp. "It's—it's Eddie Banning. I—I used to know him—"

"Used to know me, you damned double-crosser!" Banning shouted, his face livid with hatred. "Looka here—"

"Look here yourself, Banning!" Clay sprang forward to grasp the raging man by the arm, while the bulge in his pocket protruded into Banning's ribs. "Sit down now, and stay there." He forced him into a chair, then, with the concealed pistol still pointing through his pocket, addressed his father.

"Billy came to me the other day, Dad, and told me you thought she'd stolen a lot of stuff out of your safe. You ought to have known better than that, Dad. She told me a lot of suspicious things about Nyda and Eddie Banning, things she'd been too honorable to run to you about, but which pointed to some close connection between Nyda and this scoundrel here. She couldn't tell you, even when you accused her of the theft—"

"I didn't accuse her, son," T. Q. protested, passing a shaking hand over his bewildered eyes. "She could not satisfactorily explain her actions of that night—"

"She shouldn't have told!" Clay retorted hotly. "She's not a child, to be held accountable to you or anyone else. But she admitted to me that things looked black against her. At any rate, I got on Banning's trail in short order, though he'd light out for Chicago and he did—and I found him there, trying to pawn the stuff. He'd pawned two or three things here and there—but the rest he still had on him when I caught up with him. No use going into the story of just how I did it. I told him Nyda had confessed to her part in the robbery—that she'd admitted letting him into the house and out again."

and had given him the combination of the safe—

"It's a lie, Eddie! It's a lie!" Nyda screamed. "Oh, he'll kill me now, he'll kill me!"

"You're damned right I will!" Banning struggled to free himself from Clay's grasp. "A fine wife you are, squealing on your own husband! But you'll go to jail with me!"

"His wife!" Billy's sharp cry of amazement shattered the sudden silence in the room, just before Nyda, Lomax Banning crumpled to the door in a faint.

(To Be Continued)



Betty Buzz stars in screen comedy

FLIES—destroyers of comfort and health! Kill them at once, with Flit.

Flit spray clears the house in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies, mosquitoes, bed bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. It searches out the cracks where insects hide and breed, destroying their eggs.

Flit kills moths and their larvae which eat holes. It will save your clothing, furs and rugs. Clean and easy to use. Will not stain.

Flit is the result of exhaustive laboratory research. It has replaced old ineffective methods. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Recommended by Health Officials. Buy Flit and Flit sprayer today. For sale everywhere.

Distributed in Canada by Fred J. Whitlow & Co., Limited, Toronto

Advertisement for FLIT insecticide, featuring a large illustration of the product and text: "FLIT DESTROYS Flies Mosquitoes Moths Ants Bed Bugs Roaches"

Table listing radio programs for Tuesday, June 14, including WJZ (454) New York, WJZ (454) New York, and WLW (428) Cincinnati.

Table listing dance orchestras including WHK (265) Cleveland, Ritz, and WJZ (454) New York, Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra.



Billy glanced swiftly at Nyda, whose face went suddenly white.

way, "I'll make your loss good."

"Oh, Daddy Curtis, darling!" Winnie cried remorsefully. "I didn't mean that! You know I didn't! But you always were the most generous dear in the world."

"I have every hope, however, that the things will be returned," T. Q. said distinctly, and Billy was sure that his eyes flicked an appeal to her.

"He thinks I'll confess and return the miserable stuff," Billy told herself, as she hurried from the room. She was profoundly grateful for the fact that she had an engagement for the evening with Bruce Kruger, Constance Bradley and Constance's latest young man.

When she returned at midnight Sawyers met her in the hall and told her that T. Q. wanted to speak with her in the library.

She found the old man slumped in his chair. But when she entered he pulled himself up.

"Come in, my dear. I hope you have had a pleasant evening. I wanted to look into your eyes before you went to bed."

She understood. She came quite face had relaxed noticeably.

"Thank you, Billy." The tears that wet her pillow that night were shed for T. Q. Curtis—not for herself.

It was almost exactly forty-eight hours after the robbery had been committed when Billy received her second telegram from Clay Curtis. It was as brief as the first: "Driving from Chicago. Arrive about nine tomorrow morning. O. K. Clay."

"I wish he wouldn't be quite so economical," Billy laughed, as she tucked the precious yellow slip of paper under her pillow. "I'd like to know just what he means by 'O. K.'"

Fortunately the next day was Sunday. There was little danger that Nyda or T. Q. would leave the house before nine o'clock, the Sunday breakfast hour.

Billy was in such a state of nervous excitement that she could not eat, a fact which Nyda, Winnie and T. Q. seemed to note, each with different emotions. They were still sitting around the breakfast table, each with a different section of the

Advertisement for CUTICURA skin cream, featuring text: "VERY HARD LARGE PIMPLES Spread Over Face and Hands. Cuticura Heals."

Advertisement for Cafe Parlor Car Service Saint John, featuring text: "Cafe Parlor Car Service Saint John - Charlottetown"

THE BEDTIME STRIP



Advertisement for The Rogers Hardware Company, featuring a list of garden furniture and lawn care products.