

"Let the Clark Kitchens Help You"

**Enjoyable!**  
so tasty, so well cooked, so nourishing. No wonder Clark's Pork & Beans are so popular.  
Sold Every Where.

**CLARK'S**  
Pork & Beans

W. Clark Limited Montreal

**SMILES**

SUPPOSE I HAD AN REACHED THE BASE BEFORE THE THIRD BASEMAN CAUGHT THE BALL. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY I WAS?

IF I SAY YOU WERE A MATCH SAFE!

**DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS**  
BY ANNE AUSTIN

CHAPTER XXXV

Billy stood on tiptoe and spoke into Ralph Truman's ear. "Leave me alone a bit with Clay, please, Ralph. I have something important to say to him."

She stood behind Clay, when Ralph had obligingly wandered away, wondering how to attract his attention without startling him. Ralph, watching her at a distance, sensed her problem and gave an order that caused the machinery on that side of the building to stop functioning abruptly.

Clay Curtis straightened his bent body and stared at him in slow bewilderment. Then he turned, as if to go to investigate the trouble and almost knocked Billy off her feet.

Blank amazement was followed by a flash of joy in his black eyes. "Billy!"

"I came to see you," she told him. "You look so ill, dear, so—so torn with the noise." She had never called him "dear" before, and scarcely realized now that she had done so.

"It's driving me crazy," he told her, drawing a shuddering breath. "Noise, noise, clamor, bedlam, eight hours a day. I hear the damned machines in my sleep, can't hear anything else. I'm losing my mind—can't write or play—but—" he brought himself up with a jerk—"how are you, Billy? We don't see much of you any more. Happy?"

"My, how polite we are!" she laughed at him, with a trace of her old impudence. "Don't I look happy?"

"No," he told her bluntly. "You look as if you're burning up inside with fever. And you've lost a lot of weight. Circles under your eyes, too, and your mouth looks tighter and older."

"Heavens, what a wreck I must be!" she challenged him, but there was a break in her determinedly gay voice. "But I don't come here to talk about me, Clay. I want to talk about you. Let's hurry, before these machines start roaring again. Look about you quick, Clay—" She spread her arm to indicate the men who stood before their machines, contented, waiting placidly for the machinery to start up again. "They don't look like nervous wrecks, as you do. And I've found out the secret. It's ashamed of you—a musician!—for having worked here so long without having found it out for yourself. When the current goes on again, I want you to listen, dear, and see if you here

**THE GARDENS BEST**

Selected pluckings from the Tea Gardens of India and Ceylon, blended with skill bring richness and flavor to your tea cup. Ask your grocer.

You'll enjoy every delicious drop.

**KING COLE Tea**

his face. When she had watched him before, she had flinched in sympathy with his nerves as his hands had flinched at their task—his piano fingers tearing and hating the steel teeth that bit so savagely into the strips of metal which he fed to them. She had known what he was feeling that those relentless, blind teeth would seize his fingers, snap them off, so that he could never play again.

She saw that he was listening, incredulously at first, then with dawning wonder. His eyes grew soft and wide with an almost childish delight, the muscles of his chin, grease-marked face gradually stopped twitching, his hand lost its fearfulness; almost mechanically, as if he had lost his horror of the thing, he guided the strip of steel into the jaws that opened and closed rhythmically to receive it.

"You're right!" he told her with his lips, though she could not hear the words above the roar of the machinery.

Ralph Truman joined them then, and Billy left Clay to his work, smiling upon him with such lingering tenderness that Truman could not help noticing it. He was less eager more silent, as he conducted her through the numerous other buildings of the factory.

"Fred now, Billy?" he asked solicitously, after she had looked on in naive wonder at the assembling of an automobile engine in the great assembling plant of the factory.

"Oh, gladly," she smiled at him. "In such a model factory I'm sure you have afternoon tea. And I'm starved."

"That shall be the next revolutionary innovation in the Truman automobile works," Ralph assured her gaily. "As a reward for the bright idea, you shall have your tea now. If I have to make it myself. This is the cafeteria, where

**MONDAY'S MOTOR MESSAGE**

The Seventh Message—

**"You can 'D'pend on Dunlop."**

Start the week—and your car—right. Use

**Dunlop Balloon Tires**

**Coff's Bargains**

When we offer bargains they are the kind that cannot be equalled.

We have every reason to be proud of our Bargain Department, and this ad is a special invitation to everyone to call and examine our fifteen thousand dollars worth of reduced goods, most of which is cut in half and much in being sold for less.

Men's tan calf boots, double sewn, Goodyear welt, latest American last. Worth \$6.50 for \$2.98.

Men's brown calf with wide recede toe \$2.98

The regular \$5.00 high toe black or brown boot for \$3.98

Men's black calf boots, worth \$6.00 for \$3.00

Men's brown brogue oxfords, \$5.00 for \$4.50

Men's heavy solid leather plow boots, \$3.50 for \$2.75 (in size 6 and 7 only.)

Youths black split boots \$1.50

Boy's fine black calf \$3.75 for \$2.50

Women's patent straps \$3.75 for \$2.50

Women's oxfords \$2.50

Women's kid cushion sole \$2.50

500 pairs infants 3 to 7 kid button boots, \$1.40 for 98c (real kid and not made from scraps of sheepskins.)

These are all new up to date stock of a wholesale firm that has gone out of business.

Women's silk holeproof hose in black, brown and navy only. Former price \$1.50 now 2 pairs for \$1.00

Also in our regular stock will be found the latest goods at lowest prices in ladies straps and stepins.

We have in beautiful colors \$5.00, Alligator for \$3.98. Pastel, Parchment, Stone and other fashionable colors. Plain or with reptile trim \$2.98 to \$7.50

Prettiest silver or gold clippers at very reasonable prices for such classy goods.

Everybody knows that we are headquarters for Satins and we are receiving new patterns every few days. See the new "Smart Steps" have arrived today at \$6.00. Also the "Swanky" a new smart-step strap of pastel parchment calf and bronze patent and the nicest thing we have seen this Spring for \$6.00

Newest shades in hose to match.

We would also direct attention to our wonderful lines of men's heavy farm boots, including Valentines Military Amherst Brown, Bal. Cote's heavy wax leather plow bal. (special at \$3.00.) Wry standard whole stock. Sisman's grain or split, Palmer's shoe packs and Samson's whole quarter shoe packs.

**GOFF BROS. LIMITED.**

**HAUGHTY JANITOR**

Hubby: So you think the janitor haughty and don't like him?  
Wife: When I open the door I don't like the way he sweeps in.

**LIKED ANYTHING**

"What's that girl like you go out with so much?"  
"Almost anything you'll give her to eat."

**WHERE WOULD HE JUMP TO**

He (about to leave city): This will be my last spring in your town.  
She: Where are you going to jump to now?

He: The status of women is certainly changed.  
She: How?  
He: Men used to burn the witches, and now the witches burn us up.

**OPERATION LEFT HER VERY WEAK**

Letter Tells of Wonderful Relief After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Coniston, Ontario.—"After a severe operation and a three weeks' stay in a hospital I returned home so weak that I was unable to move a chair. For four months I was almost frantic with pains and suffering until I thought sure there could not be any help for me. I had very severe pains in my left side and suffered agony every month. One day when I was not able to get up my mother begged me to try your medicine. My husband got me a bottle of Vegetable Compound and I took it. I started a second bottle, and to my surprise and joy the pains in my side left me completely and I am able to do all my work without help. I am a farmer's wife, so you see I can't be idle long. In all, I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of the Compound Tablets, two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and have also used the Sanative Wash."—Mrs. L. LAJUNESSE, Box 103, Coniston, Ontario.

**THE BEDTIME STRIP**

JOE JIMMY, COME OUT QUICK

SOMETHING TO EAT?

WHAT IS IT?

I THINK IT'S SMOKE

THAT'S NOTHIN' MAYBE THEY'RE COOKING MAPLE SUGAR

I'M AFRAID IT'S THE FOREST ON FIRE

THAT'S THE WORST PLACE WE COULD GO I WISH YOUR FATHER WAS HERE

LET'S GET INTO THE CAVE

what I heard—  
"Infernal noise—trying to tear every nerve out of my body!" Clay answered her with passionate anger. "That's what I hear, have heard every day for weeks—"  
"Don't coddle yourself so!" She stamped her foot at him, but her eyes were tender with sympathy. "I hadn't been in here ten minutes before I heard something wonderful, something tremendous—a great symphony of sounds, overtones and undertones of real music, played on a Titan's orchestra—or Vulcan's"  
"A symphony?" His lips twisted angrily over the word. "If you had

to work in this madhouse—"  
"But these other men hear it, though they don't put it into words," she insisted earnestly, refusing to be angry with him. "They don't look torn and ravaged and miserable, as you do. They are actually impatient for the machinery to start again. It's the only music that really means anything to most of them. And they're part of it. Part of the tremendous 'Song of Toil' that this old Titan's orchestra is playing for you, and you, you poor boob, aren't musician enough to hear it!"

He stared at her resentfully, but comprehension was dawning slowly in his tired, harassed eyes.

"Look at them!" she commanded him, pointing again to the nearest men who waited for their tasks to begin again. "Watch them when they begin work again. Every movement they make is in rhythm—I watched them before I spoke to you!—every movement in rhythm to the music that is being played by the greatest orchestra I ever heard! The song of toil. Your work is killing you because you fight it, are out of step—" She stopped, breathless, and before she could speak again, the switch was thrown, the great steel instruments of Vulcan's orchestra began to perform again.

Clay turned back to his task. His job was to feed strips of thin steel to the teeth of a machine which bit out pieces of it, and spat them into an endless, running carrier. She moved so that she could see

**Guelph Lady Testifies On Marvel Pain Remedy**

Suffered Excruciating Pains In the Face—Found No Relief  
Nerviline Made Her Well

GUELPH, Ap. 18.—Mrs. E. J. Barker, of 120 Alice street, of this city, wants every one to know what she was saved in suffering by Nerviline. "I suffered dreadfully with pains all over my face. It was neuralgia. In places my face was badly swollen. A lady told me of the pain-subduing power of Nerviline, and I used it with instant effect. The swelling was reduced—the pain went away, and now I am well. For any pain, swelling or for bad colds or rheumatism, I can strongly recommend Nerviline."—Mrs. E. J. Barker.

It is because Nerviline is five times stronger than ordinary liniment that it relieves pain so quickly. Sold in 35c bottles by all dealers.

**The Bankers Amalgamated Silver Black Fox Company, Ltd. and The Voluntary Winding Up Act.**

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting of the shareholders of The Bankers Amalgamated Silver Black Fox Company, Limited will be held in MacLeod and Bentley's Office in Charlottetown on Thursday the ninth day of June 1927 at the hour of 8 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of passing up on a proposed compromise and settlement of certain claims by and against the Company, and of receiving and passing upon the Liquidators accounts, and to give directions for the distribution of this Company's assets and the final winding up of its affairs.

Dated this twentieth day of May, 1927.

R. E. SPILLET, Liquidator

employees are served at actual cost. Oh, Angie!" he raised his voice and shouted as he led Billy into a great, pleasant room, comfortably filled with small white-topped tables.

"Yes, Mr. Ralph!" A middle-aged



"You look so ill, dear, so torn, with the noise."

to work in this madhouse—"  
"But these other men hear it, though they don't put it into words," she insisted earnestly, refusing to be angry with him. "They don't look torn and ravaged and miserable, as you do. They are actually impatient for the machinery to start again. It's the only music that really means anything to most of them. And they're part of it. Part of the tremendous 'Song of Toil' that this old Titan's orchestra is playing for you, and you, you poor boob, aren't musician enough to hear it!"

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**Handiest thing in the house**

**Vaseline**

TO MAKE BABY COMFY

Use "Vaseline" Jelly for chafing, diaper rash, scalp irritation, cradle cap. Soothing, healing, absolutely pure. Keep a special tube for baby.

Look for the Trade Mark "Vaseline" It is your protection.

Cheesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd 5520 Chabot Avenue MONTREAL

**Vaseline**

TRADE MARK PETROLEUM JELLY

woman hurried from the kitchen, smoothing her starched white apron. "Tea, sir? Would the little lady like cinnamon toast or French toast? And I've just been whipping some cream. Hot chocolate with whipped cream would be nice, sir."

"It would!" Billy laughed. "Cinnamon toast, please. With oodles of secret is out, Ralph." She lowered her voice to a mocking whisper as Truman settled into a chair opposite her. "You keep Angie—doesn't the name suit her to a T?—just to pamper your lady friends whom you proudly conduct through the 'works'."

"I'll fire Angie for giving me away!" He pretended to be angry. "But I'm delighted that you're hungry."

Billy laughed wholeheartedly, and was surprised at the sound. She had not laughed with genuine enjoyment for weeks. It was odd that she and Dal so seldom laughed. With him she was tense, keyed to a terrific emotional pitch, either abysmally tragic or feverishly ecstatic—never just plain happy, in the comfortable, ordinary sense of the word.

When the crisp, hot toast and the steaming chocolate came, Ralph watched her eat, his eyes filled with a tenderness and anxiety that would have startled her out of her precious hunger if she had caught the expression.

"There—that ought to 'flesh me up' quite a bit, as mother says."

Billy sighed contentedly, when she had finished her third piece of cinnamon toast, and her second cup of chocolate.

"Now I can talk to you," Ralph Truman lit a cigarette and studied the glowing tip of it for a long minute before he went on, "Billy, sweet child, tell me something, and tell me true—are you seriously in love with Dalhart Romaine?"

"Go on—pull it," he told her grimly. "How dare you, sir?"

"You forget yourself, sir!"

"Well, you do forget yourself, Ralph Truman. Just because you've fed me when I was starving and showed me the family winegar winks—" She was striving to be flippant, but her lips trembled.

"I know," he said gently. "But Billy, Billy, don't you realize, child, that your happiness means an awful lot to me—and to others? A good many of your friends have been watching you anxiously and lovingly, and we're afraid for you, honest, pretty scared."

"Have I—been making such an obvious fool of myself?" she gulped, sinking into a defeated little heap in her chair, all the fight gone out of her.

"You have! I tried to warn you, but you wouldn't listen. You were the infant who could take such becoming good care of itself, you know. Billy, did you know—has he told you—that Dal Romaine tried to marry my sister, Annette?"

"No," she whispered. "I knew that Annette—that she—"

"Exactly! Any dumbbell could see that Annette was nuts about him. You can't exactly blame the rotter for trying to marry the Truman millions, especially when Annette flung herself at him, as she did. Dal simply put his foot down, or rather, figuratively speaking, on the seat of the impeccable Romaine trousers, and booted him out of the house with the information that he'd disinherit Annette if she married him. Now—what I can't figure out is, if he needs money, as he evidently does, why he is playing both you and Winnie Shelton—"

But Billy Wells could stand no more. She sprang to her feet, upsetting her chair, and ran zigzagged among the tables to the door. (To Be Continued.)

Blinded by her passion for Romaine, Billy does something that

**P. E. I. Hospital Annual Meeting**

The Annual Meeting of the P.E.I. Provincial Rifle Association will be held in the Parlor of The Y.M.C.A. Friday, 27th May at the hour of 7.30 P. M.

F. S. MOORE, Colonel, President.  
CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut. Col., Secretary Treasurer.

5704-5-23-41.

**A Fire Extinguisher Free**

With every Suit order brought in before June 2nd. Made any style, fit guaranteed and dollars saved. Rain coats any style, made to measure.

**S. F. TARBUSH**  
172 PRINCE STREET

turns Clay Curtis' love to disgust. Read the next chapter.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY  
To Mrs. J. D. Matteson.  
We, the members of Stanchel Women's Institute, wish to convey to you our sincere sympathy in the death of your loving father. Words of ours seem inadequate at such a time. But there is one who is ever ready to comfort the sorrowing and we would commend you to Him, and would ask you to put your trust in Him, knowing that

**NOTICE**

Shareholders of The Spring Park Black Fox Co. on surrender of their certificate of stock held by them in the above Company will receive a winding up dividend of four per cent. Owing to our losing through fire our Stock Book, any one knowing the names and addresses of shareholders outside the province, please advise the undersigned.

R. E. SPILLET, Secretary

5548-5-16-mw731.

He will sustain you in your hour of sorrow.  
Again assuring you of our heartfelt sympathy.  
We remain on behalf of Stanchel Women's Institute.

MRS. J. R. WHITE  
MRS. NEIL CAMERON  
MRS. SADIE BUCHANAN

**tune in on health**

**Neilson's JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE**

the best milk chocolate made  
5¢ 10¢ & 25¢ sizes

—By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE