



Lumbago Backache
Quick relief comes as congestion goes

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
At all Druggists 125

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 3 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of passing upon 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. SPILLETT, Liquidator
May 21-28 June 4-8

NOTICE

We the undersigned Blacksmiths of Charlottetown, agree to close Wednesday afternoon commencing June 8th for summer months.

PROUDE & MORESIDE
GALLANT BROS.
P. J. SENTNER
H. E. FORD
R. G. ACORN
H. SNOWIE

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SAILINGS

FROM MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

June 10 July 5	Minnesota
June 17 July 12	Montrose
June 24 July 19	Montclair
June 31 July 26	Montclair

TO BELFAST-GLASGOW

June 9 July 7	Metagama
June 16 July 14	Melita

TO CHEERBOURG-SOUTHAMPTON-ANTWERP

June 15 July 13	Montclair
June 22 July 20	Montclair

TO CHEERBOURG-SOUTHAMPTON-HAMBURG

June 8 June 29	Empress of France
June 15 July 6	Empress of Scotland
June 22 July 13	Empress of Australia

TO CHEERBOURG-SOUTHAMPTON ONLY

Apply Local Agents
G. BRUCE BURPEE
Dist. Pass. Agent
40 King Street
Saint John, N.B.

BOSTON
by Steamer

INTERNATIONAL LINE

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

Every Wednesday steamer leaves St. John 9:30 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 Saturday steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston.

Leaving St. John 7:00 P.M., Atlantic Time, due Boston Sunday 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

SMILES




TRICKY CHAP

"I shouldn't think of marrying such a tricky chap."
"And why, if you please?"
"Don't you know he's a magician, dear?"




THEY STRIKE YOU FIRST

"The car ferder should be of more artistic design. It's so prominent in front."
"Yes, when you are in front of it you are struck by it first."



She: Mother says I'm a model girl.
He: Yes, but it's all a pose.



PRESENTED AT COURT

"He says he's been presented at court."
"Oh, say he has—twice for embezzlement and forgery once."



HER ONLY EVIDENCE

"Agnes, so you think crabs are healthy?"
"Well Stella, I never heard any of them complain of being sick."

Corns disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Remover without leaving a scar.

INSECT BITES

Minard's takes the itch out of mosquito and fly bites. Draws the poison.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

For PSORIASIS

Take Our Herbal Remedies (Book on Skin Diseases. New Treatises on Chronic Diseases by Herbal Remedies. Pamphlets on Loss of Manhood and diseases of men. Booklet on Female Iles and advice free by mail, 30 years' experience. Without criticizing or disparaging your doctors write us before losing hope.) Treatment by mail our specialty.

English Herbal Dispensary Limited
1359 Davie, Vancouver, B. C.
Canada's Oldest Herbal Institute

"Golden Aubrey"

Carriage Stallion, Sired by Captain Aubrey 2.07 1/4, will stand at owner's stable for season of 1927.

J. M. LADNER,
St. Peter's, P. E. I.

6009-6-8-Wed Sat 71.

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS
BY ANNE AUSTIN
CHAPTER XLVI

The enchantment of that black-draped room quickly had its way with Billy Wells. The deep voice of the Hindu, speaking English with a suave Oxford accent, droned on and on, lulling to sleep the last protest of her sturdy American skepticism.

"I see you—child of destiny—on the eve of a great adventure. I see you surrounded by enemies, who ceaselessly plot against you. The figures grow clearer—a woman with hair like midnight and a heart as black as another woman, with hair like moonlight, and blue eyes as cold and cruel as her small, scheming soul—"
Billy's cold fingers gripped the velvet-covered edge of the table.
"But I see you triumphing over your enemies. The suave, low voice droned on. "I see riches and power for you—"
"When?" Billy breathed.
"The time is not clear—no, wait—four months, six months at most. I see it clearly now. You will be elevated to a position of great wealth and social power. I see a man, an old man, his hands filled with gifts for you—"
Billy's blood ran cold. How could he possibly know about the secret contest for old T. Q.'s name and fortune?

I see fame and adulation of the multitude for you—billions of hands clapping, clapping, clapping over the cloudy crystal, while Billy crushed her mouth with her knuckles to keep from crying out at him to hurry. "A dark, thin, figure, with the eyes of a mystic. He too is clairvoyant. His soul is the mate of your soul, the halves of two spheres whirling through the centuries to come together now for the fulfillment of a great mission."
"And that mission?" Billy begged him in a low, shaken voice.
The Hindu's eyes brooded, heavy-lidded, over the crystal. Then at last he raised his head and dropped his hands with a gesture of finality. "The vision fades. It will no come again—now!"

He rose from the table, stood immensely tall in his rich, dark robes, then offered his hand to her, with a suddenly human and quite understandable smile on his bronzed-colored, handsome face. He was a man, after all, and he was looking at her as many men had looked before.

She did not wait even to murmur her thanks for the "reading", but ran, like a frightened child.

"Scared the wits out of you, didn't he?" Ralph Truman laughed.
Dal Romaine crossed to her quickly, took her arm with a reassuring pressure of his electric brown-fingers, and led her to a chair beside his own.
"Don't try to talk, dear," he whispered. "You may tell me all about it on the way home."
"No." She shook her head. "I can't tell anyone—ever."
The boy beckoned Nyda with a bony finger, and protesting her unwillingness, she followed him into the presence of Namir Sadh.

Ralph and Dal and Billy were almost silent as they waited, but the eight people who were also waiting talked among themselves, some of them loudly asserting their incredulity while others told, in awed voices, of miraculous revelations.

"I've been here three times," a girl proclaimed loudly. "Why, I wouldn't dream of doing a thing without Namir Sadh's advice. He predicted the very day my husband's sister died, and it was Namir Sadh that told me that my husband was running around with another woman. I'm getting a divorce, all right, but if I want to ask him how much alimony I'm going to get."
Ralph Truman smothered a chuckle of amusement, then became suddenly grave as he leaned forward to whisper to Dal and Billy:

"I'm convinced this bird has an accomplice who has an entree into the very highest circles of society in Gotham. He's only been here two months, but I'll bet he's cleared up a fortune. It's like this all the time—from early morning till late at night. The old boy won't give me a reading any more. He knows I'm wise to his graft, and he's psychic enough to dope it out that I'll have him run out of town if I can get the goods on him and his accomplice, and by George—"
Nyda's dramatic entrance interrupted his threat. She had flung open the door and now she stood leaning against it, her full bosom

rising and falling with spasms of fear.
"The dirty liar!" she panted in a loud, harsh voice.
"Let's get out of here!" Ralph Truman sprang to his feet and took Nyda's arm and led her forcibly from the room.
"What did he tell you, Nyda?" Ralph demanded, when the four of them were in his car, homeward bound. "You can help to run him out of town if you'll tell us frankly what he said to you—"
"I won't tell!" Nyda cried, then began to sob wildly.
Then I suppose there was just enough truth in what he told you to make you scared to death of him," Ralph flung out at her grimly.
"That's why we can't get anything on him. If I knew what he really said to you, I'd have a clue as to where he goes, his information, will you tell, Billy?"
"No!" She set her lips stubbornly. Dal's hand tightened on hers. "Did he hint at secrets which you thought no one else in the world but you yourself knew?"
Ralph persisted, his gay friendliness lost on his righteous indignation.
"I don't want to talk about it, and neither does Nyda," Billy cried out then. "Please, Ralph!"
"Well, how about you, Romaine? Are you with me? You haven't let this cheap faker rope you in, have you?"
Dal Romaine's white teeth flashed in a smile, but Billy, watching him, saw that his eyes were amber, brooding. "I'm afraid I can't speak with authority on this particular clairvoyant. Truman, but it happens that I have had experience with mystics in the east—India, to be exact—and I have seen far stranger things than you, with your practical, middle-western mind, could possibly dream of. I have been a student of the occult for many years, you know. But as for Namir Sadh—" He shrugged his shoulders as if to dismiss the discussion, or his own part in it.

At midnight Billy Wells stood before the open window of her room, drinking of the crisp October air in an effort to clear the last cloying taint of incense from her lungs. Suddenly she leaned far out of the window, to watch a familiar figure hurrying down the driveway, keeping close to the tall box hedge as if to conceal her movements as much as possible. As Billy watched, a car rolled up to the curb, barely stopped, received its passenger, and glided away. The little drama had been enacted in the silver radiance of a full moon.

"I thought Nyda would have to see Eddie Banning tonight," Billy told herself, as she crept, shivering not with cold but with fear for all of them into her bed. "Whatever Namir Sadh told her concerns Eddie Banning as vitally as it does Nyda."

The next day Dal Romaine took Winnie Shelton to call upon the crystal gazer and when Billy saw her at dinner that evening she realized, with a fresh surge of jealousy, that the Winnie had not been frightened at all, but had been made bubbly happy by the "revelations" of Namir Sadh. And no one knew better than Billy that the only prediction which could bring that look of luminous joy to Winnie's shallow blue eyes was the prophecy that she was to marry a man whose description fitted Dal Romaine.

For many days Ralph Truman did not come to the Curds house. Dal himself seemed to be extraordinarily busy and preoccupied, and Billy was surprised to find how relieved she was that he did not press her to confide the details of Namir Sadh's "reading."

One Saturday late in October (Winnie the girls' personal maid, through her a note, which the girl said, had been delivered by messenger. Before she opened it, even before she saw the tiny, printed characters on the envelope, Billy knew, by the sick plunge of her heart, that it was from Dal, and that, it brought bad news.

"Mignon, beloved: "I am called away. I cannot even see you before I leave. I do not know when I shall be back, but I tell you where it shall be, for the business that calls me away will take me to a number of cities. I shall write, of course, and you must not worry.

BABIES CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

Prepared Especially for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over forty years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The genuine bears signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE BEDTIME STRIP



I'M GETTING ANWFUL TIRED! I WISH THAT DOG WOULD GO AWAY

THERE'S MY MASTER, MAYBE IF I BARK HE'LL COME AND HELP ME

I KNOW A WAY TO GET HIM DOWN. YOU STAY HERE, SPOT, AND WATCH HIM TILL I GET BACK

WOOF-WOOF! (MEANING "YES")

OOH! BUT I'M SCARED. I WONDER IF HE CAN GET THIS TREE DOWN

GR-R-R-UFF!

WATCH NOW, SPOT! I'LL GET HIM FOR YOU

REGAL FLOUR

Here where the World's Finest Wheat is Grown

Makes Beautiful Loaves of Bread

the best, the choicest, of Canadian hard wheat is where the millers of REGAL FLOUR obtain their supply. But they don't simply accept that particular quality of wheat which will assure REGAL standards. Such selections are determined by laboratory and actual baking tests.

Rector and Bride Heartily Welcomed

The Hall at Port Hill was the scene of a very interesting event on Saturday evening, May 28th, despite the disagreeable weather, when many of the residents of Port Hill and Ellerslie assembled to tender their warmest congratulations to the Rev. H. R. Coleman, B. A., who has returned from his holidays, accompanied by his bride, Mrs. Coleman was married in Toronto, and after an extensive trip through Eastern Canada, spent two weeks with his people in St. John, N. B. At 8 o'clock, Mr. J. L. Maynard, church-warden and chairman for the evening, made a few opening remarks, (fitting to the occasion, and called upon Mrs. R. R. Ings, Mrs. Percy Birch and the Misses D. and K. Williams for musical selections. Following which Mr. Geo. Walsh welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Coleman on behalf of the people of Ellerslie. The bride and groom were then called to the platform, which was handsomely decorated with streamers and flowers, when Mr. W. J. Dennis, church warden, read an address and presented a well filled purse to the bride and groom on behalf of the congregations of Ellerslie and Port Hill. At this juncture the late Misses Marjorie Newsome and Marjorie Maynard presented Mrs. Coleman with an exquisite silver bouquet of carnations. The address was as follows:

To the Rev. and Mrs. Coleman:
The members of your congregation and your friends, have met here this evening to bid you a welcome to our congregational, community and social life, and to tender you our best wishes, and to thank you for the work here, with all the optimism and hopefulness of youth. Your vision has been broad and one of uplift and improvement. Your energies have not been confined to your pulpit. Your influence has been felt in our community and social life. And, now, again, you take up your allotted task with a partner by your side we wish you well.

The work of the Christian minister is neither easy nor simple. It has to deal with life—its joys and its sorrows—its emotions and its stern realities. Life is complex and many sided and the task is to meet it and touch it on every side. The earnest of what you have already done, makes us very hopeful for the future. For this work you have the highest ideal, that of the Son of Man, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. And if any man needs an ideal it is surely the Pastor, whose profession is the highest and the greatest.

We ask you now to accept these gifts and our warmest congratulations, dear heart. I beg of you to trust me, to hold me fast in your heart, and to hold you fast in mine. For the sake of all our future happiness, do not let anything come between us while I am gone. I cannot say any more now, except—I love you, and leaving you like this is almost worse than death. Dal"

The next morning when she went down to the late Sunday breakfast heavy-eyed with lack of sleep, she found Nyda and Winnie at the table, the brunet and blond heads bent over a newspaper, uttering excited exclamations of astonishment and incredulity, and, on the part of Nyda, a fierce exultation.

"Who's eloped or got a divorce?" Billy demanded.
"Namir Sadh has been exposed and driven out of town!" Nyda exclaimed. "It's all here, about how they got the goods on him and his accomplice—"
(To Be Continued.)
Sadh's accomplice is not named. Billy catches Winnie in a lie—and is deeply worried.

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CANADA

Land of great forests and mountains and streams.
Land of past hopes fulfilled, land of our dreams.
Land famed in poetry, story and song.
Land of the western world, lusty and strong;
Land with a natural wealth second to none.
Land of vast fields of grain, 'neath summer's sun,
Land of broad inland seas, teeming with game.
Land of prosperity we honour your name.

Land where our fathers lived, faith ever true,
Land of the setting sun, we're proud of you,
Land of fruit laden trees, orchards and parks,
Land of tradition still leaving its marks;
Land with dominion from sea unto sea,
Land of past progress and land of the free,
Land with a name known all over the earth,
Land with a future, we value your worth.

Liquid of our fathers, your banners we raise,
Land of our cherished hopes, loud is our praise,
Land that in future will take foremost place,
Land of the maple we're proud of your race.

BY BARNEY HALPIN
Lacombe, Alberta

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The Hall at Port Hill was the scene of a very interesting event on Saturday evening, May 28th, despite the disagreeable weather, when many of the residents of Port Hill and Ellerslie assembled to tender their warmest congratulations to the Rev. H. R. Coleman, B. A., who has returned from his holidays, accompanied by his bride, Mrs. Coleman was married in Toronto, and after an extensive trip through Eastern Canada, spent two weeks with his people in St. John, N. B. At 8 o'clock, Mr. J. L. Maynard, church-warden and chairman for the evening, made a few opening remarks, (fitting to the occasion, and called upon Mrs. R. R. Ings, Mrs. Percy Birch and the Misses D. and K. Williams for musical selections. Following which Mr. Geo. Walsh welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Coleman on behalf of the people of Ellerslie. The bride and groom were then called to the platform, which was handsomely decorated with streamers and flowers, when Mr. W. J. Dennis, church warden, read an address and presented a well filled purse to the bride and groom on behalf of the congregations of Ellerslie and Port Hill. At this juncture the late Misses Marjorie Newsome and Marjorie Maynard presented Mrs. Coleman with an exquisite silver bouquet of carnations. The address was as follows:

To the Rev. and Mrs. Coleman:
The members of your congregation and your friends, have met here this evening to bid you a welcome to our congregational, community and social life, and to tender you our best wishes, and to thank you for the work here, with all the optimism and hopefulness of youth. Your vision has been broad and one of uplift and improvement. Your energies have not been confined to your pulpit. Your influence has been felt in our community and social life. And, now, again, you take up your allotted task with a partner by your side we wish you well.

The work of the Christian minister is neither easy nor simple. It has to deal with life—its joys and its sorrows—its emotions and its stern realities. Life is complex and many sided and the task is to meet it and touch it on every side. The earnest of what you have already done, makes us very hopeful for the future. For this work you have the highest ideal, that of the Son of Man, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. And if any man needs an ideal it is surely the Pastor, whose profession is the highest and the greatest.

We ask you now to accept these gifts and our warmest congratulations, dear heart. I beg of you to trust me, to hold me fast in your heart, and to hold you fast in mine. For the sake of all our future happiness, do not let anything come between us while I am gone. I cannot say any more now, except—I love you, and leaving you like this is almost worse than death. Dal"

The next morning when she went down to the late Sunday breakfast heavy-eyed with lack of sleep, she found Nyda and Winnie at the table, the brunet and blond heads bent over a newspaper, uttering excited exclamations of astonishment and incredulity, and, on the part of Nyda, a fierce exultation.

"Who's eloped or got a divorce?" Billy demanded.
"Namir Sadh has been exposed and driven out of town!" Nyda exclaimed. "It's all here, about how they got the goods on him and his accomplice—"
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WANT TO DANCE?

10.00 P. M.

WJZ (454) New York. Hotel Astor.
WBZ (331) Springfield. Hotel Brunswick.

12.30 A. M.

WMCA (341) New York. Salon Royal Orchestra.
(Copyright, 1927, by International Radio Programs, Chicago.)

Tomorrow's Radio Program

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8

International Radio Programs

12.35 P. M. CFCE (411) Montreal. Mt. Royal Concert.

6.45 P. M. KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Interesting Program.

7.00 P. M. WGY (379) Schenectady. Remington Studio.

7.