

The Prime Minister at Georgetown and Charlottetown Wednesday

FLY TOX KILLS

FLIES MOSQUITOES ANTS ROACHES BED BUGS MOTHS



Bungalow Camps



In the Canadian Pacific Rockies

Rough it de luxe this summer in a bungalow camp amid snow-capped peaks and mountain forests in the world-famous Canadian Pacific Rockies. Enjoy solid comfort—no work and all play. Hike, climb, ride and relish every meal served at the central community house for you. Bring the whole family. For each member it costs

Only \$5.00 a day American plan

Ask us more about these inexpensive Bungalow Camps located at Yoho, O'Hara, Wapta, Moraine Lake, Storm Mountain, Vermilion River, Radium Hot Springs or Lake Windermere in this mountain paradise reached only by Canadian Pacific.

Further particulars on application to
G. BRUCE BURPEE
District Passenger Agent,
Saint John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

BOSTON by Steamer

INTERNATIONAL LINE

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

Every Wednesday Steamer leaves St. John 9 A. M., Atlantic Time. Eastport 1:30 P. M.; Lubec 2:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, arriving Boston, Thursday, 8 A. M.

On Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, Steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston, leaving St. John 7 P. M., Atlantic Time, due Boston following day, 2 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

Connections at Boston with direct steamer to NEW YORK

Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

CANADA S. S. LINES LTD.

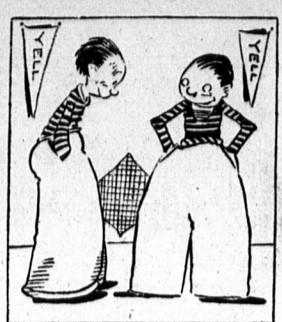
S. S. "Ceuta" and S. S. "Hitherwood"

Leaves Montreal Arrives Charlottetown

S. S. "HITHERWOOD" July 15th July 19th
S. S. "CEUTA" July 30th August 3rd

CARVELL BROS., LTD., Agents

SMILES



ONLY PINNING HIS PIN

1st College Man: You are certainly not pinning your faith on a girl like her?
2nd Ditto: Oh, no, just pinning my fraternity pin on her.



SIMPLY COULD NOT BE EXPLAINED

She: Why do they call the dining room the mess hall at your academy?
Cadet: Oh, you'd have to eat there to understand that.



WOULD RATTLE ANYONE

"I've never known a man to have so many accidents in a flivver as you."
"Oh, anybody'd get rattled in this car."



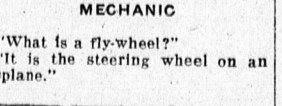
FLOATED A LOAN

"Wonder how Noah managed to get an enterprise as building the ark?"
"Floated a loan, no doubt."



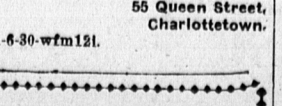
A NEW SIGNIFICANCE

"Dearest I might be poor now, but when my ship comes in we will have little to worry about."
"Oh, how romantic! So you're one of those rum runners, eh!"



MECHANIC

"What is a fly-wheel?"
"It is the steering wheel on an airplane."



TOLEDO SCALES

No Springs, Coffee Mills, Meat Choppers, Bacon Slicers. Monthly terms.
N. E. MYRER, Agent,
55 Queen Street,
Charlottetown.
281-6-30-wfm121.

"These Women"

BY MALCOLM DUART

(Continued)

CHAPTER XXVII

"I've seen that fellow," Morton laughed. "He tried to blackmail me, once. Did you give him any money?"
"I did not," jerked the manager. "I'm too old in this game to be passing on money I don't have to. Except, of course, sometimes when my people are out of luck. Is his partner the girl you wanted to see me about?"

Without being invited, Morton helped himself to a chair, and told the girl's story—how it happened that Nona was leaving the company, why the other girl was sorely in need of work, something about Audrey.

The producer was interested. "Poor little girl!" he said commiseratingly. "There's lots of hard luck in this profession, isn't there? But she's too skippy."
Morton's eyes narrowed, reminiscently. "When I first saw the young lady," he said, "she was wearing only a kimono. I'm inclined to think he looked at the producer—'that those hollows are only in her cheeks and neck. A few day's feeding will fill her out.'"

The manager grinned. "Send her around," he said. "If she's a professional, she might do with a week's fattening. Anyhow, I'll have her sing and play on a few steps here. This is only a summer show anyhow."
Morton thanked him, and rose to go. "I feel guilty, now, in taking Nona away from you," he said. "You've been so decent about this."

In great good spirits, Morton telephoned his wife to Nona. "Send the girl over as soon as the old man is abroad in the morning," he said.
It was nearing midnight, and a cool breeze had sprung up. Swinging his cane, and whistling, Morton walked home. Audrey had arrived before him, and was waiting for him in the drawing-room.

She kissed him, absent-mindedly, and stood twisting a ring upon her finger as he sank into his chair. Her brow was contracted as if in puzzlement, and she stood looking at the floor until he broke the silence.
"Better tell daddy," he suggested. "What's wrong?"

She sighed. "Everything has been so queer, lately. Things used to go so smoothly, and I don't know, and now—well, I don't know."
She sighed again.
"Parrish up to something?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No, it wasn't Parrish."
He waited for her to continue. "Well, who was it then he inquired at last."
"Me, I guess. I think maybe I'm a fool." She pulled over a chair and sat close before him.
"Daddy, you will give me a thousand dollars, and not ask what it's for."

His face did not change expression. "You could draw on that," he suggested.
"I haven't any check-book," she said. "You told me about having all that money, and I don't even know how to draw it out. Don't you have to be identified or something?"
"I'll give you a book of checks on that bank," he said. "Your signature is registered there. I had you sign some cards a while ago. You've forgotten it!"

He went into his study, and presently returned with a small pocket folder, bearing the printed name of the bank.
"Fill out a check, sign it, and I'll cash it," he said. "Or, if you like, I'll have you introduced to-morrow at my bank here in New York, and they'll cash it for you."
He waited impatiently for her to speak. At last, she looked up at him.
"Aren't you going to ask me what it's for?" she said.

Dark Brown Mouth Foul smelling breath Due to constipation

A Bowel Stimulant Necessary

When your system is clogged with wastes and poisons that weakened bowels fail to carry off, you are bound to feel sick and miserable. When that tired feeling of "don't care" overcomes you, when specks float before the eyes, when offensive breath and poor appetite make life a burden, that's the proof that you need to cleanse the system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Take these mild pills before retiring, and note your improved condition next morning. These little sugar coated pills never cramp or gripe—they are active and efficient, but even a young child can use them without discomfort.

As a general family medicine, for father, mother and the kiddies, no system cleanser is so efficient as Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they prevent constipation, they keep the body functions regular, they improve appetite, in short they maintain you in health. Sold by all dealers in 25c boxes or by mail from The Catarhozone Co., Montreal.

"Do you want to tell me?"
"I think I do—I don't know. I don't seem to be able to talk about it now. Daddy, how early can I have the money?"
"When the bank opens in the morning. Say, a quarter after nine."
"I need the money at ten. So that's all right. Goodnight, dear-est."

His forehead was knitted as he watched her ascend the stairs, rather wearily. He dropped his cane on his hand, and thought, until the great clock in the dining-room beyond chimed one. Then he arose, and with a little nod of the head, Audrey herself had worn, he trudged upstairs to bed.

Morton was at his office the next morning, an hour earlier than usual. He summoned Parrish, and when the young man entered, the older man carefully closed the door.
"Were you with Miss Morton yesterday afternoon and last night?" he asked abruptly.
"Yes Sir," said Parrish, or at least I was until nine o'clock. Then she got angry at me and told me to go away."

"Where were you?" Morton's voice was harsh.
"Down at the place where she's been dancing," said Parrish. "It's a hall where you pay a fee to the piano player, and something for the use of the room. A dozen or more people work there every afternoon and night, practising dance steps. She found it."
"Who else was there?"
"That she hired as a dance partner," said the young man, dejectedly. "She said she was going to have another partner in a day or two, but she wanted to learn what she could from him."

"Well, go on," ordered Morton, as his secretary paused.
"Finally I wanted her to come home. I don't like that fellow. And she said she wouldn't, and we got into another quarrel." His voice dropped. "She had the proprietor bring another man and they put me outside. So I went home."
"And left her there," added Morton, coldly.

Parrish moved uneasily. "I know now I shouldn't have gone. I ought to have waited outside. But I was mad, and I thought she could go to thunder for all of me."
Morton asked no further questions.
"Here's what I want you to do," he said. "Listen, and don't make any mistakes. Go out in the street, and get me a taxicab. Tell the driver I'll be down in a minute. Soon after I am gone, Miss Morton is coming here. She will be in my car, with the driver. She wants to be introduced at my bank, in order that she may cash a check. Go over with her in the car and introduce her. But don't let the car start away from this building until she has drawn near, in the taxi. Look at the clock, and tell you'll recognize it from in front. I'll be cruising around and around this block. I don't want her to see me but I do want to follow her."

Understand?
"Yes, sir," he said, and started out on the first portion of his errand. He returned in a few minutes and told Morton the taxi was waiting. The latter himself then left the office, and climbing into the cab, gave the driver his directions.

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He looked up and down the street, and then began deliberately trying to get a glimpse of the taxi. He returned in a few minutes and told Morton the taxi was waiting. The latter himself then left the office, and climbing into the cab, gave the driver his directions.

"Come on! Come on!" called Audrey, from inside the car.
At this moment he caught sight of Morton's car approaching from around the corner. There was no time to lose. He got into the taxi, and in pursuit, moved down the street.

There was a short stop at the bank, and the cars then renewed their progress. This time Parrish was not with Audrey, but stood, hurriedly watching the two machines as they came out of sight.
"There was no difficulty," said Audrey, as she got out of the car.

Morton tapped on the glass, and the driver pulled open the window behind him. "Go slowly and keep just behind that young lady in blue," Morton told him.
The man shut the window, and threw his car into low gear. Cars behind him honked a protest, but the taxi stolidly crawled on, keeping pace with the girl.

She turned two corners, and she stopped. Morton rapped on the glass again, and singled his driver to halt, with a quiet smile. He paid the man and added a heavy tip. He stepped into a doorway as Audrey turned into a building half way down the block.
"A Sunshine Productions," was the sign over the doorway.
A cigar store was on the corner, and Morton stepped into it, sought the telephone booth.

Calling the number, Mr. Sunshine's office he waited. There was a look of relief on his face as Mr. Sunshine's own voice answered.
"Abe," he said, "this is Harry Morton. Listen, until Audrey's vehicle stopped at a corner. The girl alighted, and evidently directed the chauffeur to go home. He saluted, and drove away, while the girl, after a moment's wait set out on foot."
Morton tapped on the glass, and the driver pulled open the window behind him. "Go slowly and keep just behind that young lady in blue," Morton told him.

RT. HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN PREMIER OF CANADA

Other Prominent Conservative Speakers
Will Address

PUBLIC MEETINGS

ON

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

AS FOLLOWS--

Georgetown, Wednesday July 28th.
at 2 O'clock p. m.

Charlottetown, Wednesday July 28th.
at 8 O'clock p. m.

Summerside, Thursday July 29th.
at 8 O'clock p. m.

of the door. Tell her you need the other office—tell her anything but get her inside QUICK. I'll be up right away and explain."
He cut off Abe's rapid protests by hanging up the receiver.
A minute later he was running up the stairs of the Sunshine establishment. Abe awaited him at the outer door, in a state of inner disturbance.

"Why should I mess up my rehearsals with this young woman?" he started to expostulate.
Morton cut him off.
"Is she inside there?"
"Yes, sure," he said.
"Then listen," Morton explained the situation quickly, while Sunshine listened with interested "Ahs" and "Would-you-think-it's?"

"What did she say when you asked her to step inside?" Morton asked.
"She said she was waiting for her dance partner. I know him—she told me his name. He's a low life if there ever was one. He ain't here yet."

"Suppose we wait for him out here," Morton suggested.
Abe nodded, and the two sat by the doorway, watching. By chance, no young dancers were waiting in the reception office, and the men had the room to themselves.
"I'm surprised she should have a fellow like that dancing with her," said Abe. "I thought she was going to dance with Nona. Didn't you call me up and tell me that?"

"She is going to team with Nona," said Morton, "but she had met this fellow first."
There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, and they fell silent. In a moment the door was pushed open.
"There he is now," said Abe. "Morton sprang to his feet, as he saw the young man who entered.
"Great Scott!" he shouted.
With a quick leap he placed himself between the newcomer and the door.

(To Be Continued)

PRESENTATION

Mr. Sidney Drake for the past four years Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Souris, left Friday morning to take charge of the Bridgewater N. S. branch to which he had been recently promoted.

On Wednesday evening a large number of his personal and business friends assembled in the reception room of the Bank to bid him farewell and wish him continued success in his new charge.
Mayor Alexander MacDonald presided and after a few pleasant introductory remarks, read an address to, and presented Mr. Drake with a very nice club bag, as a small token of the esteem of his many friends.

Mr. Drake, in accepting the presentation, expressed the thanks of both Mrs. Drake and himself for this and many other kindnesses. They had enjoyed every hour of their stay in Souris and will always have the most pleasant recollections of their visit.

lections of Prince Edward Island. Short speeches by Senator John McLean, Judge A. L. Fraser, A. E. Clarke, H. H. Acorn, Dr. A. A. McDonald, M. J. Paquet and others followed by a smoker made a very pleasant evening.
The following is the Address:
Souris, P. E. Island,
July 21, 1926.
S. Drake, Esq.,
Mgr. Canadian Bank of Commerce,
Souris.

Dear Sir:—As you will be leaving our Town shortly to fill a more responsible position with your institution, your many friends in this vicinity desire to extend to you, before leaving, their appreciation of the kindly interest you have always taken in the general welfare of this Community during your residence of the past four years, and the courteous manner in which you have continually conducted your business relations with us.

It is unnecessary for us to say that we are extremely sorry you are being transferred and would, if possible, make some endeavor to retain your services here if by doing so we would not be retarding your promotion, which we sincerely believe is more than merited by your outstanding ability and personality as a Banker, and which will without doubt be accelerated once you have reached the larger fields of Commercial and Banking activities.

We feel that under your management the policy and business of the Canadian Bank of Commerce here has broadened and expanded, and given more consideration to the banking requirements of our farming interests, to the advantage of everyone, and the outward evidence this year of increased farming production is due to both the moral and material support received through your activities.

We will miss you also in our social life, in which both Mrs. Drake and yourself have made many sincere friends, and hope you may both have many opportunities of visiting us and renewing these pleasant acquaintances.
We would ask you to accept this club bag as a small token of our esteem in the hope that while it is doing service for you it may also recall to your memory pleasant hours spent in Souris by the Sea.

Yours truly,
F. S. MOORE, Colonel, R. L. President,
CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut. Col. R. O. Secretary Treasurer,
448-7-7-11.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up till August 10th, 1926, for the purchase of the Methodist Parsonage situated at Pleasant Valley, consisting of one acre of land, dwelling house, barn and large woodshed. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders to be received in sealed envelope and marked "Tender for Parsonage."
JAMES A. TAPER,
Secretary Trustees,
Bradshaw, R. R. No. 1, P. E. I.,
836-7-21-wm31.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY

To Mrs. Cornelius Slavin, Borden. Dear Sister.—We, the officers and members of Borden Women's Institute desire to express to you our sincere sympathy in this your hour of sorrow and bereavement, when your beloved mother has gone to her eternal home. We realize your sorrow is hard to bear, but you have some consolation in knowing that she has gone to her heavenly home, where she awaits friendship that death cannot sever and to that world we shall all go sooner or later and it is there we shall meet our loved ones. We trust, therefore, that while your heart is longing for the sound of the voice that is still, you may look to Him who is

too good to err and too wise to be unkind.
Your sorrow is also ours, and we pray that the great Patriarch above may comfort, console and sustain you during dark hours.
Signed in loving sympathy on behalf of members of Institute,
Mrs. John J. McIsaac,
Verna M. Darrach.

ONE THING HE NOTICED

"Do you know what time we begin work here?" asked the boss.
"Not exactly," said the new clerk who was always late, "but you're always at it when I get here."

NO CHANCE FOR A MISTAKE

The woman who wanted credit had given the name of Thomas Smith as reference.
"I don't know him from Adam!" complained the hardware dealer.
"You ought to," retorted the customer mildly. "He dresses differently."

Mindard's Liniment for Sore Feet.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale a 100 acre farm, conveniently situated on the Gulf Shore in Tignish, Prince County. It is about two miles from the Town of Tignish, and is a SHEEP and DAIRY FARM, is second to none in Canada being well sheltered, well watered and has a permanent hay meadow from which may be cut 30 or 40 tons of good hay annually.
Inspection solicited.
MRS. H. DONAHOE,
900-7-24-31.

P. R. A.

The Annual Prize Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Provincial Rifle Association will take place on Kensington Range, Charlottetown, P. E. I., the 27th, 28th, 29th July, 1926.
Firing commencing at 8:30 A. M. Make your entries early. For further information apply to the Secretary.
F. S. MOORE, Colonel, R. L. President,
CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut. Col. R. O. Secretary Treasurer,
448-7-7-11.

FARM FOR SALE

The Dawson Farm, East Borden, consisting of one hundred acres offered for sale.
This farm is in the best of condition having been well cultivated, manured and fertilized for the past number of years. There is a brick running through this farm.
There is now thirty five acres of hay, thirty-five acres of grain and twenty acres of wood and one half miles from Ellerslie and can be reached in the winter time by crossing the ice two and one half miles it has telephone connections and about one mile from the school. The buildings are in good repair, an eight room dwelling house, barns are twenty-eight by forty feet and thirty by sixty-eight with a pump in the horse stable, and a pump for cows. Machine shop and entry by eighteen, work shed twenty by eighteen and a large cement silo. Farm sold without with one half the crop.
For further particulars apply to Bell & Tanton, Solicitors, Summerside, P. E. I., or Peter Ellerslie, Mr. McCaull will also act as prospective purchaser over the farm.
836-7-21-wm31.

FARM FOR SALE

I will sell on my farm at Meadowsbank on Wednesday, July 28th, seventy acres of standing hay, three choice horses, one registered Holstein cow, some pressed straw etc. Terms made known at sale.
W. C. McLEOD,
J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

HAY SALE

I will sell by public auction in the farm of Mrs. Charles Palmer, Victoria, on Wednesday, July 28th, 1926, at 2 o'clock p. m., fifty acres of standing hay. Terms at sale.
HUGH MORRISON, Auctioneer,
877-7-23-41.

AUCTION SALE

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The Best Liberal Element Wants MacKenzie King in Opposition