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Auction Sale of Furniture at Sterling House, 78 Grafton Street at ten o'clock sharp, Friday, August 19th, consisting of parlour, dining-room, seven bed rooms and kitchen complete. One range, one ice-crest (new) two base-burners, all beds and bedding, two oak dining room tables, 14 dining room chairs, one buffet, oil-cloth, dishes, curtains, window shades and other articles too numerous to mention.

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Bran, Shorts, White Middlings, Cracked Corn, Feed Cornmeal, Oil Cake Meal, Schumacher Feed, Beet Pulp, Alfalfa Meal, Cracked Grain, Linseed Meal, Mixed Grain (for Poultry), Chicken Feed, Oyster Shells, Poultry Grit, Charcoal (for Poultry), Bone Meal, (fine and coarse), Beet and Bone Scraps (for Poultry).

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Lady: Is that milk perfectly fresh? Grocer: Fine, just as fresh as that you got here yesterday. Lady: Well, in that case, give me a pint of vinegar, please.



SLEPT WITH HIS WIFE, OF COURSE

"Do you take your troubles to bed?" "Why—er—I sleep with my wife of course."

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HEARTS AFIRE

By Mae Christie

(Continued)

"Don't Bert." She dropped on to the edge of the deep arm-chair in which her person was luxuriously sunk, and her fingers—as though she would seek to hypnotize him—played with his sleek hair. "Don't, Jinny." He jerked his head away. "You make me go all 'goosey' when you try those tricks. Then, attempting a pleasanter tone: 'Well, what's on your mind? Let's have it.' She hesitated, then she said, uncertainly: 'Mrs. Van is furious with me.' 'Huh? Is that all?' Traymore grinned in a very knowing manner. 'She'd be a heap wilder if she knew all I know!'

A flood of red ran to Virginia's cheeks, showing under the carefully applied rouge. "What on earth do you mean? What are you trying to insinuate? He had raised himself for a moment in his chair, giving her a searching look. But now, with a light laugh, he sank back again. "Oh, we've had quite enough melodramatics for one day. Forget it, and let's be cheery. When you go away from her, as go you must, if you've chucked Armstrong—Mrs. Van being a sort of champion of the sick as 'twere—what's to become of you?" She looked at him with goo-goo eyes. "You and I were awfully fond of each other once. Don't you think we could do pretty good team-work together, Bert?" He dropped his legs from the chair, and sat up straight. His glance was frankly astonished. "For mercy's sake, you're not hinting that you want to marry me?"

She tossed her head. "You've asked me more than once, if you'll remember!" "But I couldn't even keep you in shoes, let alone in frocks and—and other things! For the love of Mike what's come over you, girl?" He caught her arm. She drooped against him. "Oh, I'm tired of always knocking round other people's houses, outstaying one's welcome, and—and having to toady—and flatter people you despise!" It was one of the frankest confessions she had ever made, and Bert was stunned into silence. "And you and I really needn't be hard-up, I could 'play' my wealthy friends in all sorts of ways."

He stared at her incredulously. "But that's just what you want to escape from, you were saying!" She hummed and hawed. "It would be different if I had something... somebody... behind me," she said lamely, conscious that she wasn't settling the matter forth in its most attractive light, and yet sure of Bert's affection and allegiance. "We could go on the films together, or I could start a dressmaking establishment, or—we're pretty good at bridge and poker, Bert."

The words died on her lips at a look on the young man's face. Had she tried him too far, and the worm had turned? Or—had he met some other woman?

"What is it, Bert? Don't you care for me any more?" She edged nearer to him on the chair's edge. He looked searchingly into her made-up eyes, and when he spoke, his words were in the nature of a bombshell. "At one time I was fond of you. But now I've no desire to marry a woman who is nothing but a common thief!" said he.

"How dare you? How dare you libel me! I'll have the law on you for this! I'll—"

"You'll keep quiet, please, and not try any scenes with me!" Traymore caught her by the wrist with vice-like grip, so that she recoiled. "I know what I know, and it'll be better for you to hear that in mind." He moved nearer, whispering in her ear:

"What about the silver and gold plate you stole from here, and buried in the woods?" She blanched in terror. "Don't deny it, you little fool. I watched you at work. Now, when I go and find the spot, I see that

you've removed the goods. Where are they?" Virginia's knees trembled. So some one other than Prudence Page knew of her guilt! A secret shared between three people in the world can never be a secret! "Come on, don't be silly. I'm not planning to expose you. But cut this sentimental, marrying talk, give me a little hush-money, and maybe you and I can come to some arrangement profitable to both of us and no harm done." She shrank away from him. But Traymore was persistent. He had her in his power, and he intended to press that power to the limit. He had waited his time, and now the season was ripe for his nefarious purposes. "Another matter I'm interested in—"

He lowered his voice for fear of eavesdroppers. As she listened, Jinny's face changed from a thwarted sulkiness to a predatory greed that made her look extremely like a vulture. "You don't say! As valuable as all that! And you think I could get hold of it?" "Certainly." He looked at her through narrowed lids. Then, rising lazily to his feet, "It's a couple of hours till dinner. I think I'll kill time by calling round at Pear-Tree Cottage, and inquiring for the invalid."

They gave each other a long, slow look, pregnant with meaning, then Traymore left the room. "Is Mrs. Vansittart lying down?" Virginia inquired of the butler, who was passing through the hall. "Yes, madam."

The girl went to her own room, carefully fastened the door behind her, and unlocking a suitcase she had hidden at the bottom of the wardrobe, drew out one of the heavy golden candlesticks she had appropriated some weeks back. What to do with it? That was a problem.

A shadow fell across the window. Kneeling on the floor with the candlestick in her hands, she started backwards as she saw the butler pass outside. She hurriedly slipped the candlestick out of sight. "Was the fool spying on me?" But no! That was too stupid. Simpson was an excellent servant, and had not mind above his station. He had only been in Mrs. Vansittart's service in the last two weeks, but had given every satisfaction.

How quiet the house lay! Wouldn't this be a fortuitous time to slip the missing candlesticks back into their places? But what end would that serve since she—Virginia—was going away?

The candlesticks were worth a heap of money. What purpose to relinquish them? She'd need all the money she could lay her hands on, for all her best-laid schemes had 'gang agley,' and even Bert didn't seem to want her any more.

She flushed as she remembered how he had dared to call her a 'common thief.' Yet, immediately after, he was putting into her mind another daring 'coup.' Surely that present to prove that he appreciated her cunning, and could be won yet, matrimonially speaking?

Meanwhile, the object of her thoughts was taking a peculiar way of 'calling to inquire for the invalid.' He was dodging round the boarded-up windows of Peter's erstwhile laboratory, feeling for an opening with his hands. It was rather disconcerting to suddenly come face to face with Prudence Page.

Had she seen him try the boardings? "What are you doing here?" The girl faced him unsmilingly. He attempted jocularity, though he felt very awkward. "Just what you're doing, lady fair. I've come to inquire how the poor chap's getting along." He held out his hand in greeting, but Prudence made no move to take it. "If you come round to the front door, Miss Mercer, who is the nurse, will give you the latest report about him." Prudence led the way and then betook herself off in the direction of her own home. Janet Mercer regarded Traymore suspiciously.

"You got all the news of my patient a little less than an hour ago. I suppose you've come here to bring the apologies of your friend, Miss Dale?" Oh no, he hadn't! He'd just

Try This: Mix a Little BOVRIL with Cream Cheese Makes a Very Tasty Sandwich Paste

Tomorrow's Radio Program

- THURSDAY, AUGUST 18 International Radio Programs CONCERTS 12.35 P. M. CFCF (411) Montreal. Concert. 3.00 P. M. WEBB (368) Chicago. Concert. 3.30 P. M. WEEI (448) Boston. Musical. 3.45 P. M. WOO (508) Phila. Organ-Trumpet. 5.00 P. M. WHK (265) Cleveland. Popular. 6.00 P. M. WRC (470) Wash., D. C. Klit Hour. 6.30 P. M. CNRM (411) Montreal. Studio Prgm. CNRO (341) Quebec. Studio Prgm. CNRO (434) Ottawa. Studio Prgm. 10.00 P. M. WLW (428) Cinci. The Crossacks. WDAF (370) K. C. "Snl-a-Bar." 10.30 P. M. KFOA (448) Seattle. Trio. 11.45 P. M. WSB (476) Atlanta. Concert.

SPORTS-TALKS

- 5.25 P. M. WGY (380) Schen. N. Y. Baseball. 5.50 P. M. KPO (422) San Francisco. Baseball. 5.55 P. M. KDKA (316) Pittsburg. Baseball. 5.57 P. M. WHK (265) Cleveland. Baseball. 6.00 P. M. WJZ (454) N. Y. Baseball. 6.30 P. M. KDKA (316) Pitts. Sketch. 6.55 P. M. WOC (353) Davenport. Sports. 7.00 P. M. WAMD (225) Minn. Baseball. 7.30 P. M. WTIC (476) Hartford. Marj 'n' Ted. 10.00 P. M. WPG (273) Atlantic City. Frys. 11.00 P. M. WLW (428) Cinci. "Tommy 'n' Irene." DANCE ORCHESTRAS 8.00 P. M. WPG (273) Atlantic City. Olsens. 8.30 P. M. WTIC (461) Hartford. Colt Part. 9.30 P. M. WJZ (454) N. Y. Twin Oaks. 12.00 M. CFCF (375) Toronto. "Till." (Copyright, 1927, by International Radio Programs, Chicago.)

A Long Wait

(By British United Press) LONDON, August 17.—One of the strangest Bank Holidays in the country was spent in Sheffield recently by the secretary of the historic Cutlers' Company, who waited in his office for members of the Company who never turn up. In 1790 an Act of Parliament was passed decreeing that a meeting should be held every year on the first Monday in August to elect 12 assistants of the Cutlers' Company. The custom is now extinct, but it would cost nearly \$4,000 to get the Act of Parliament rescinded. So every August Bank Holiday the secretary of the Company sits quietly in his office for two hours.

come to make a friendly call, being almighty sorry for poor Armstrong. Was there anything he could do? He disliked this competent, brusque woman, and was glad to sneak away at her dismissal. Arriving back at Wyndham Towers, he found the front door open, but no sign of the well-trained butler anywhere. Simpson usually was visible... but now a queer air seemed to hang about the place... the unnatural calm before a terrific storm... What could be brewing?

Suddenly, from the direction of the library, he heard a woman scream. "It was blood-curdling! 'Horrible! Horrible!' Traymore's feet impelled him to the library, and with shaking hands he threw the door open. An astounding picture met his eye. Mrs. Vansittart, the butler Simpson and three other men faced Virginia Dale, who—heavens!—was actually handcuffed to two big policemen!

(To Be Continued)

Pope's Curse

(By British United Press) LONDON, August 17.—A strange story of a 16th century romance is told by Miss J. Cundell, of Spring Bank, Spring Street, Rotherham, a direct descendant of the last Abbot of Roche Abbey, near Rotherham.

According to family legend, Abbot Cundell committed the unpardonable ecclesiastical offence of marrying a nun of Rufford Abbey, and the Pope pronounced a curse upon the Abbot and his descendants that there should be only one son in every generation to carry on the family name. A search into the family's history reveals the fact that, while successive generations can point to many daughters, on no occasion has more than one son married and left a son to carry on the family name. The other male offsprings have died in infancy, or come to an untimely end.

Had there been no Henry VIII, and no dissolution of the Monasteries, there would have been no curse for indubitably the wilful destruction and spoliation of Roche Abbey led to the monk's marriage.

Abbot Cundell had been in the habit of purchasing leather, with which he made footwear for the monks at Roche Abbey, and this tanner had a daughter. When the Abbey was destroyed, Abbot Cundell commenced a wandering career, accepting menial positions for a livelihood. His health gave way, and learning of his illness, the tanner's daughter, who had in the meantime become a nun, escaped from the Abbey at Rufford to nurse the mendicant Abbot.

During his illness, the Abbot cut from a piece of leather the shape of a rabbit, which he varnished; and this curio is now in the possession of

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND Registered Nurse

KOTEX is the new hygiene that has largely ended the use of old-time "pads" among women. A scientific creation, it offers an end to three great embarrassments of old methods. Filled with Cellucotton wadding—the world's super-absorbent—it is 5 times more absorbent than ordinary cotton pads. Scientifically treated, it deodorizes. Made of a special material, it discards easily as tissue. No laundry, no embarrassment. 8 in 10 better-class women now employ it. Doctors and nurses urge it. Get Kotex for protection you know is real. See that box you buy is marked "Kotex." If it isn't, it is not genuine Kotex. No laundry—discard like tissue.

Miss Cundell, of Rotherham. After his marriage, the Abbot lived in a house on the side of the Botherham Gas Works, and a pear tree which was in the old garden continues to blossom twice annually.

brother of the present French Prime Minister, devoted, says the article, much of his time before his death to the study of this tremendous problem.

By a study of the internal energy of the atoms, he arrived at an infinitely more optimistic estimate of the sun's life; and scientists, having followed up his theory, believe that the sun will provide the world with heat as at present for the vast period of 150,000,000 centuries.

"Sambo, what you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How you know I had a watch?" "Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front." "Go 'way, nigger! S'pose you see halter round my neck, you 'ink Poincare, an eminent scis'tist, and dar is horse inside ob me?"

Long Live The Sun! (By British United Press) PARIS, August 17.—How long will the sun continue to give out its heat as it does at present? Until quite recently, according to a scientific writer in the "Matin," some experts put the figure at 10,000,000 years, while geologists generally say 200,000,000 years. It appears both these estimates are the rankest pessimism. M. Henri Poincare, an eminent scis'tist, and

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is the verdict of John McCormack, world-famous tenor—after listening to his latest record on the new Orthophonic Victrola.

Whether an exacting operatic air, or one of those simple haunting melodies for which the popular tenor of Old Athlone is better known, it is vividly McCormack on the new Orthophonic Victrola, and this is true of its presentation of all great artists who sing for Victor V.E. Orthophonic records.

For the new Orthophonic Victrola brings to your home everything in music, and misses nothing. The mannerisms, the very personalities of the artists, these are given you perfectly by the Victor controlled principle of "Matched Impedance" or "smooth flow of sound."

In this era, it has been possible not only to achieve great things but to bring them within reach of every one. At "His Master's Voice" dealers you will find six exquisitely designed models of the new Orthophonic Victrola, from \$75 down to \$115, all obtainable on easy terms. With electric motor to eliminate winding if you wish at slight additional cost. Hear these instruments today.

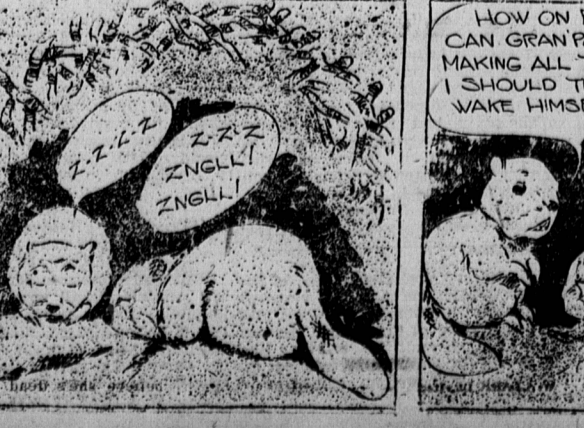
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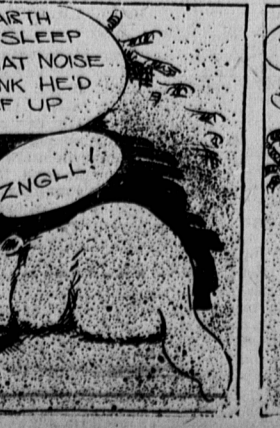
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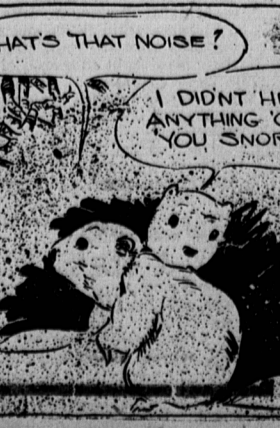
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