



The Business Man

My car is vital to the conduct of my business. And I've learned that one way to assure myself of day in and day out dependability and with greater fuel economy besides is to install Champions.

Champion is the better spark plug because of its double-ribbed silumite core—its two-piece construction and its special analysis electrodes.

Champion X for Ford 80¢
Champion Car other than Ford 90¢



CHAMPION Spark Plugs

WINDSOR, ONT.
A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

AUCTION SALE

IN BANKRUPTCY
Estate J. M. Roop

I am instructed by the Trustee of the above Estate to sell at public auction in the Arena Rink, Tuesday, July 18th commencing at 10.30 a. m. all the household effects of the above Bankrupt consisting of kitchen, dining room, living-room and bedroom furniture including: 1 Wilton rug, 1 three piece parlor suite, parlor table, music cabinet, 4 wauit chairs, 2 Morris chairs, 1 book-case and desk, 1 oak desk and lamp top, 2 oak desks, 2 dressers, 1 Leach piano (new), 1 Edison Diamond Disk cabinet gramophone (new) cost \$360; 1 electric washing machine, and lots of other articles not mentioned.

All these articles are in first-class condition. Also 1 Overland car model 55-4 in good running order. There will be nothing reserved as everything must be sold.
J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.
7824-7-14-tsmtd4.

FARM FOR SALE

Shore farm for sale at Vernon, 46 acres, adjoining R. R. Station and wharf, School on corner of Farm, P. O. three general stores and blacksmith in immediate vicinity. Rural Telephone in dwelling. Very finest seed potato proposition. 8 out-buildings, can be sold in two parts. Buildings and 22 acres or 24 acres without buildings.

Apply to F. B. McRae, Vernon or McLeod & Bentley, Charlottetown.
7742-7-12-tf61.

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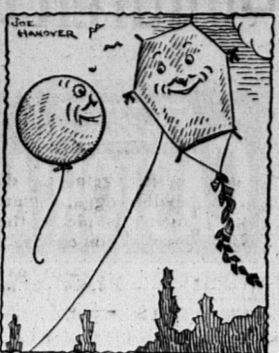
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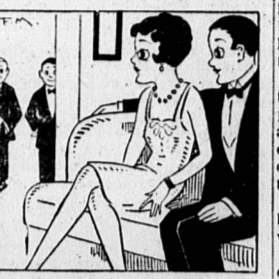
SMILES



RISING TO GREAT HEIGHTS
Kite: How are things with you?
Balloon: Fine. I'm getting up in the world now!



TREATMENT FOR HARD ROCK
"I'm going out too much. My face has gotten as hard as a rock. What shall I do for it?"
"Try blasting, dear."



DECORATED WITH BEAUS
"Has she her sofa and chairs decorated with bows?"
"Yes, never in my life saw a girl have so many beaus sitting around her."



"So Ted stopped his car in a lonely spot? What did he find?"
"That he had a fat tire. And I found I had one, too."
Aunt—And how many patients have you, James?
Young Doctor—Only one, so far, auntie; but he's given me a good start. He has fifteen complaints.

FOR SALE

AT DUNSTAFNAGE
The beautifully located Farm and Ranch property of John D. Hume, consisting of forty acres land with house and outbuildings, stock and crop. Also fifty pen ranch and foxes. Would sell part or in block. Sale on account of ill health.
Apply to Owner.
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You'll enjoy CABIN CLASS, both the moderate rates and the far-famed CANADIAN PACIFIC service.

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For further information ask your steamship agent, or—

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Always carry Canadian Pacific Express Company's Travellers' Cheques. Negotiable Everywhere.



HEARTS AFIRE

By Mae Christie

(Continued)

His mother had been a fruitful source of controversy, hitherto, for the older woman was bitterly jealous of her son's 'friendship' with the younger, and had done her best to come between them.

But now Janet snatched at this tie that might detain him. He turned resentfully on her. "Why should I ruin the whole of my life for women?"

"It'll break your mother up. Will you go your way away..." "Little you care. You and she never did hit it off. Mightily uncomfortable it's been for me, many's the time."

Janet reddened in humiliation, and flared up. "You needn't flatter yourself that I'd fight over you. Your mother's welcome to the whole of you, and you can tell her so..."

He answered moodily: "Oh, I always knew that well. It's one reason why there's no need of my staying. Your not wanting me, I mean."

The anger died down quickly. Did he want her to 'want' him? Was it possible?...

"Oh, Will, how can you say such things? Doesn't our—our friendship mean anything to you? Don't you understand?"

"Frankly, I don't pretend to understand any woman. No man ever does." His tone was mollified, all the same.

They reached the bus, and, to Janet's surprise, Will got in beside her, announcing that—as he would be leaving the country so soon—he might as well take this opportunity of a talk with her.

He was strangely silent, none the less. And when the bus deposited them at the crossroads about a mile from Wyndham Towers, and they walked along together, it was Janet who perforce had to do most of the talking.

Her heart was still heavy in her breast. What pain love brought with it! That was love's penalty. Perfume of spring flowers floated towards them from the meadows, and in the trees there was the drowsy twittering of birds.

"It's little Lucia's bed-time. I must hurry." Reluctantly the nurse quickened her pace.

Will Ogilvie walked along in silence by her side. Several times he seemed on the verge of bursting out with something, but bit his lip to silence.

As they neared the lodge gates, they saw the tall figure of a man walking down the drive.

"Thank goodness! It's Peter Armstrong," cried Janet, relieved. "He's been up at the house, with Lucia, telling the child stories, and keeping her amused. That man's an angel!"

"He is, is he? Well, if you'd like to hear the reason why I'm clearing out of the country, it's because you think like that of him. There's no room for failures like me beside men—like—like—"

"Will! Will, my dear boy!" A light of astonishment, huge relief, and almost comic bewilderment shone on the face of Janet Mercer.

So this—this was the explanation...heavens! Will Ogilvie, the man who held the whole of her passionately loving heart, was jealous—stupidly, adorably, blessedly jealous—of another man!

Janet's breath was completely taken away! It was so utterly ridiculous. So entirely stupid.

And yet—and yet—her heart was hammering in her bosom with a huge relief, a blissful, almost incredible hope!

For jealousy cannot spring into being in conjunction with indifference. Jealousy implies love. Yes, even although stern moralists and idealists assure us that true love casts out jealousy as unworthy and degrading.

"Will loves me after all!" rang in Janet's brain like bells of music.

Meantime, Peter Armstrong, all unknowing the storm he'd caused, was striding down the drive towards the approaching pair.

MORSES TEAS

ALWAYS PLEASE

They have done so for 56 Years

"But if I laugh at Will—and dear knows the best of men hate to be laughed at—I'll not only make him angry, but I'll put myself out-side the pale of the women, who keeps their lovers just a teeny bit uncertain of them by having an occasional 'other admirer.' My goodness! Didn't I tell Prudence Page how stupid she was to give her whole heart openly to anyone? And now I'm ready to make the same blunder a second time, when a perfectly good weapon has turned up to help me!"

Not that Janet had the least intention of deceiving Will. Oh no! Nor would she make a fool of herself by attempting coyness with young Armstrong! She had common sense, and used it.

SHUT there was nothing to be gained by assuring her sweetheart that no other man had ever looked in her small grey-green eyes, and found them beautiful.

"Oh, is that you, Miss Mercer? Lucia's waiting for you." And Peter Armstrong's breezy voice cut into the silence that had fallen on the lovers.

No greeting could have been more matter-of-fact or unemotional. But love is blind. And Will Ogilvie indeed imagined that the inventor had only hung about the big house in the hopes of a meeting with little Lucia's masseuse.

"Sorry I'm late," cried Janet, not stopping on her way. "I hope the chipping isn't much pain today?" "Oh, so-so." Then, vehemently: "It's a blot on the world that children have to suffer pain!"

"Queer chap!" commented Will Ogilvie, when Armstrong had passed on. He gave Janet a quick, sidelong look. Had she encouraged him?

"A very fine fellow!" was her ready answer. "Oh, I knew you'd thought for some time."

"Well, who wouldn't? Hasn't he worked hard, and earned his need of praise? Look what he's done in the interests of science? Looking at the fame he's already got!"

Will muttered something about others working just as hard, and more so, and getting no recognition.

"Oh, we all work hard," said Janet airily, fighting the temptation to assure him that—success or failure—she was his, always, and wanted nothing more from life.

The young man's face had a look of sullen pain about it. "If I had my way, you wouldn't have to work at all, Janet."

She contrived a light laugh, although her voice had a tremble in it as she said: "My dear, I'm not born to be an ornamental, or a lily-of-the-field. I'm not decorative enough. So don't take the only thing that's left, away from me!"

He grabbed her hand. "Oh, Janet—"

"What is it, Will?" "If you only cared in the least little bit about—"

"About what?" (He did love her, after all! Pain had slipped away for ever, and only a great gladness reigned in the world to-night.)

"About my going away. You—you take it so—so gaily!" "Well, as Shakespeare or some writer-person has it, isn't that the only way to take the 'slings and arrows'?"

A medicine for the baby or growing child—one that the mother can feel assured is absolutely safe as well as efficient—is found in Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are praised by thousands of mothers throughout the country. These mothers have found by actual experience that there is no other medicine for little ones to equal them. Once a mother has used them for her children she will use nothing else. Concerning them Mrs. Charles Hutt, Tancook Island, N. S., writes: "I have ten children, the baby being just six months old. I have used Baby's Own Tablets for them for the past 20 years and can truthfully say that I know of no better medicine for little ones. I always keep a box of the Tablets in the house and would advise all other mothers to do so."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or will be mailed upon receipt of price, 25 cents per box, by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

A most enjoyable social function was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William J. McDonald, Bayside on Thursday evening when the friends of their eldest son Robert gathered to bid him farewell previous to his departure to take up his studies for the priesthood. Both old and young joined in a hearty tribute to the popularity of this talented young man and made his last evening at home a memorable one. Although not a native born, son of the parish yet during his brief stay therein he has so endeared himself to the people that they now consider him one of their own.

His father was born on the farm where they now reside and for many years lived in New York where he was a valued member of the police force. Mr. McDonald is a native of that city. A few years ago, owing to Mr. McDonald's failing health, they returned to the old home where the farewell gathering was held.

Mr. James A. McIntyre was chosen chairman and in his introductory remarks spoke of the loss which the parish sustained in Mr. McDonald's departure and expressed the hope that when his studies were completed he would revisit his old home. He then called upon Mr. John Gillis who read the following address while Mr. Daniel Praught presented a well filled purse.

To Mr. Robert McDonald, Grand River, Dear Robert: It is with sincere regret that we have gathered here tonight to bid you a fond farewell on the eve of your departure. Tomorrow you leave for St. John where you enter the novitiate of the Redemptorist Order.

Only four short years ago you came to us with your good parents from New York, but those few

fleeting years have been sufficient to win you an abiding place in our affections. Each year we have noted with progress your rapid progress at old St. Dunstan's and this year we were especially proud to see you listed among the gold medalists of that institution.

As your rapid progress at college has been a proof of your exceptional mental ability so has your conduct during the holidays been an evidence of the nobility of your character. Thus endowed with an active mind and a pure heart you are admirably fitted for the life you have chosen.

Many roads to worldly success lay alluringly open before you, but turning your back upon them all, you have heeded the Master's call and freely decided to enter the religious life. The choice is a noble one, well befitting a generous soul, and we rejoice that you have made it. Trials and difficulties you will meet openly, but the Good Lord who has asked the sacrifice will reward you most abundantly.

We ask Him to pour His choicest blessings upon you while we, to show our love and esteem, offer you this parting gift.

Signed on behalf of your friends July 7th, 1927. John Gillis, Daniel Praught, Carl McDonald, Ray Brown.

Mr. McDonald, who during his years at college enjoyed the distinction of being one of the best speakers of his class, in his reply clearly demonstrated his right to the reputation. In choice and feeling language he spoke of the generosity and hospitality of the people of his adopted home, and assured those present that the years spent in Grand River would ever remain in his memory as the most pleasant of his early life. He thanked them for their kind words of parting and the tangible expression of their generosity, and expressed the hope that he might one day return to renew the friendship now so reluctantly severed.

An excellent programme of piano, violin, and vocal selections was given.

He stopped at a bend of the avenue, close beside a Lombardy poplar whose branches made an eery sighing, almost like a sob.

"You, Janet! I—I cared for you—and I—I thought you reciprocated."

She faced him, hidden from the big house by a thick wall of trees: always doubting a woman, and keeping away from her, and making her unhappy, that she wouldn't be rather a fool to let herself go on caring?"

He caught her hand so tightly that, had she not loved him so, she would have cried aloud in pain. "You—you did care, then, Janet?"

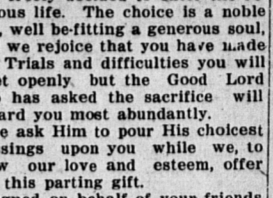
Her control snapped. Tears brimmed over. "Will, you—you goose! The thought of you going away hurt so—so terribly—that I just couldn't speak about it! And—and let me tell you this—a smile glimmered through the tears, just like a rainbow—"if you do go away to the ends of the earth, you won't get rid of me! I'm coming with you!"

(To Be Continued)

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Old Dutch

THE daily use of Old Dutch ensures a healthful Home. It is a natural detergent, the safe cleanser for cooking utensils, glassware, enamelled surfaces and a hundred other uses. It contains no lye, acids or hard grit to injure the finest surfaces or affect the hands. For economy, comfort and safety there is nothing else like Old Dutch Cleanser. MADE IN CANADA



then rendered and much enjoyed while dainty refreshments were served by the ladies present.

IN THE SUNSHINE

Ah! we never miss the sunshine Till the storm clouds roll apace, And we value not the dear one Till we see the cold dead face: Oh! our hearts are seldom melted Till the voice is hushed and still Of the loved one we have walked with.

Up the pathway of life's hill! Let us linger in life's sunshine Till the last glad ray departs, Let the twilight and the dawning Link the closer trusting hearts: Then each tomorrow will be brighter For the sunshine that hath been, And life's burden be the lighter For the sympathies between.

Oh! to speak some words of kindness In the ear of human woe, Is like eyes to stony blindness Of the groping ones below; Ah! the touch of tender fingers On our throbbing brows of pain, Is the sweet of life that lingers, Ere we turn to earth again!

"My dear, don't take an outside stateroom!"

"But everyone tells me they're so comfortable and airy, and—"

"They're airy, all right, but take it from me, I just came back on the Mastic, outside cabin, and I couldn't sleep a wink. Such noise!"

"Noise?"

"My dear, it was the airplanes going back and forth, back and forth all night!"



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IMPERIAL FOX BISCUITS are the most popular and outstanding Fox Biscuits on the market today because they are unexcelled as to quality of

FORMULA which has been prepared after many years of successful practical experience on the advice of leading ranchers and in consultation with acknowledged scientific experts.

INGREDIENTS which are of the highest quality only the best Government inspected being utilized.

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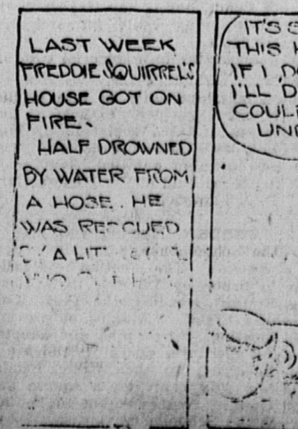
RESULTS. Ranches, using IMPERIALS regularly, won over 90% of the prizes at the Fox Shows in Canada and the United States, received highest prices for pelts at Fur Sales, had the highest average of production and also the highest number of young foxes raised to maturity.

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THE BEDTIME STRIP



LAST WEEK FREDDIE SQUIRREL'S HOUSE GOT ON FIRE. HALF DROWNED BY WATER FROM A HOSE. HE WAS RESCUED. CALT...
IT'S SUFFOCATING IN THIS HUMAN HOUSE. IF I DON'T GET FREE I'LL DIE. I WISH I COULD MAKE HER UNDERSTAND.
OH, I WISH HED BE FRIENDLY WITH ME HE'S SO CUTE.
I CAN'T GET HIM TO EAT, HE'LL STARVE TO DEATH.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT EATING IF I WAS ONLY BACK WITH MY MOTHER. I'D BE SO GOOD SHE'D NEVER HAVE TO SCOLD ME AGAIN.
POOR FREDDIE WILL DIE IN THERE. I'D RATHER WED BE KILLED BY THE FIRE THAN TO LOSE HIM THIS WAY.