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Kill the Mosquitoes. Fly-Tox bed rooms before retiring. Enjoy repose free from the buzz and sting of mosquitoes. Fly-Tox will not stain.

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Good results have been obtained in Australia with insects imported from Texas and South America to destroy prickly pear plants, which infest some regions.

CONNOLLY ESTATE SCHOLARSHIPS

Applications will be received by the undersigned until June 11th from students desirous of competing in a written examination for a Connolly Estate Scholarship. This examination, to be held in July next, is open to all deserving students who shall have been found eligible to the provisions of the Will of the late Owen Connolly. Each applicant shall state (1) his name in full, (2) age, (3) names of both parents, (4) Post Office address, (5) nature and extent of his studies during the past year.

M. J. SMITH, Secretary. Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly. Minerva, P. E. I. May 28, 1921. 5782-5-27-rm61.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

We again have a well-drilling machine on the island and are prepared to drill wells any size and depth at reasonable prices. No job so large or too small.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Personal supervision given to all work. For references we refer you to the wells we drilled for the Summerside Water Works a number of years ago. Machine now working at Maritime Electric Co.'s Plant, Charlottetown. Inquire there or write T. R. KENT, Well Driller, St. George, N. B. If interested better make a note of this address 5-25-wfm 91

Professional Cards

McLEOD & BENTLEY. J. A. Bentley, W. E. Bentley, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law. Office: 180 Richmond Street MONEY TO LOAN Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McDonald & McPhee B. A. J. A. McDONALD H. F. MCPHEE B. A. Barristers, Attorneys, Etc. Money to Loan.

Dr. C. C. Archibald. Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses Office, Bayer Building Great George Street Office Hours—9 to 12.30. 1.30 to 5.00

Mark R. McGuigan B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Money to Loan. Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

BOSTON by Steamer INTERNATIONAL LINE. Fare from St. John \$10, from Eastport or Lubec, Me., \$9. Every Wednesday steamer leaves St. John 9.00 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



A SURE THING THEN He: You can't eat yer cake and have it, you know. She: That's the only sure way of having it, I'd say.



PICKED UP CHIPS "How does he make his living?" "Picking up chips." "That well dressed man! You're joking." "Picks them up at the poker table, you know."



WELL SUPPLIED "Have you a cigar, Bob?" "Yes, thank you, Jim, all I shall need, I think."



NOT SO GOOD Dad: Well, how has Willie behaved today? Mother: Not so bad. Dad: That's not so good, I'd say.



HIDES WHAT? Mrs. Gabb: That woman always dresses in furs and hides. Mrs. Stabb: Hides what?



EVER EAT ONE? 1st Fish: Mr. Lobster is always taking an opposite view of everything. 2nd Fish: Sure, don't you know that lobsters never agrees with anybody!

BABY CROSS ALL THE TIME Eczema on Face and Body. Cuticura Heals. "My baby's face and body were covered with eczema. It broke out in blisters and sore eruptions, and he could not sleep on account of the irritation. I had to keep mittens on his hands to keep him from scratching. He was cross all the time, and his clothing aggravated the breaking out. I used other remedies but they did not help him. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a few days I could see a change, and in about a month he was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Katie Davidson, Flat Lake, Alta. Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are ideal for daily toilet uses. Samples Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: Cuticura Ltd., Montreal, P. Q. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

HORSES We will have a shipment of choice Western Horses arrive on Monday the 13th, Young and sound, weighing from 12 to 15 hundred lbs. All broken. See them at our farm at Winsloe. HORNE BROS. 6021-8-8-21.

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN CHAPTER XLVII

"How's accomplish?" Billy's suddenly dry lips could hardly form the words. "Sure!" Nyda nodded, her glittering black eyes again racing down the paragraphs of the front page story. They got the goods on him all right. It says here that a self-appointed committee of representative citizens—that's Ralph Truman's work, of course—managed to install a dictaphone in Namir Sadh's private sanctum, and he made records of his telephone conversations, at least of his end of the conversations, and they got him dead to rights. His accomplice—"Who was his—his accomplice?" Billy's tongue was still almost paralyzed by that nameless fear. He could not even utter Dal's name to herself—his going away so suddenly, so mysteriously had nothing to do with this expose of Namir Sadh—"It doesn't say," Nyda answered. "All they know is that he did have an accomplice, some society man, they think, who wormed his way into the confidence of everyone of importance and tipped off Namir Sadh so he could scare the life out of the suckers who came to get their fortune told. Some swell scheme, believe me!" She abandoned her effort to enlighten Billy and read on, interrupting her reading with exclamations of pleased horror. "Say, Winnie, the Holden divorce suit was caused by Namir Sadh! I told you so! Sadh got the low-down on Bert Holden—it says here—and when Holden refused to pay up, Sadh spilled the beans to Mrs. Holden, and she sued Bert for a divorce."

"But—I don't understand," Billy pleaded. "Please let me see the paper. How did he work his scheme?" Winnie volunteered to enlighten her. "Why, it was as simple as

of what might happen in this town if some crook got hold of it!" "How did Namir Sadh escape?" Billy asked, her own breath coming more easily. "Why, they faded his place last night thinking they'd bag him," Nyda explained, "but he must have been tipped off right at the last minute. Some secret passage, I guess," she concluded with relish. "A secret passage in a modern apartment house?" Billy grinned. "Don't be foolish!" "Well, anyone—now you see him and now you don't! He didn't have time to open his safe and take what money he had on hand and the black book. They found seven hundred dollars in the safe, but of course he had a fortune stashed away somewhere, safe and sound. They didn't find a trace of him. They ought to have had the place surrounded by the police," she added fiercely. "The boobs! It's just like Ralph Truman to make a mess of it!" "Maybe," Winnie suggested slyly, with a keen glance at Nyda's still pale face. "It's better for a good many people that Namir Sadh will not be brought to trial in Colfax. He might sling a few hot ones from the witness stand."

"Maybe it is," Nyda agreed. The Namir Sadh scandal occupied front page space for three or four days, then, for lack of fresh developments, slipped into oblivion. Almost no one could be found who would appear before the district attorney and make accusations against the fugitive scotch-sayer, and true to his promise to the uneasy public, the district attorney did not make use of the famous "black book" to force co-operation with his office on the part of those who had been blackmailed and defrauded. Dal Romaine kept his promise to Billy to write, but his notes, mailed at long intervals from widely separated cities, gave no clew as to his activities. They contained little more than tender assurances of his love for her and veiled references to their secret engagement. As weeks slipped almost monotonously into months, the restless, heart-sick girl tried to concentrate on her music, to recapture the old

NYAL STONE ROOT COMPOUND \$600 Contest

You can win \$100 or one of the twenty other cash prizes by making up a list of words from the thirteen letters in Nyal Stone Root. Go to the Nyal Drug Store in your locality. It has all the famous Nyal preparations, including Nyal Stone Root Compound which restores health and strength, relieves kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism and sciatica. Just ask the Nyal druggist for the word contest sheets which explain everything. Be sure and go to the NYAL DRUG STORE Once a trial—always Nyal!

sustain her indefinitely. Early in January, after a rather quiet Christmas celebration in the Curtis home, Winnie announced that she had accepted an invitation to spend a week in the winter camp of the Clathornes, friends whom she had made during the year but who seldom came to the Curtis mansion. It was entirely by accident that Billy discovered that the lovely little blond had not been with the Clathornes at all. It was Bruce Kruger, who had really been at the Clathorne camp for a week of winter sports, who quite innocently revealed that Winnie had not been in the party. It was impossible for Billy to confront the girl, who had returned from her mysterious trip with a deeply satisfied glow in her shallow blue eyes, with her knowledge of Winnie's deceit. She feared to pry, lest she learn something that would bias the dearest hope she had in the world. She could not even be sure that she was hearing from Dal, too, but Vicia, the maid, hinted broadly until Billy shut her up. As long as she did not know—

The thirty-first anniversary of the founding of the Curtis Store was a very different celebration than that of the year before. The three girls attended the big party, dressed very quietly, their jewelry scarcely locked in the safe in the old millionaire's library. Not even Lella Sampson was her old cordial self to Billy, and many of the salesmen were openly hostile to the "Cinderella girls." T. Q. tried to pretend that everything was as it had always been, but after the party he sat for two long hours in his library, brooding, thinking remorseful, self-torturing thoughts. The three girls sensed his depression, could not settle down to sleep while he sat there, casting up accounts and, as they all uneasily suspected, judging them, weighing them, possibly rejecting all three of them. During these months of Dal's absence Billy had practically withdrawn from the strange contest to ingratiate herself in the old man's favor, if indeed she had ever actively entered it. The Nyda and Winnie had not abated their efforts in the slightest. Winnie had been spending many hours, typing his letters, cuddling against him as he read and corrected them. And Nyda, warned by intuition that he had penetrated her pretense of caring for children, had thrown herself into her work at the school for kindergarten teachers with what looked like a fanatical zeal. At two o'clock Billy rose, threw a negligee over her nightgown and slipped out of her room, her heart aching with pity for the lonely old man in the library below. She would find something to say to him that would comfort him, she resolved, forgetting completely, for the first time in months, the pain of her longing for Dal Romaine in her sincere affection and pity for the man who had tried to do so much for three ungrateful girls. As she slipped noiselessly past Nyda's door she heard the low rumble of a man's voice, arguing, demanding, beating down Nyda's subdued but almost hysterical words—words which Billy could not distinguish, for honor set her hurrying back to her own room. After she had got back into bed, she lay there shaking with nervousness and fear, fear of some nameless, dreadful calamity that would involve all of them—the old man brooding in the library, terror-haunted Nyda Lomax, scheming little Winnie, and—herself. (To Be Continued)

Billy is right; a calamity is hanging over the Curtis household, and Billy becomes involved.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. ELLEN McLAREN

Following an accident sustained at her home, 295 Princeton St., four weeks ago, Mrs. Ellen McLaren, widow of Alexander McLaren, passed away on Saturday, May 21st in her 83rd year. She was born in Brundell, Prince Edward Island, April 30, 1845, but for 55 years had resided in the old home, head where funeral services, largely attended, were held on Tuesday afternoon, her pastor, Rev. George W. Warren of the Presbyterian Church officiating. Mrs. McLaren, a woman of high ideals and loved by all for her gentleness and never failing courtesy, is survived by one son, Dr. A. L. McLaren of East Boston, and a daughter, Mrs. Warren Wightman of Monague, P. E. I. Burial was at Woodlawn.—Boston Advertiser.

MR. J. F. MORROW.

John Franklin Morrow of Elmira died suddenly on May 11th aged 76 years. Although not in his usual health for some time his friends anticipated his return to health with the balmy air of Spring. He was a consistent member of the South Lake Christian Church. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Lockhart of Souris, on 17th inst. on the arrival of 3 members of his family from the United States. Surviving him are his wife Eudora a daughter of the late William Rose of North Lake 2 sons—Emerson of Westfield Mass. Oliver of Dorchester Mass. and four daughters Mrs. Agner Dalgas of Victoria B. C. Mabel M. Teacher of B. C. Genivivo I. of Waltham Mass. and Mrs. G. Brewer of Cambridge Mass.

Another daughter Elsie died some years ago in B.C. where she was engaged in teaching.

MRS. BARBARA J. MCKAY

There passed to rest on the 23rd inst Barbara Jannet McKay relict of the late John A. McKay of Foulds Mills aged 76 years. By the death of Mrs McKay we



Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Established 1770. The Luxury Soap of the World. DEMURE little vendors of lavender offered their wares amid the quaintness of 18th Century architecture, when Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap first began to soothe delicate complexions with its refining purity. Yardley's of to-day is as delightful to use as it was then. It still preserves and enhances the natural beauty of the complexion, still imparts its lingering lovable fragrance. \$1 per box of 3 large cakes at all best druggists and department stores. YARDLEY, 8 New Bond St., LONDON, Eng. CANADA: 358-362 Adelaide St. W., Toronto 2, Ont. U.S.A.: 15 Madison Square, New York.

have lost another of our well known and highly respected residents, a woman whom all knew as the type of true Christian future generations will revere as the moulders of the nation's character. She leaves to mourn one daughter Mrs John E. Campbell, Sea View with whom she was living at the time of her decease, and one son Hugh, living in Boston, Mass. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Grant of Monague and Rev. Mr. Ayers of Kensington and interment was made in Clifton Cemetery. The pallbearers were Andrew McKay, John W. McKay, Hugh J. McKay, Elmer Cotton, William Colley and John McLeod.



Dal Romaine kept his promise to write but his notes gave no clew as to his activities.

A-B-C. This accomplice of Namir Sadh's would call the faker up two or three times a day, find out what appointments Sadh had made, then the accomplice would give him the dope on them over the phone. If he didn't have anything on them, except harmless stuff, he'd try to get something hot before Sadh saw them; and if he couldn't, the weren't important enough. Sadh would just string 'em along and no harm done. "Oh, my goodness!" Nyda breathed, fear blazing her cheeks. "It says they found a book with every one of his appointments listed in it and under each name all the dope he'd got on them. The district attorney says there's no doubt he was all set for the biggest blackmail campaign anyone ever pulled off in this man's town." She read on, her hands trembling so that the paper rattled. "Oh, it's all right!" she breathed with prayerful thankfulness. "The district attorney says the book will be kept under lock and key in his own office. He says that nobody but him will ever see it. He ought to destroy it! Good Heavens, think magic which had once filled her life with ambition and hope. But ambition seemed to have died within her. There was not room in her heart for anything but that terrible, gnawing hunger for Dal Romaine. The telephone never rang for her that she did not hurry to it with her heart pounding with a wild hope that it was his voice. The postman became the god to which she prayed, but he so seldom brought her a note from her absent lover that she grew to hate the sight of him. Once, in her desperation, she humbled herself to ask Mrs. Meadows for news of her wandering nephew. But Mrs. Meadows could tell her little more than she already knew. "The dear boy has so many important business interests that I cannot possibly keep up with them," Mrs. Meadows told her brightly. "I seldom hear from him, but he always mentions you—in a way that makes me quite sorry that I am too old ever to enjoy romance again myself." This was a grain of comfort for the lovesick girl, but it could not

THE BEDTIME STRIP



Imperial Puppy Food

This popular "Imperial" product is giving excellent results in our ranches this spring. The ranchers, using it, report splendid progress in growth of their young foxes and are ordering in large quantities.

IMPERIAL PUPPY FOOD is first baked as a biscuit from our scientifically prepared and tested Puppy Food formula and then ground into a coarse meal by a special machine recently installed for this purpose. It is ready for feeding and only requires the addition of milk to form a properly balanced diet on which the young foxes thrive most successfully.

IMPERIAL PUPPY FOOD and IMPERIAL FOX BISCUITS contain the nutritional requirements of the young foxes and adults and their liberal use will ensure healthy, vigorous foxes.

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Page the Sandman! —By Arthur Chapou