FLIT

DESTROYS

Flies, Mosquitoes
Roaches
Bedbugs

Other Household Insects

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)

A screenless motion picture machine has been invented for home, school or commercial use, the pictures being projected against a translucent glass plate.

Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition

AMHERST

Aug. 28th to Sept. 4th

Advance Sale of Tickets

Strip tickets six 50c admission for only $2.00.

On sale August 14th to 27th at

BETHUNE HARDWARE CO., Charlottetown.

W. K. ROGERS CO., LTD., Charlottetown.

PRINCE COUNTY DRUG STORE Summerside.

Buy now and save yourself one-third.

THESE TICKETS WILL BE WITHDRAWN FROM SALE ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 7th.
1371-8-19-tst41.

Clearance Auction Sale

FARM, STOCK, CROP AND IMPLEMENTS

We are authorized by Frederick R. Roberts to sell on his farm, East Royalty, Kensington Road on Wednesday, Aug. 25th at 1.30 p. m. ..

STOCK—1 horse, general purpose; 1 cow, Jersey in milk; 1 heifer, 50 hens.

1 light waggon, 1 express waggon, 1 cart, 1 box sleigh, 1 wood sleigh, spike harrow, 1 scuffler, 1 cart, saddle, collar and hames, 1 pad, 1 set light harness, set leather traces, forks, shovels and other articles not mentioned also household furniture: 1 range stove,

CROP—Grain, turnips, carrots parsnips, beets, Potatoes will be sold in drill 6 tons choice hay.

Reason for selling leaving country.

BENJ. CARTER, Auctioneer.
1462-23-2i

Executors' Notice

The undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of George Stordy, late of Branch Road in Township Number Twenty-eight in Prince County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, Deceased, estate, hereby notify all persons indebted to the estate of the said deceased, to make immediate payment to them, at the residence of Roy Stordy, at Branch Road, in Lot 28 in Prince County; and all persons having any claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same duly attested to the said Roy Stordy within one year from this date.

Dated this Twentieth day of August, A. D., 1926.

THOMAS STORDY,
ROY STORDY,
Executors.

1460-8-23-6i.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Reconstruction of Outer Block, West Point Wharf, P. E. I.," will be received until 12 o'clock noon (daylight saving), Tuesday, September 7, 1926, for the reconstruction of the Outer Block of West Point Wharf, Prince County, P. E. I.

Plans and forms of contract can be seen and specification and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the office of the District Engineer, Post Office Bldg., Charlottetown, P. E. I., and at the Post Office, O'Leary Station, Prince County, P. E. I.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on printed forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with conditions contained therein.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque in a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 p. c. of the amount of the tender. Bonds of the Dominion of Canada or bonds of the Canadian National Railway Company will also be accepted as security, or bonds and a cheque if required to make up an odd amount.

NOTE—Blue prints can be obtained at this Department by depositing an accepted cheque for the sum of $10.00, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works which will be returned if the intending bidder submit a regular bid.

By order,
S. E. O'BRIEN,
Secretary

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 17, 1926.
1429-8-21-3i.

SMILES

HE DOGGED HER STEPS

He: What makes you think George has only puppy love for you?

She: Look how he dogs my steps!

She: I've got all the boys here at my feet.

He: Chiropodists, are they?

QUESTION ANSWERED

Mother: What will open your eyes to the fact that you're a very lazy boy about getting up in the morning?

Son: I don't know, ma, but please don't put one of those alarm clocks in my room.

NO CLOSE RELATIONS

"And you haven't any close relations?"

"Can't say I have—they've all been pretty generous to me."

NOT RESIGNED

"Was Jones resigned when he lost his job?".

"Hadn't a chance to resign—he was fired."

With a view to its eventual use in the manufacture of rayon an Italian company has been making a chemical cellulose by the action of chlorine on esparto grass.

PIMPLES OVER FACE AND NECK

Itched and Burned Badly. Healed by Cuticura.

"My face started to itch and burn and then broke out with pimples that were hard, large and red. After a few days they festered and scaled over and were very sore. They itched and burned so badly that I used to scratch which caused them to spread all over my face and neck. My face was badly disfigured.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it I purchased more and in about two weeks I was healed." (Signed) Miss Bertha Wilson, R. R. 2, Foresters Falls, Ont., Oct. 3, 1924.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum helps to prevent skin troubles.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Potterone, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

450 Cups

Follow the directions in each package of Rakwana Golden Orange Pekoe and obtain twice as many cups—making it cost less to use than the cheapest bulk teas.

Rakwana Golden Orange Pekoe

first for thirst

"These Women"

BY MALCOLM DUART

CHAPTER LII

Mr. Sunshine ran to the switch, and turned on the electric light.

Morton's feet were on the floor now, and he was sitting on the edge of the couch, his arm across his eyes.

"Dead—here at my feet!"

The other man sped to his side and shook him. "You've been asleep, Mr. Morton!" he shouted, bending to the other's ear.

Morton dropped his arm, and looked vacantly about him. "I had found her again, and—"

His eyes caught the figure of Abe Sunshine, beside him. He passed his hand across his face, as if to wipe from it a veil that obscured his vision.

"What am I doing here?" he said, sharply. Swaying, he rose to his feet, and laid his hand on Abe's shoulder. "Where's Nona? Audrey—"

He pressed both hands to the sides of his head. "I was living a scene of nineteen years ago," he said, slowly. "And it was so real that I thought—"

He shook himself. "How long have I been here?"

Mr. Sunshine took out his watch and looked at it. "About eight or nine hours," he said. "And I haven't had any dinner, and Nona didn't have any sleep at all last night, and now she's at the theatre, dancing."

The words finally aroused Morton.

He took the other's arm. "I'm terribly sorry, Abe," he said. "I remember what happened now. Nona took me, and walked me for four mortal hours. The doctor said I had to do that, or I couldn't get to sleep. And then she brought me up here. Did she say she hadn't been to bed last night?"

"You bet." Abe assured him.

"Then," said Morton, "she had no breakfast either, and no luncheon. I was with her." He groaned. "I'm just a calamity to my friends."

Mr. Sunshine took him affectionately by the arm. "You're no calamity at all, Mr. Morton," he assured him. "You're just a fellow in hard luck. We're all glad to help."

Morton was searching around for his collar and tie. Finding them, he put them on before Nona's boudoir mirror. "Have you heard anything from Audrey, over at my apartment?"

Mr. Sunshine shook his head. "I'd have called up, but I didn't want to wake you," he said. "Come on—I'll go over there with you, in a taxi. Then I'll go to the theatre, and see how Nona is. She must be pretty nearly used up, by this time."

"Telephone me as soon as you find out," urged Morton, as they descended the elevator. "Poor girl! And tell her how I appreciate it, won't you Abe?"

The theatrical man assented heartily.

"And I'll get me some dinner, too," he said.

They found a taxi, and soon were at the Morton apartment. "If you can eat cold food," Morton said, "come on up. I'm sure there's nothing ready, now. It's late."

"I want a hot beefsteak," said Abe. "I'll get one for Nona, too, after the show."

Morton shook his hand warmly, and turned into the building.

Once in his own apartment, Morton went quickly to the door behind which Audrey lay. Pushing it open, he cautiously entered. The nurse was sitting placidly at the head of the bed. Audrey was still asleep.

"Miss Morton asked for you," the nurse said, coldly. "It seems that you were out some place. I had to tell her you were asleep. She said she was glad, and went to sleep again!"

Her stare at Morton was hostile.

"The doctor told me to walk until I was exhausted," he explained, humbly. "Finally, when I got so weak I couldn't walk any longer, I was taken to a friend's apartment. I just woke up."

"Oh," her tone was more friendly. "Well, Miss Morton was given a little nourishment, and her heart action is stronger."

She glanced at the disheveled clothes of the man before her. They were wrinkled from use as sleeping garments, and with his unshaven face, gave him the aspect of a vagrant.

"You can use some more sleep," she said, this time with real kindness. "Go on, go to bed—I think you can sleep normally now."

He stooped and kissed the sleeping Audrey, and then went to his own room. In a few moments, he was in a dreamless sleep his arms wrapped about his head, his legs sprawling.

* * *

Audrey was awake, but very weak, when he entered her room the next morning. He had bathed and shaved and dressed himself carefully, and appeared a different man from the weary, broken figure that had crept out of the room the night before.

"Dearest!" he exclaimed, and ran to her as he saw that her eyes were open.

She smiled, in gentle welcome. "Daddy dear! I'm so glad! They said you were almost ill yourself!"

He sat on the bed beside her, and smoothed back her hair. "I'm all right—I'm always all right," he said.

She was quiet a little while, and her chest moved as if she were breathless.

"Daddy, may we go back to New York when I'm able to be up!" Her big blue eyes were fixed on him imploringly, as if she feared a refusal.

"Of course, sweetheart. The doctor said you HAD to go back there, as soon as you could be moved."

She gave a sigh of content. "I feel as if I were in a wilderness, here, some way. I feel lost."

She turned her head away from him, and looked out the window. His face, with quick lines of misery upon it, startled the nurse who was watching him.

"Don't worry so, sir," she said. "Miss Morton is getting better."

The girl on the bed turned to him again, and reached for his hand. "Yes—don't worry, daddy. I didn't mean to worry you."

He began to tell her what the doctor had said—that she was a plant transplanted in the wrong soil, and that she should have quiet and real home life. Her eyes lost the light that they had held when he came in, and now she stared at him, as if she could not comprehend. Her lids drooped, and opened again.

"It's all so mysterious," she sighed.

She was asleep again.

"She can't be talked to much, for a long time, Mr. Morton," the nurse said, rising and coming to the bed. "It tires her mind, if she has to think hard about anything."

"I do everything wrong, don't I?" he said, looking down at the quiet figure of his descendants.

The nurse's sympathies were aroused. Quickly coming around the bed, she stood beside him. "She loves you very much," said the nurse. "There isn't anything you've done that she won't forgive."

It was the wrong consolation. Tears welled into his eyes, and hastily he left the room, and stumbling down the steps, went into his own study and locked the door.

At the end of an hour, he came out. The butler, listening at the key hole, had heard him stirring around inside. Now Morton's breakfast was waiting for him, on the table.

He smiled a little as the man pointed at the meal triumphantly. "I timed it just right, sir," said the butler.

Morton thanked him, and sitting down, for the first time since Audrey's illness ate a full meal.

When he had done, he assured himself that Audrey's condition was not changed. Then he went into the drawing-room, and sat down with the newspapers.

A little after ten o'clock, Nona called on the telephone.

"May I come over, and see Audrey?" she asked.

"Do come, my dear," Morton said. "I want to thank you, Nona, for what you did for me yesterday."

"Didn't do a thing!" Nona declared. "But I'm glad you got some sleep."

"And I'm not glad that you didn't get any sleep at all," he told her. "But come on over, and we'll talk about it."

Nona came, her eyes anxiously scanning his face as she came in the door.

"You're better," she said, with relief. "Is Audrey still sleeping?"

He told her of Audrey's awakening. He choked a little as he told how his own words had tired her again.

"But anything would have tired her," said Nona, sympathetically. "Poor little dear! It will be weeks and weeks before she's strong again. The nurse told me."

She sat down, on a deep divan that stood beside the organ alcove.

"Abe said you woke up, thinking that Audrey was dead," she said, hesitantly.

He leaned forward, bowing his head so she could not see his face. "It was not this Audrey I thought I saw," he said. "It was another Audrey—an Audrey who really lived one time, and whom I found—" he did not finish the sentence.

The girl made a movement toward him, but restrained herself.

"I think Audrey's illness—this Audrey's—was what brought it to my mind," he went on. "Old wounds can be reopened, you know."

Her face was filled with tender sympathy, but to spare him, she abruptly changed the subject.

"I have a new contract," she told him, brightly.

"A good one?"

She dipped into the bag that hung on her wrist, and drew from it a legal document.

"Here it is," she said, handing it to him.

He glanced over the paper. "Why, that's a tremendous salary boost!"

He smiled with pleasure as he passed the contract back to her.

"Are you glad?" she asked him.

"Indeed I am!" he told her. "Nona, you're a successful woman!"

"Not successful," she told him, soberly. "No one is successful, unless they have achieved happiness."

He arose suddenly, and strode to the window. "I know that, Nona!" he said, without turning his head. "Riches don't make happiness! My God, I know they don't!"

She ran to him. "I didn't mean to wound you, Harry," she said. "I was just thinking about my own case. I wouldn't have said anything to revive—to make you think of sad things, Harry. You know I wouldn't, don't you?"

He extended his hand backward, and took hers. "You're kind and good, Nona," he said softly.

The butler came to the entrance, and rapped upon the door. Morton did not let go of Nona's hand as he turned.

The servant had a telegram upon a silver tray. Morton took it, and tearing the envelope, read the message.

He passed it to Nona, and she read, aloud:

"Have just learned of Miss Morton's serious illness. May I come please. John Parrish."

(To Be Continued)

Scientific Research Safeguards General Motors Leadership

General Motors of Canada has at its disposal the finest research staff in the automotive industry

Upon its roster are names that spell wizardry to the informed.

Innumerable are the achievements of these men; inestimable the value of their contributions to human happiness through improvements that have produced the modern motor car

In laboratories of matchless facilities, experiments are constantly in progress under their supervision. They are working out tomorrow's motor cars today. They have been doing that for years.

And all General Motors cars of today embody their invaluable findings . . . features and qualities and advanced designs that contribute to power, performance, longer life, beauty, comfort, convenience and operating economy.

Every General Motors Unit shares in the benefits of this research.

Canadian-built Fisher bodies reveal it. Canadian-built Cadillac, McLaughlin-Buick, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chevrolet... all embody countless examples of its abilities and powers.

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WEEDS A NATIONAL PROBLEM.

(Experimental Farms Note.)

Travelling through Canada in midsummer one is truck by the prevalence and diversity of weeds. Whole districts, certainly fields, can be described as white, blue, yellow or green—the green too often unfortunately, of couch grass rather than of clean, vigorously growing crops. The occurrence, here and there, of exceptions to the rule, simply demonstrates the possibility of better things.

Losses to farmers and to Canada, totalling many millions of dollars annually, are represented by this riot of color. Any means, however partial, of reducing such waste, must therefore command respect.

Much of eastern Canada is fit only for a forest crop. Fire and ax have exposed to the incursion of weeds, millions of acres that can only be a menace to adjoining lands until restored, by governmental or municipal action largely, to its own proper use.

In large additional areas the farming can only be described as very low-pressure cropping indeed. The land lies in hay or pasture chiefly, and in a year or two from the plow, produces herbage unmarketable as hay. Until brought under a more intensive agriculture, or correct permanent pasture management, returns from such farms will be meagre.

In more advanced farming districts there is a noticeable decrease of such conspicuous, but readily (under cultivation) suppressed weeds as buttercup, ox-eye daisy, and the hawkweeds. In their place, according to locality, appear various mustards, thistles and others. Certain weeds are more or less indicative of over-reliance on grain crops, others prevail in clover-seed growing districts, fruit or trucking lands, etc. Perennial sow thistle invades the richer soils, especially if poorly drained: Russian thistle the lighter regions; sheep sorrel those in need of liming. Everywhere some weed is ready to seize an opportunity. Man's only hope now, of comparative freedom from weeds is to occupy every inch with adapted crops, well planted and carefully husbanded according to sound principles of tillage and plant growth. Only so can he possibly forestall Nature's constant effort, to replace lost vegetation—of forest, east and west, and prairie in the vast interior of Canada.

FARM FOR SALE

At South Shore, consisting of 118 acres cleared land with good dwelling house and barns. Will sell farm with or without crop. Apply JOSEPH DOYLE

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Live Poultry

We will be buying live poultry until the end of the season. Highest prices paid at all times. If you have any to sell get in touch with us.

CONRAD & CO.

8-14-stt6i.

Teachers' Local Conventions

Will be held at:—Uigg, August 27th; Mt. Stewart, August 30th; New Haven, September 1st; Hunter River, September 2nd; O'Leary, September 3rd; Summerside, September 7th.

Teachers who formerly attended Convention at Souris, please attend Convention at Mt. Stewart.

Programmes will suit arrival and departure of trains.

Every teacher is urged to attend at least one Convention.

1474-8-24-2i.

Do you want a Minister of Railways who Declares it is his job to Build the Hudson Bay Railway, or do you want a Maritime Man who will Protect Local Interests? Vote for Messervey and Myers Champions of Maritime Rights.