

### 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.

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Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers.

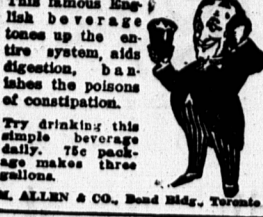
### EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC SAILINGS

FROM MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL  
 Aug. 26, Sept. 11 ..... Montreal  
 Aug. 27, Sept. 24 ..... Montreal  
 Sept. 3, Oct. 1 ..... Montreal  
 TO BELFAST—GLASGOW  
 Sept. 9, Oct. 7 ..... Metagama  
 TO CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
 Aug. 25, Sept. 22 ..... Metagama  
 Sept. 8, Oct. 6 ..... Metagama  
 FROM QUEBEC  
 TO BELFAST—GLASGOW  
 Aug. 24, Sept. 23 ..... Metagama  
 TO CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON—HAMBURG  
 Aug. 18 ..... Empress of Scotland  
 Sept. 1, Sept. 29 ..... Empress of France  
 TO CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
 Sept. 15, Oct. 6 ..... Empress of Scotland

Apply Local Agents  
**C. BRUCE BURPEE**  
 Dist. Pass. Agent  
 45 King Street  
 Saint John, N.B.

### D. WATSON'S ALE & STOUT



This famous English beverage tones up the entire system, aids digestion, banishes the poisons of constipation. Try drinking this simple beverage daily. The package makes three gallons.

### 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** 1348-8-18wtf.

### ANNUAL MEETING

"The Annual General Meeting of the Charlottetown Can. Company, Limited, will be held at the Company's Offices, Charlottetown, on Wednesday, August 25th, 1926, at eleven o'clock in the morning, with a view to the adjournment until Tuesday, September 28th, 1926 at the same place and hour."  
C. FAIRALL FISHER, Secy. Treas. 1194-8-11-18.

### TENDERS

Will be received by the undersigned until September 1st for the building of a school house at Brackley, Lot 33. In accordance with plans and specifications which may be seen at the residence of Alphonse Bryanton, Brackley, or at the Education Office, Charlottetown.  
**EDWARD SELICK,**  
Secretary of Trustees,  
Brackley School District.  
1089-8-5,6,7,16,17,18.

### "These Women" BY MALCOLM DUART

#### CHAPTER XLVII

"Of course I am glad." He turned, and seated himself upon a stool. Against the wall was a heap of flowers; roses and carnations and orchids and knots of brilliant yellow and purple blossoms. They were divided into many sprays and close-packed bouquets. On the floor was a great floral horseshoe.

Morton picked up the card that was attached to this emblem. "A Sunshine Production—May the Clouds Never Cover Your Face," was the legend that was written on it.

"Good little Abe," said Morton. "He certainly wishes you well." She was starting to remove the grease-paint from her face, with great daubs of cold cream, and with words of abuse.

"I signed my contract with Abe to-day," she said. "He's to be my personal manager."

Morton nodded approval. "He'll take care of you. He's square." She started to pull her sleeveless waist from her shoulders. Morton stepped outside.

Mr. Sunshine himself was waiting at the door, beaming and happy. He thrust his head inside.

"It was great, Nona!" he cried. "Positively wonderful. You're carrying the whole show yourself!"

Withdrawing his hand, he shook hands warmly with Morton. "Let us congratulate ourselves," he proceeded. "I am thinking now, shall I ask them to change her contract right away, and take a big jump in salary for a long term, or shall I plan to take her out of this show and get her starred in the fall?"

He placed his finger to his forehead, and looked at his friend with wrinkled brow.

"Suit yourself," laughed Morton. "I'm sure you won't allow her to lose money, in the long run."

"No indeed," Mr. Sunshine earnestly assured him. "We shall aim to MAKE money. Look!"

He drew from his pocket a sheet of music, and holding it before him, hummed the air in a voice by no means unmusical.

"We're going to interpolate that," he said. "I had it written for her. She must have more encore numbers. Wasn't she a wow?"

Radiating pleasure, he popped in on Nona's dressing room, and shut the door. Morton wandered to the stage, where little knots of performers still were standing, in costume, gleefully reviewing their first night's success.

He shook hands with the producer. She paused.

"I'll get my money back out of the production, at least," said that worthy, modestly.

Morton prodded him in the ribs. And about five hundred per cent profit," he supplemented.

"Maybe," said the producer, "but it isn't lucky to brag. We'll pack this place all summer, and then we'll turn it into a winter show!"

"I'll get a couple of high-priced comedians, and a better prima donna, and put Nona's name in electric lights outside, right away."

Contentedly he lighted a cigar. The thumping of seats, from the auditorium beyond the curtain, had ceased. The ushers had finished their hasty search for lost purses and gloves and handkerchiefs and hats.

The silence recalled to Morton that he had left Audrey and Parrish in their seats, waiting for him. He turned to the wings, and pushed a short flight of steps, into the darkness of the theatre, in contrast to the lighted stage, caused him to blink.

"Audrey!" he called. "Yes, daddy."

A slim young figure approached him out of the gloom.

"Why, where's Parrish?" She took his arm. "Mr. Parrish," she said, "got angry, and went home."

He drew her to the landing, just below the stage.

She glanced into his face. It was frowning, angrily.

"Don't be too cross, daddy," she said. "It was really my fault."

"No matter whose fault it was," he snapped. "He had no right to go away and leave you. What was it you did to him?"

She looked around for a chair. There was one at the head of the flight of steps, on the stage level, and she ascended to it, Morton following.

"I told him he wasn't REAL," she said, sitting down. "We were talking, while the ushers threw up the seats, and banged around. I said I thought Nona was a real artist. He gave a little sneer. He said dancers and singers are just butterflies, and aren't worth much in the world."

Morton settled on the top step, in order to hear better.

"I suppose he doesn't like flowers, then, either," he commented. "That's just what I told him," she replied. "And I told him I thought he wasn't real himself. First he was such a stick-in-the-mud, making up standards of his own for other people to live by, and then all of a sudden he became foolish and ran around after a lot of little chorus girls who don't know anything. Then, because you called him down, he gets to be a stick-in-the-mud again."

"What then?" inquired Morton. "Then he got up and went away," said Audrey. "He wouldn't even say 'good-night!'"

Morton's expression was divided between laughter and wrath. "That fellow is as full of self-esteem as a grapefruit is of juice," he pronounced.

At this moment Nona appeared, escorted by her new personal manager.

"Let's have some supper," she said. "I'm famished."

Mr. Sunshine swung to Audrey's side, and took her arm. Morton walked with Nona to the stage exit.

"Come on up to my apartments," he proposed. "I'll phone for them to have something for us to eat."

Using the door-keepers' telephone, he called his butler, who promptly responded. Morton briefly ordered a cold supper, with sandwiches and salad and wines, to be set out.

"It will be better than going to one of the restaurants," he said, returning to his party.

His car was waiting, and the four proceeded by way of silent side streets, to Morton's Toronto home.

They were admitted by the respectful butler, whose eyes were swollen with the marks of early sleep.

"I never COULD drink," she sighed.

"Thank Providence!" supplemented her guardian.

They sat and talked and speculated over Nona's future until dawn came. Audrey's eyes were heavy, and her head dropped forward now and again. Each time she raised it with an apologetic smile.

"Poor child!" said Nona. "Let her go to bed!"

Audrey looked at her gratefully. "This is the latest I ever stayed up in my life," she said.

Morton filled the glasses that stood before him and Nona, from a bottle of sparkling wine.

"We'll adjourn then," he proposed, filling his own glass. They tossed off the wine, and rising, told Audrey good-night. "We'll catch an early taxi, and take Abe home," Morton said, "and after that you and I, Nona, will go for a little drive. Some fresh air won't hurt you."

(To Be Continued)

# Free Sample of KOTEX

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### AUCTION SALE

AT VICTORIA, AUGUST 19th

On the premises of Brent Wood.  
Horses—1 Draft Mare 6 years old, 1 horse, dark wood, 14 years old, 1 mare, black knight, 14 years old.  
Cows—Registered Holstein—1 cow 2½ years old due to freshen August 22nd, 1 cow 7 years old, due to freshen November 9th, 1 cow 8 years old due to freshen March 17th, (7 day, record 550 lbs. milk, 23 lbs. butter), 1 cow 5 years old due to freshen December 16th, 1 cow 3 years old due to freshen December 16th, 1 heifer 2 years old, 1 heifer 1½ years old, 1 calf bull

4 months old.  
Grade Holsteins—1 cow 3 years old due to freshen August 22nd, 1 cow 3 years old due to freshen March 17th.  
Pigs—6 pigs 5 months old, 1 sow with 9 little ones at side.  
Farm implements—Hay mower, rake, disk harrow, etc., 1 double truck wagon (Francis & Sons) complete with box and hay rack, just used a few months, single truck wagon, cart, express and driving wagons, harness of all kinds, double and single, cream separator, 50 bushels of mixed feed, 40 hens and 60 chickens. Other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms—All sums up to \$15 cash, over that amount 6 months credit on approved joint notes, 6 per cent.

HUGH MORRISON, Auctioneer, 1302-8-16mw.

### COTTAGE FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for private sale property situated 122 Dorchester Street, consisting of 6 rooms with hot air furnace, also large barn and building lot. Inspection evening 7 to 8.

MAY STEWART, 123 Dorchester Street, 1257-8-13-121.

# COME AND HEAR

## Hon. James A. Robb

Ex-Minister of Finance

## Hon. Charles A. Dunning

Ex-Minister of Railways

### BOTH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN

You will hear about the Budget, One of the Greatest in the History of our Country

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HON. JOHN E. SINCLAIR AND MR. R. H. JENKINS, Liberal Standard Bearers in Queen's will also speak.

This will be one of the Greatest and Most Thrilling Meetings of the Whole Campaign

## STRAND THEATRE, WEDNESDAY EVENING

Vote for the Party That Built Canada—The Conservatives