

SO SHORT OF BREATH SHE COULD HARDLY DO HER HOUSEWORK

Mrs. Nelson Moore, Milford, Ont., writes: "I had heart and nerve trouble, and became so short of breath I could hardly do my housework, and was so nervous every little sound I heard felt like a shock to me. A friend of mine recommended



so highly I got a box of them and they did me so much good I got the second box, and now I am feeling like a different woman." Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all druggists or dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ROME, June 6.—A chain of powerful searchlights scouring the heavens and extending from the northernmost countries as far as Naples will act as guides for the Bellanca plane Columbia if its pilot, Chamberlin, decides to fly over the Alps into Italy. Orders to this effect were issued early today by Signor Balbo, Under Secretary for Aviation, on receiving what he considered semi-official information that the fliers will probably attempt to reach the eternal city.

SMILES



HE COULDN'T KNEEL "When Gertrude's fellow proposed was he very romantic?" "Naw! He was too rheumatic to be romantic."



HOW HE KILLED 'EM "Yes, keeps 'em out all evening dancing and never buys 'em anything to eat."



HAD LOST HIS BALANCE "They say he's gotten pretty wobbly in business." "He's lost his balance at the bank."

NOW AND THEN Did men from monkeys come? I do not so assert, But I do know that some Apparently revert.



She: Did you pass everything at college? He: I didn't pass up a thing.



NOT A DRESS IN THE SHOW "Do you suppose they held dress rehearsals for that new play?" "Gracious, no—there's not a whole dress in the show."

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

CHAPTER XLV

It was remarkable how quickly the oddly assorted Curtis "family" settled into their lives in the Curtis mansion and in Colfax after their return from Europe. To Billy, it soon became almost incredible that they had been away at all, that she had heard divine music, seen aged wanderers trod highways famous for thousands of years.

They all seemed so little changed. Within a week after their return, Nyda was again an unwilling pupil in the Cordelia Blount School for Kindergarten Teachers. Winnie was once more prattling at the luncheon table of her shorthand and typewriting lessons at the Knox Secretarial School, and Billy was again taking a violin lesson a week from Professor Navratil.



Winnie stamped her foot with anger and disappointment.

On her first visit to her mother, she gave Mrs. Wells two hundred dollars, blushing scarlet with shame as she did so, for it had been more than three months since she had given her a penny. But her mother did not reproach her for her neglect, or, indeed, that she had not really needed so much. But Billy, ashamed, changed the subject to Clay.

"How's working like a house afire on his symphony?" Mrs. Wells told her daughter, her eyes growing so fond that Billy felt a pang of jealousy. "That Professor Navratil of yours and a big pianist who was visiting here from Chicago have heard some of it, and they think he's going to be famous when it's presented. I think it's awfully noisy myself," she added indulgently.

"How is Clay otherwise?" Billy asked casually, but her throat was constricted with tears. "Oh, he's well enough, I guess—leastways he says he is. He's freshened up a bit. He says it's his home cooking, but I lay it all to the hard, manual labor he's doing. Nothing like work to give a man an appetite and develop his muscles. He likes the factory work now, too, and that helps a lot."

"What does he do for amusement? He can't spend every minute of his time away from the factory on his music, Billy prodded. "Doesn't he go out with the girls?" He really ought to, you know," she added hypocritically. Odd how her heart hurt when she thought of Clay with any other girl! Was she really foolish

Drives them out then kills them



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enough and cruel enough to hope that she had ruined his life? "Oh, he's bought himself a flivver," Mrs. Wells laughed, "and he takes Lella Sampson driving sometimes on a Sunday, and occasionally they go dancing together. Lella's getting to be a real pretty, stylish-looking girl. You wouldn't believe how that girl's changed—"

"Dancing!" Billy interrupted. "I never danced with Clay," she added wistfully. "Well, darling, when you get to be running. You're sure you like the things I brought you from Europe?" Her eyes roved about the shabby little living room, in which the lovely, fragile bits of bric-a-brac and the neatly framed etchings she had brought her mother from Europe looked almost ludicrously out of place.

She was glad to escape the house in which she had lived in poverty, glad almost to escape her mother's wistful, questioning eyes. She had been back in Colfax less than forty-eight hours when she heard more about the "marvelous" soothsayer, crystal gazer and clairvoyant of whom Constance Bradley had written her. Everyone, as Constance had assured her, was consulting him and spreading his fame. But a week elapsed before she had an opportunity to see him herself.

Mrs. Meadows had gone to her room immediately after dinner that evening, leaving Dal Romaine and Ralph Truman alone with Nyda and Billy, Winnie and T. Q. were in the library, Winnie again busily playing the game of being the millionaire's private secretary.

"I say, Romaine," Ralph suggested, "I'll be these base travelers would get a kick out of old Gunga Din, the fortune-teller. What say we call him up and see if he can make an appointment for them for tonight?"

Dal Romaine smiled. "I haven't consulted Namir Sadih, or whatever he calls himself, but if the girls would like to go—He rose, smiling again at Nyda and Nyda's excited clamor of assent, and excused himself to telephone, using the instrument in the hall, rather than the one which was discreetly concealed in a lacquered cabinet in the drawing room.

He took so long to telephone that the girls were frankly impatient when he returned. "Line was busy the first three times I tried it," he explained. "Odd what a tremendous vogue he has achieved. But I finally succeeded in getting him, or rather his secretary, and we are to come immediately at eight o'clock, in a ruffal smile. "That I got him to forget that he had other appointments waiting by doubling his usual fee."

Winnie, attracted from the library by the bustle of their departure, stamped her small foot with anger and disappointment when she found what she was to miss. "Never mind, Dal smiled down upon her. "I'll take you myself tomorrow afternoon. I'll make the appointment for you tonight, isn't that better than getting a hurried reading tonight, when he will be terrible busy?"

Billy's nails dug into her palms as she saw the radiance that quivered over Winnie's beautiful face. "I'll let Winnie go in my place tonight," she cried, "he said with a rueful smile, "That I got him to forget that he had other appointments waiting by doubling his usual fee."

Winnie had seen through her too. "No, thank you, darling—it's awfully sweet of you, but Daddy Curtis and I are really awfully busy. Things are in dreadful shape; you have no idea! You're a dear, Dal, to make a special trip to Namir Sadih with me."

Ralph was voluble with tales of the mysterious, omiscient Namir Sadih as he piloted his car through Colfax's maze of traffic. "Believe me, that black-eyed baby is getting the goods on our most prominent citizens. I wouldn't

be a bit surprised if hell broke loose in this town before he moves on to fresher, greener lands." "What do you mean, Ralph?" Billy demanded, but she hardly realized what she was saying, for Dal's right hand had closed thrillingly over her left, as they sat very close beside each other on the back seat.

"Why, that bird has enough facts in his noodle—and heaven only knows where he got them, for I don't swallow this crystal-gazing stuff for a minute—to divorce half the society couples in this town and to ruin two-thirds of the business. What a swell little black-maller he'll make, if he ever decides that this present graft of his is small potatoes."

"You talk more like a roughneck every day, Ralph," Billy laughed. "But I'll bet you're not nearly as hard-boiled as you pretend, where this Namir person is concerned. Constance wrote me about him. She at least, believes he's the real thing. Do we go in together, or separately, Dal?"

"Separately. You don't give him your name, unless you wish so. I made the appointments by the way for 'Miss Williams' and 'Miss Newman.' He has no idea what your real names are. 'Miss Williams'—Mignon, darling, darling!" He whispered the last words, as he raised her hand to his lips.

"Say, I'm afraid of this fortune-teller!" Nyda announced suddenly, in a voice very different from her usual drawl. "I always was superstitious, and if he tells me anything terrible, I'll faint—I know I will!"

Ralph was still rallying Nyda on her "superstitions" when the four got to be running. You're sure you like the things I brought you from Europe?" Her eyes roved about the shabby little living room, in which the lovely, fragile bits of bric-a-brac and the neatly framed etchings she had brought her mother from Europe looked almost ludicrously out of place.

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(To Be Continued) Namir Sadih amazes Billy with his clairvoyance—but he overplays his game.

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The Red Cross appeals to YOU for support

Since the War, the Red Cross has disbursed over Seven Million Dollars for the Soldiers, Women, Children and Frontier Families of Canada.

About half of this has been spent for disabled soldiers—half in the other services of the Society about which you have been told. The Treasury is almost empty.

\$1,000,000 Needed for Red Cross Work

The Red Cross brings cheer to our disabled warriors and their families. It stimulates the children of Canada to healthy living and good citizenship. It relieves suffering, and brings skilled attention to Canada's frontier districts remote from other aid. Its work is indispensable.

It now appeals to YOU, as a patriotic and humane Canadian citizen, to contribute generously to its need for funds.

Canadian Red Cross Society National Appeal—Empire Day to Dominion Day

Send Contributions to: Prince Edward Island Division, Canadian Red Cross Society, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Tomorrow's Radio Program TUESDAY, JUNE 7 International Radio Programs EVENING CONCERTS

Livestock Market MONTREAL, Que., June 6.—Cattle receipts 778. Three loads of well finished steers were sold for \$10.00. The balance of the cattle was made up almost entirely of bulls, oxen and thin cows.

FEATURE TALKS WGY (379) Schenectady. Baseball scores. WEAF (492) New York. Baseball News. WJZ (454) New York. "Talk on Dogs."

WHK (273) Cleveland. Ritz. 10.00 P. M. WCX (517) Detroit. Red Apple Club. 10.30 P. M. WJZ (454) New York. Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. (Copyright, 1927, by International Radio Programs, Chicago.)

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Toronto Lady Won \$80,000 On Race Ticket TORONTO, June 4.—Mrs. E. MacKay Turner of this city has won \$80,000 in the Calcutta Sweepstakes on the Epsom Derby, run Wednesday, according to information reaching her son-in-law, N. H. Campbell, today.

Auction At Irishtown Having sold my farm I will sell by auction on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8th At 12 Noon, All my stock and implements consisting of 3 nice Work Horses, sound and young; 7 choice Milk Cows; 2 Calves. Binder (F. & W.); new Hay Mower, M. H.; Hay Rack (M.H.); Manure Spreader (F. & W.) Sectional Seeder; 2 sets Lever Harrows (M. H.); Gang Plow; (M. H.); 2 Farm Wagons; Box Cart; Family Sleigh; 2 Wood Sleighs; 2 Driving Sleighs; 2 Wood Sleighs (single); Land Roller; Express Wagon; Road Wagon; Farm Engine 4 1/2 H. P.; Engine, 1/2 H. P.; Pump Jack; Grain Crusher, (Vessey); Cream Separator; a number of Milk Cans; Fertilizer Seeder, and all kinds Harrows both Double and Single used on a large farm; Kitchen Range, (Maple Leaf); Churn (Daisy); Washing Machine and a quantity articles not enumerated.

Vegetable Plants—Extra early Cabbage, Cauliflower and 20c doz, \$1.30 per 100—by mail \$1.40 per 100. Extra early Tomato 30c doz, mail 35c. Late Cabbage for fall and winter use 30c per 100, 35 cts. by mail. Late Cabbage plants grown outside not ready before 20 June. Note—Cabbage for fall or winter use will not keep if forced early. For the convenience of customers visiting our city we have arranged with Carter & Co., Seed Store, 71 and 74 Queen Street and M. Fraser, East end City Market to handle our plants, and they receive them from our gardens fresh daily. We are always pleased to have customers visit our gardens head of Prince Street and personally select plants. P. S.—Pansy and Carnation have been very much winter killed—order heavy plants by express. J. J. GAY & SON, Box 187, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 5862-5-31-25-31.

A Noisy Enemy.



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