

EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Read Mrs. Menard's Letter. Her Experience May Help

Chatham, Ontario.—"I want to tell you how much good your medicine has done me. Before my baby came I felt so weak and run-down that I could hardly do my work. My head ached continually and I was so discouraged that I could cry from morning till night. I had another baby just one year and a half old and it gave me a lot to do. So I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as I had read so much about it in the little books. I found a difference right away as my head was relieved and my tired feelings gone. My sister had been doing my washing and she might set me back if I started to do it again. It sure did help me and I had taken just two bottles when my baby came. He is a fine big boy, now nearly five months old. I am taking your medicine again and I am able to do my work all by myself now. I always recommend the Vegetable Compound to women, and especially to expectant mothers, as I believe they need help at those times."

Mrs. OLIVER MENARD, 24 Harvey St., Chatham, Ontario.



Charlottetown Exhibition Tenders

Separate Tenders will be received of the undersigned up to and on Wednesday, the thirty-first day of August, 1927, for the following privileges at the Exhibition to be held in Charlottetown from the 27th to 30th September.

1. For the privilege of catering under the Grand Stand only.
2. For the printing and selling of Score Cards for the Races.
3. For the supplying of straw in bulk as required.
4. For selling feed for Horses, Cattle, etc. on the grounds.
5. For supplying pressed old hay for race horses.

In Nos. 1, 2 and 4 the highest or any tender and in Nos. 3 and 5 the lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Conditions may be obtained at the office of

C. R. SMALLWOOD, Sec'y-Treas., Charlottetown.

MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction at the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Saturday the 17th day of September next A. D., 1927 at 12 o'clock noon ALL THAT parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot Twenty-two in Queens County bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point where the bed of Fiddlers Creek intersects the west boundary of the North Road, thence southwardly along the west boundary of North Road a distance of forty-six chains and six links to the Millvale Road, thence southwardly along the Millvale Road to Trout or Glen River thence northwardly along the various courses of Trout River to a point sixteen chains and forty-five links by a right angle south of Gunn Road, thence eastwardly by a line parallel with said Gunn Road till it meets the bed of Fiddlers Creek, thence in a north-easterly direction along the bed of Fiddlers Creek to the place of commencement containing by estimation one hundred and twenty-one and one half acres of land a little more or less, excepting and reserving thereout and therefrom ALL that parcel of land commencing at a point on the west side of the Warburton Road seven chains northwardly from the Millvale Road, thence at right angles to the Warburton Road southwestwardly to the said Glen River, thence northwardly along said River until it meets said Warburton Road, thence southwardly along said Warburton Road to the place of commencement containing six acres of land a little more or less ALSO excepting and reserving ALL that other parcel of land through which Fiddlers Creek flows lying between the said Warburton Road and said Glen River, containing about three acres of land a little more or less ALSO excepting and reserving all that parcel of land commencing at the junction of the North and Millvale Road thence north along said North Road about two and one-half chains to a small brook thence southwardly following the course of said brook to a line drawn at right angles to the Millvale Road and a sufficient distance from the North Road to include one acre said acre being bounded on the northwest by said brook on the east by the north road on the south by the Millvale Road and on the west by said line said reservations containing in all ten acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated the 31st day of May A. D., 1922 and made between Irving Parsons of Millvale in Queens County in Prince Edward Island, miller and farmer and Mildred Pearl Parsons his wife of the one part and the undersigned of the other part. Default having been made in payment of principal and interest. For further particulars apply at the office of Messrs. McClellan & McKinnon, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

GEORGE F. DEWAR, Mortgagee.

CURSE O' LOVE

A Story of Love and Its Test
By MILDRED BARBOUR

CHAPTER I THE ENCOUNTER

Cynthia drove rapidly along the wide boulevard. She had no definite objective. Her sole thought was to translate into speed the wrath which possessed her on learning that her fiancé had jilted her on the eve of their wedding.

She had meant every word of the startling statement she had made to her mother—that she would marry that night any man she could find to save herself the humiliation of being a deserted bride. She rejected, with a single gesture, the men of her own set—half a dozen of whom would have given their right hand to marry her on any terms. But she held herself, it would never do to marry a man who might suspect the truth.

She was going to find a stranger—anybody—any reckless adventurer. Then let the gossips wag their busy tongues when, tomorrow, at noon, there would be no wedding, because the bride-elect had eloped with another man the previous night!

It was all very logical, thought Cynthia, as she dashed through a warm, scented May night. Who would ever dream of asking about Basil Harcourt? What more natural than that he, learning of his fiancée's desertion, should himself sink away? At least, that was what the world would think.

The only difficulty in her reckless plan was finding a bridegroom. One didn't just go out for a ride at midnight and pick up a man who was

minute, slithered, and went on. But not before her lights had picked out a dark figure that had barely had time to leap from the pathway of destruction.

She heard an oath and a yell of rage behind her, as she brought her car to stop, and she grinned behind her veil.

Turning in her seat, she called over her shoulder:

"I'm frightfully sorry. But I didn't hurt you, did I?"

The man had picked himself up. He reached the side of the car in two strides, but, when he caught sight of the figure behind the wheel, he stared.

"A girl!" And he whistled.

"Why not?" demanded Cynthia coolly.

He grinned. It was a pleasant grin.

"That's true, too. Why not, indeed? Except—well, I'm afraid I wasn't as gallant as I might have been, when you bowled me over."

"Your language was reprehensible—quite," agreed Cynthia gravely, but he knew that she was smiling, even though he could not see her face.

"I'm afraid so," he answered plaintively. "But how could you expect me to guess that a young Juggernaut sweeping around a deserted road in the early hours of the morning, apparently bent upon destroying me, would be driven by a girl?"

"You can expect almost anything these days," Cynthia told him.

"It seems so," he agreed, with a shrug. "I guess I've been too long out of civilization—if you can call it that," he added, with another grin.

"It's like being born all over again and having to learn your way about in a strange world."

Cynthia looked at him sharply.

The moonlight shone brightly on his face. He was very personable—oh, very! She had a pleasing impression



willing to marry one before morning.

Cynthia, however, had never been denied anything she sought or needed—or thought she needed. Moreover, she came of pioneer stock, and she had a heritage of grit and courage and perseverance. If she set out at midnight to find a husband before morning, those who knew her best would have said that, ten to one, she'd find a husband before morning.

She headed the car in the direction of a summer resort colony. What she would do when she got there, she didn't know.

"But," she thought, "maybe I'll find some one coming back from a party, some one who is reckless, like myself, or drunk, or with a taste for adventure. Fate's got to give me somebody. Fate can't let me down like this!"

The moon rode high in a star-studded sky. The warm scents that belong only to a May night filled the air. Cynthia rounded a curve recklessly. Her car churned sand for a

of brown hair, roughly and boyishly curly; of laughing, daring gray eyes; of a nose and mouth just irregular enough to be impudent. He was tall and his shoulders were broad, but he was slim of waist and hip, and she had a heritage of grit and courage and perseverance. If she set out at midnight to find a husband before morning, those who knew her best would have said that, ten to one, she'd find a husband before morning.

He found it difficult to place him. He wore stained khaki riding-breeches, old boots, and a shabby coat, and his hat was broad-brimmed. Yet he wore this costume with an ease and grace of one who, long accustomed to such garb, either does not realize, or does not care, that it is not correct.

"What do you mean by civilization?" asked Cynthia, curiously.

"This." He waved his hand in the direction of the summer colony, where hotels and bungalows dotted the moonlight. "I'd forgotten what it's like. I've been too long in Mexico—oil, you know. When I left the States, young girls weren't driving cars over lonely roads in the middle of the night. In Mexico they're not doing it now!"

Cynthia made an instantaneous decision. Reaching out a hand, she opened the door of her car.

"Get in. I'll drive you wherever you're going."

He looked at her for a minute—hard. Then he grinned his engaging grin, and swung himself up beside her.

"Drive me where you will, mysterious Lady! I'll say, it's my lucky night."

(To Be Continued.)

TENDERS

Will be received by the undersigned up to August 29th for painting of the exterior of St. Eugene's Church, Covehead, Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For further particulars apply to REV. C. PITRE, Rustico.

3689-9-24-31.

AUCTION SALE

At 22 Kent St., on Friday, August 26th at 1:30 o'clock sharp. All my household effects, parlour, dining room, bedroom and kitchen furniture. One lovely dining room set in oak, table, chairs and buffet, three bed rooms complete, in white enamel and brass, springs, mattresses, dressers complete. Carpets, oil cloth, linoleum, dishes, silverware. One range, one hall heater, one beautiful Axminster rug, new, and everything in and about the place.

G. CHARLES BATT, 22 Kent Street.

J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer, 8-24-31.

The "New" Sharples "Marvel" Cream Separator

No. 12	275 lbs.	\$43.50
No. 13	375 lbs.	54.75
No. 27	700 lbs.	79.25
No. 46	1,200 lbs.	94.00

F. O. B. CHARLOTTETOWN Extra Parts for all Sharples Machines

J. L. DOUGLAS

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR 39 Queen Street Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Lumber Trade of the Baltic Countries.

In many states bordering on the Baltic sea, there have been marked increases in foreign sales of lumber during the past year, writes Assistant Trade Commissioner J. C. Macgillivray, Hamburg, in the forthcoming issue of the Commercial Intelligence Journal. In Soviet Russia there have been heavy lumber exports, which, however, are now showing a decline. In Finland last year, lumber exports reached the record figure of 1,120,308 standards or as against 1,031,722 standards in 1925; but the forest resources are value fell by 9 per cent, and prices

THE BEDTIME STRIP—

ROUSED BY A CRASHING NOISE IN THE WOODS MRS. DEER DARED NOT RUN FROM THE APPROACHING DANGER BECAUSE SLIM, HER FAWN, WAS NOT TO BE SEEN AND SHE WOULD NOT DESERT HIM.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN AND WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I SNEAKED OFF TO COME BACK AND SCARE YOU, BUT I GOT SCARED MYSELF

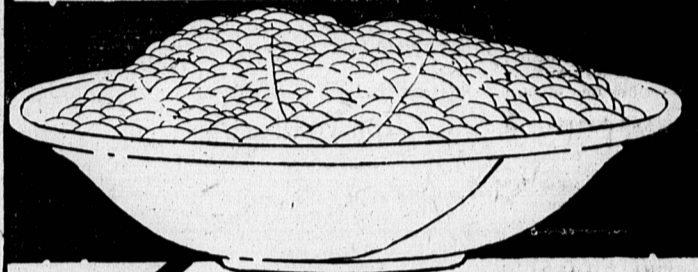
A FOX IN A TREE! THAT'S ABSURD

I SAW A FOX IN A TREE OVER MY HEAD

WELL, HE HAD A LONG NOSE AND A LONG BUSHY TAIL LIKE YOU TOLD ME HE HAD A BLACK MASK AND RINGS ON HIS TAIL

HA, HA! THAT'S A COON HE WOULD'NT HURT YOU, BUT IT SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR PLAYING FRANKS ON ME

How fast they turn into a mountain of suds



The new thin PALMOLIVE PRINCESS SOAP FLAKES

In the Big New Package

EVERYWHERE, women are turning to the new Princess Soap Flakes—the thinner, whiter flakes which whip up so much faster into foaming, cleansing suds.

Princess Soap Flakes have been famous for years as the soap flakes which do not redden the hands—the soap flakes which are pure and safe, free from all harmful caustic or harsh, chemical filler.

Always superior, they are now years ahead of all other soap flakes because of the improvements we have made in them.

And they come in a big new package—a pleasant surprise because there is no change in price.

Better soap flakes—bigger package—same old price. Use them for every household washing task—for fine fabrics, family wash, dishes, windows, floors and woodwork. They won't redden the hands.

We guarantee these things about Princess Soap Flakes. We guarantee to replace any washable garment which, by reason of its having been washed with Princess Soap Flakes, has been damaged in texture or its color made to run, provided such garment has been washed in accordance with our instructions.

The Palmolive Co. of Canada, Limited

The Joker Returns.

A business man had been traveling around for two months and the day after his return he joined a business acquaintance for lunch.

During the course of conversation the latter said: "By the way I see they are burying poor old Green tomorrow." "Is he dead, then?"

—By Arthur Chapouille