

# Women's Hygienic Mistakes

## Being ended—New way discards like tissue

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Registered Nurse



BECAUSE one woman told another, and because doctors and nurses so urged, millions of women are discarding old-time sanitary ways for the new way called Kotex.

First, you discard Kotex as easily as tissue. No laundry, no embarrassment.

Five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads, it enables one to wear sheers, frocks and gowns without slightest fear of embarrassment. Also deodorizes, thus ending all danger of offending.

Eight in every 10 better-class women employ it. Once you use it

you'll never again dare the uncertainty of old ways.

Obtain at any store simply by saying "Kotex." Box contains 12. Be sure you get the genuine. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

**KOTEX**  
No laundry—discard like tissue

# Colonel Lindbergh to Fly to Ottawa For Confederation

(Canadian Press)

OTTAWA, Ont., June 21.—Definite and official acceptance of the invitation of the National Committee for the celebration of the Jubilee of Confederation to have Colonel Lindbergh, world famous aviator, fly to Ottawa on July 2nd, was received by C. G. Cowan, Honorary Secretary to the committee.

The message is as follows: "Colonel Lindbergh accepts invitation to fly to Ottawa on July 2nd, not settled whether he will fly his own machine. May be accompanied by other machines. Programme outlined in your telegram suitable to him. Will leave Ottawa Sunday afternoon. Arrangements are being made by the Canadian Air Force for suitable

landing facilities for the visitors. This will probably be arranged for at the Hunt Club, south of the City and Parliament Hill. The visitor, Colonel Lindbergh, is regarded as a gesture of friendship and goodwill from Canada's neighbors to the south. He will convey messages to the Canadian people from the United States Government.

**SMILES**

GEE I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE SORE THROAT!

WELL YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE NOT A GIRAFFE!

# BOYS

Earn a Bicycle during vacation, selling our products among your friends. Write for particulars

**Keys Specialty Co.**  
Elmsdale, Nova Scotia.

# Mill Property For Sale

On account of recent bereavement I have decided to dispose of my saw mill property, at Stanchel. The property consists of the mill site, a shingle mill, rotary, lath cutter, planer and matcher, all in good working order. Also a new bungalow, new barn and garage.

Abundance of lumber is within easy reach of the mill, assuring plenty of work.

A bargain awaits the purchaser.

**ALLAN McLEAN,**  
Bradabane

# Tenders For Lumber

Tenders will be received at Robert Chappell's, York, until July 5th, for the supplying and delivering at York Station of square edge lumber.

195 pieces 2 x 6 14 ft. long.  
88 pieces 2 x 6 13 ft. long.  
88 pieces 2 x 6 11 ft. long.  
80 pieces 2 x 6 9 ft. long.  
86 pieces 2 x 8 12 ft. long.  
43 pieces 2 x 8 9 ft. long.  
8500 ft. boards.  
2800 ft. matched flooring.

Parties may tender for whole or any portion of same. The above does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

For further particulars apply to **ROBERT CHAPPELL,**  
Phone No. R-104.  
6-25-amw.

# 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**

"I understand that gentlemen prefer blondes."  
"So they tell the blondes."



**ON THE BEACH**  
"She's a slave to the bathing habit."  
"Yes—a regular surf."



**COLLARED AND CUFFED**  
"Why should he be so furious because his wife colored him and took him to the house?"  
"Because she cuffed him all the way home."

# HEARTS AFIRE

By Mae Christie

(Continued.)

"So sweet of you to come!" gushed the hostess, extending a fashionably limp hand in welcome, and taking quick survey of Prudence's frock. "My dear Miss Page, if there were more girls like you in the country, then I wouldn't have to cram my house with girls from town!"

This was evidently intended as a compliment, and merited a 'smart' reply. But Prudence was suddenly overcome with shyness, and that dreadful 'bottled-up' sensation which made her feel immeasurably a country bumpkin, tongue-tied.

"I'm sure you're dying for a cup of tea," rattled on the hostess. "The marquee's over by the laboratory trees. Teddie, my child—turning to a weedy, childless youth who was hovering on the outskirts of a group of laughing girls—"Teddie, be a sweet lamb, and take Miss Page over to the marquee for a cup of tea, will you?"

The 'sweet lamb' rather sulkily detached himself, and was presented to Miss Prudence. Janet had sped off towards the house, to minister to her little patient, so the two set off alone.

"How—how very pretty it does look—the copper-beeches and laburnums and those lilac-trees in bloom!" stammered Prudence to her unwilling escort. "It reminds me of some place I've been before."  
"Longchamps?" suggested the 'sweet lamb', showing a faint spark of interest. "Keen on rasin', are you, eh?"  
"Oh no."  
"Odd. Very odd." He twisted the monstache that was the size of a dwarf's toothbrush. "You don't care for gees?"

Prudence thought of the old mare she sometimes rode, and blushed.

"I do ride just a little—"  
The childless youth went rambling on, abstractedly:  
"I'm a town man myself. The country's rather poisonous for a long spell, don't you think? I've been here a week, and already feel like one of those pricelessummies they hauled out of Tutankhamen's tomb, or whatever the blighter's called." Then, brightening: "If it weren't for Jinny, I'd give the green fields a miss, every time. But Jinny's a wonder. I'll tell the world she is!"

Could Jinny be a horse? thought Prudence. She was almost sure of it as the 'sweet lamb' continued: "Jinny's a high-stepper, if ever there was one. In great form today. You've seen her? Eh?"  
"I really don't know very much about horses," began Prudence awkwardly, when Teddie burst in—"Gees, guffaw."  
"Oh! How comical! I'm not speaking of the stables, but about a girl! Virginia Dale," he gurgled. "This beats the band! She'll scream when she hears the bloomer you've made. Jinny has a real sense of humour. I'll say she has!"

Prudence had reddened to her very ears. They were in the marquee now, and Teddie was still chattering, so that people were turning round to look at them. And—heavens!—Virginia Dale herself.

# AUCTION SALE

Auction sale of choice furniture at the residence of Mrs. Edgar Walker, 270 Sydney Street, on Tuesday, June 28th, at 10.30 o'clock sharp, consisting of parlor, dining room, bed room and kitchen furniture, 1 parlor suite, 1 upright piano (new) Willis, squares, pictures and mirrors, dining room, (all in oak), 1 sideboard, 1 extension table, 6 chairs, 1 mahogany china cabinet, chinaware, glassware, silverware, 1 ice chest, 1 solid oak kitchen cabinet (new); 1 range, 1 kitchen table, chairs and several other articles, four bedroom suites complete with white enamel beds, springs, mattresses, four bureaus with beveled mirrors, 1 white enamel baby's cot, lot of chairs and other articles not mentioned. 1 set carpenter's tools, lot of oilcloth.

Terms Cash. See Posters.

**J. A. MacDONALD,**  
Auctioneer.

7315-6-27-21.

enchantly pretty in a Rue de la Paix creation, orchid-tinted, wheeled round from a group of smart young men, and languidly inquired: "And whence the merry Ha-ha! chuckle-headed Teddie? What's the priceless joke?"

"He—he? You must forgive me, Miss Prudence, if I tell 'em!" Teddie wiped his eyes. "Jinny, this is Miss Prudence Page, and she—she took you for a horse! Ho! Ho!"

"Did she, indeed?" Virginia's smile was insolence personified. She favoured Prudence with the look one might give a beetle or some crawling insect when one hesitates whether or no to stamp on it. "But I suppose Miss Page isn't accustomed to thoroughbreds—and hence the error. Was that it?"

Prudence wished that the ground might open and swallow her up. Her embarrassment was in no way lessened when one of the men was heard to titter, in a stage aside: "Prudence has been imprudent and had better turn a new Page!"

"Ha! ha! hateful people! Why had she come here to be made the butt of their buffoonery? Her cheeks burned with a bitter shame, and her tongue was quite incapable of either repartee or explanation.

"Tea, madam?" A waiter touched her elbow. "China or Ceylon?"  
"Yes. Yes. Any kind." Grateful for the diversion, she turned her back on the grinning group, and moved over to the long table that ran down one side of the marquee. "Milk, please. No lemon. Thanks!" Her hands shook so that some of the liquid spilled into the saucer. A mist of anger and agonized embarrassment rose before her eyes, so that the whole scene became a blur. Oh! to get out of this hateful tent, to fly from these smart—snobs—with their edged tongues and jeering laughter, and seek peace and refuge in the apple-orchard. That quiet haven never failed her—

And then a man's voice, soothing as balm on wounds, sweet and beguiling as a melody once known and loved, quick with a pleased surprise, sounded beside her:

"If it isn't my little princess of the apple-orchard! Well, I'm lucky! The cup was taken from her shaking fingers, and both her hands were clasped in two strong ones. Yes, it was he, her hero... blond Prince Charming of the highways... come to rescue at the eleventh hour a damsel in distress!"

**CHAPTER III**  
**The Stolen Kiss**

"Nothing succeeds like success," as the old adage has it. And when the fastidious Bertram Traymore 'fussed' about the little country girl, others of his sex came up to be presented, and to see just where the fascination lay.

Prudence had quite a phalanx of smart men about her. Several indeed, deserted from Virginia's camp, greatly to the latter's chagrin, and came over to the little nobody from nowhere.

Through a crack in the wall of coals she could see Miss Dale glance hastily in a little pocket-mirror—that sure ally!—flick a swan's-down powder-puff across the tent at the number.

Doubly, therefore, was she glad when Mr. Traymore said, with that cool ease of manner that was one of his special attributes:

"Let's get out for a breath of air, Miss Page. I want to show you the trout-pond before some other chap butts in and tries to steal you away!"

He showed a path for her out of the tent.

When they were beyond earshot of the others, he lowered his voice to a caressing note.

"You don't know what a thrill it gave me, when I saw you here at the Towers, of all places—"

Prudence raised her pretty eyes.

A measure of self-confidence had returned to her.

"The dairymaid transplanted!" she said, laughing.

The young man grabbed her elbow, walking very close beside her. "My dear, do give me credit for knowing a gentlewoman when I see one. I knew you were of my world—spoke the same language, that's to say—the moment I clasped eyes upon you in the apple-orchard."

This was untrue. But it's untruth escaped Miss Prudence. So did the arrogance of the little speech.

"You haven't ridden by, since then," she said uncertainly. "Often I thought that you would come."

So she had missed him, had she? A flattering vision of little Sister Anne gazing along the dusty highway, all in vain, rose photographically before him. And flattery was something that he couldn't possibly resist.

"If I'd followed my own inclination, I'd have camped right on your doorstep, even though Prudence—in two senses—warned me off!"

A thrill went through his listener, also a great wave of relief that fate had given them both this opportunity for explanation.

He went on:

"But a burnt child dreads the fire, and I was afraid of you—of you—Miss Prudence—"

"Afraid of me?" (How too ridiculous!) "What could you possibly be afraid of?" Her heart was hammering beneath the apple-green gown. She hung on his reply.

"If a man's been a wanderer all his life, yet longing for a hearthstone, and he sees a fire—a beautiful, glowing fire that could put new life into him—you couldn't blame him for wanting to sit down and linger in its warmth, could you? That's the way I felt about you, the day I met you."

"Did you, really?" The inane query was the only thing that she could find to say.

Mr. Traymore went on, with a wistful air:

"But wanderers have no right to hearthstones. And if they tarry there, they may get burnt." (He was almost certain that he'd missed his metaphors, but this simple-hearted child was certainly no critic.)

Prudence racked her brain to reassure him. She didn't want to seem bold. If only she could delicately imply that he could warm himself for ever at her fire, and be a more than welcome guest! And as for getting burnt... well... could life hold anything more wonderful than being allowed to heal his wounds and comfort him?

They walked across the lawns, past the conservatories and the Italian garden to a little stream that gurgled on the outskirts of the woods. It widened in a sort of mossy clearing, and its trill sank to silence in the trout-pond underneath a drooping willow-tree.

"Suppose we sit down here for a bit, and get to know each other?" suggested Traymore, patting the moss beside the water's edge.

Prudence hesitated, then complied with the request. The man, clinging his slim length beside her, chinned propped on one hand, and idly insouciantly—fixed on her charming, shy young face.

"This is my idea of a good time. Crowds don't make company. And really I was half afraid I shouldn't get you to myself at all." With his free right hand he touched a fold of her silken gown. "Jove! you look lovely! I know how wonderful you are!"

Prudence rallied her forces for an answer of some sort.

"I've always been told that looks don't matter. Brains and—character—and that sort of thing—count most."

"Don't you believe it!" He laughed gently, mockingly. "Some jealous woman's been trying to get at you, that's all. It's a fine philosophy for the wall-flowers, and very consoling for old maids and blue-stockings, but a pretty girl like you ought to go down on her knees every night and thank heaven for the beauty she's been accorded—for it's her best weapon, every time."

He caught her hand in his, gave it a quick pressure, and went on: "If I'd seen your friend, Miss Mercer, for instance, feeding the chickens on that never-to-be-orgen ten day when I came riding, I'd have fallen head over heels in love with her, stern follower of duty as I doubt she is!" His eyes seemed half quizzical, but the spark was burning there, threatening every moment to burst into a conflagration.

Prudence forgot to rush to the defence of the absent Janet. That magic phrase and its insinuation—'fallen head over heels in love'—drove all other feelings from her heart. "Was it... could it be possible that she had made so deep an impression on this wonderful young man? Was her beauty really such that it had drawn him like a magnet?"

She turned to face him, her eyes sweet and dewy underneath the drooping hat.

# Tomorrow's Radio Program

- TUESDAY, JUNE 28**  
International Radio Programs  
**CONCERTS**  
12.35 P. M.
- CFCF (411) Montreal. Concert. 3.00 P. M.
  - WEBB (366) Chi. Mez.-Trio. 3.45 P. M.
  - WOO (508) Phila. Grand Organ. 5.00 P. M.
  - WHK (265) Cleveland. Vocal Duets WJZ (454) N. Y. "Schipperkes." 6.45 P. M.
  - KDKA (316) Pitts. Concert. 7.45 P. M.
  - WIP (508) Phila. String Misc. 8.00 P. M.
  - WEAF (492) N. Y. Everready Hour, to WEAP, WEBE, WJAR, WGR, WFL, WRG, WCAE, WTAM, WMJ, WSAI, WGN, KSD, WOC, WCCO, WGY, WSB, WMC.
  - WJZ (454) N. Y. Concert to WJZ, KDKA, KYW, WBAL, WJR. 9.00 P. M.
  - WGY (380) Schenectady. Studio. 10.00 P. M.
  - WSAI (361) Cincl. Studio. 10.30 P. M.
  - WCCO (405) St. Paul-Mpls. Nov. SPORTS—TALKS 1.15 A. M.
  - WEAO (283) Colum. Gardens. 5.55 P. M.
  - KDKA (316) Pitts. Baseball. 6.45 P. M.
  - WEAF (492) N. Y. Sawdust Trial. 7.00 P. M.
  - WLW (428) Cincl. Cros. Pups. 8.00 P. M.
  - WLW (428) Cincl. We'll Ask One WIP (508) Phila. Minstrels. 10.30 P. M.
  - WBEZ (333) Springfield. Musical. 12.30 A. M.
  - WBEZ (333) Springfield. Watch Time. DANCE ORCHESTRAS 9.00 P. M.
  - WLW (428) Cincinnati. Formica.

# It Will Delight You



Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

**Haunted Cage In Zoo**

(By British United Press)

LONDON, June 20.—There is a cage in the London Zoo, the occupants of which are haunted by two staring eyes.

The trouble began when a visitor presented the Indian monkeys with a red rag doll.

The monkeys, with visions of a novel meal, hailed it with glee, and there was quite a fight to secure it.

All went well till the eyes were noticed, when the dolls were promptly dropped, and the monkeys fled, chattering, to the comparative security of their perches. No one liked those fixed, staring eyes. The best fighter in the cage finally ventured down, approached the doll, and touched it. Nothing happened. He picked it up, but the head flopped over and the eyes again came into view. There was another hasty rush for the perches. And—the head, remained with those terrible eyes. No one liked to touch it anything might come from that unwinning and immovable stare. Anxious consultations were held, but no one would venture down and did not return to the cage until next morning, when the keeper took the head away.

# KARMON WATER

**A REAL HELP ON WASH DAY**

It whitens the linen, removes all stains, eliminates boiling. A wonderful saver of time, energy and fuel.

On sale at all leading grocers at 20 cents per bottle.

# DeBLOIS BROS

Wholesale Distributors

# Trout Fishing Regulations

No person shall kill in one day more than thirty trout (30).

Everyone not being a permanent resident of Prince Edward Island, or the son or brother of a permanent resident thereof who fishes for or attempts to fish for any trout in the waters of Prince Edward Island without first procuring an angler's permit is liable to a penalty of twenty dollars (\$20.00).

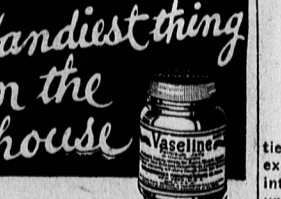
Permits can be procured at Publicity Office, Charlottetown, costing two-dollars (\$2.00).

The sale, purchase or export of trout, no matter where procured is prohibited, providing however, that any non-resident leaving the Province may take away the lawful catch of two days' fishing if the shipment is accompanied by a certificate to that effect from either the local fishery officer in whose district the fish were caught, or from the local station agent adjacent to the locality in which they were caught.

Tourists can obtain information as to where to fish &c. on application to the Publicity Office, Charlottetown.

**A. E. MORRISON,**  
Game Inspector.

June 9th, 1927.



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**Vaseline**

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If at all serious, use an approved antiseptic and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly. Brings comfort, eases pain, helps nature heal quickly.

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Write for further information and Calendar to the Assistant Registrar, Summer School, The Education Office, Halifax, N. S.

7027-Mon21.

# THE BEDTIME STRIP—

**FREDDIE SQUIRREL**  
HAS JUST ESCAPED MR. HAWK'S TALONS

HE THINKS IT GREAT SPORT. BUT LURKING BEHIND SOME BRANCHES WAS CRUEL MRS. HAWK

HELP! THEY'VE TRAPPED ME BETWEEN THEM

WE'LL FIX YOU, SMARTY



**ASSISTANCE**

CAN ALWAYS LAND ON MY FEET, BUT WHERE WILL I RUN TO WHEN I LAND?



YOU GO THE OTHER WAY MRS. HAWK, AND WE'LL GET HIM BETWEEN US

ALL RIGHT



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—By Arthur Chapouille