

Women's Modern Hygiene

More absorbent—Discards like tissue

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND Registered Nurse

FEW women today cling to the old-time "sanitary pad"—fisky and uncertain—because of a new way called KOTEX.

It ends the embarrassment of laundry and disposal. You discard Kotex as easily as tissue.

Five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads. Thus you wear sheer gowns and gay frocks under the most trying conditions.

Also deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending. 80% better class women now use it. Doctors widely urge it. Most hospitals employ it.

Costs only a few cents for a package of 12 at any drug or department store. Be sure you get the genuine KOTEX, for only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

KOTEX

No laundry—discard like tissue

NOTICE

A meeting of the Conservative Electors of Poll No. 43, Bedford will be held in the Ten Mile House Schoolhouse Lot 35 at the hour of 6 o'clock p. m. on Wednesday next the 18th day of May A. D. 1927, for the purpose of organizing and appointing a poll committee in the interest of the Conservative Party.

ANGUS C. McCAULAY, Convener.

5671-516-31.

DOMINION OF CANADA

Province of PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In The Probate Court

17th George V., A. D., 1927

In Re Estate of Reverend John C. McMillan late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, deceased testate.

By the Honourable A. Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate Judge of Probate, &c., &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Reverend Joseph McLean of Souris in King's County, Clergyman, the Executor of the above named estate, praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required, to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, on Monday the thirtieth day of May next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts, of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of J. A. MacDonald, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown, aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia and at or near the City Weigh Scales both in Charlottetown aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate may have due notice thereof.

Given under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court this 20th day of April A. D., 1927, and in the 17th year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd.) A. B. WARBURTON, Judge of Probate.

(L. S.) 5091-4-26-1441.

Professional Cards

McLEOD & BENTLEY
J. A. Bentley
W. E. Bentley, K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
Office: 180 Richmond Street
MONEY TO LOAN
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dr. C. C. Archibald

Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital
Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses
Office, Bayer Building
Great George Street
Office Hours—9 to 12.30, 1.30 to 5.00

McDonald & McPhee

B. A.
J. A. McDONALD H. F. McPHEE
B. A.
Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.
Money to Loan.

Mark R. McGuigan

B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
Money to Loan.
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

SMILES



EASILY MADE UP

"I can make up my mind in a moment, Miss Sharpe."
"No doubt, Mr. Sapp—it shouldn't be much of a task."



JUST SO

1st Monk: I'm gonna open a store.
2nd Monk: More monkey business, eh?



THE REAL THING

Mrs. Suburban: John, I'm tickled to death with the new drug store.
Hubby: How come?
Mrs. S.: They are really selling drugs.



OUI, OUI!

Englishman: Uncle Sam's some pip, eh?
Frenchman: Wee—wee.



He: You'll be sorry ten years from now if you turn me down.
She: That's better than accepting you now and being sorry right away.

P. E. I. Hospital Annual Meeting

A public meeting of all contributors to the Prince Edward Island Hospital will be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall on Tuesday, May 31st, 1927, at 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing trustees and any other business as may be brought for the government of the institution in accordance with the by-laws, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it.

ADA E. HARRIS, Secretary

5,17,19,21,23,25,27,30.

PRINCE BARON By Baron Pride

A Pure Bred Percheron Stallion, imported here from Ontario by Frank McLean and sold to Shaw and McGrath, Cardigan, Prince Baron has proved himself a sure stock getter, the people of this vicinity are fortunate in having for service such a highly bred animal.

Intending breeders will make no mistake in securing the services of Prince Baron.
For further particulars apply at our Stables.
HENRY WOOD
Vernon River
5114-5-st-31

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

continued CHAPTER XXX

Dal Romaine called for Billy Wells the next morning at ten o'clock, drove her in his long, low-slung, cream-colored roadster to the business district of Colfax, waited discreetly at the curb while she cashed her monthly allowance check for \$500, then smiling mysteriously and refusing to answer her questions, turned into West Seventh, which was becoming the most fashionable shopping street in Colfax.

"Here we are!" He parked the car before a small but exclusive looking shop. Small gold letters in inconspicuously placed on the plate glass window informed the elect that it was the establishment of "Madame Dubois—Gowns."

"It looks frightfully expensive," Billy worried, as she followed Dal Romaine.

"Don't you worry about that," Dal smiled down at her. "The only important thing is for you to have the dress. It really was made for you, Mignon. I had Madame Dubois take it out of the window and promise to conceal it until I could bring you to see it. We wish to see Madame Dubois herself," Dal explained to the pretty, smartly dressed girl who advanced to meet them.

"This way, please, Madame Du—all power of resistance left her. She was expecting you, Mr. R. She agreed to take it without asking. The girl smiled lingeringly at the promise of something definite. They found Madame Dubois sitting at last in Dal's brooding, black awaiting them in a smaller room.

Before she knew what was happening with outstretched hands peering at her, Madame Dubois to greet Romaine, as if he were a soldier, her the smartest of spring valined friend. She was taller than suits and the crushed blue velours Dal, a Juno of a woman, with deep hat which exactly matched it. And they all insisted that a bronze-colored satin-crepe afternoon dress,

BOVRIL

is a Great Body Builder

Give the Kiddies Some

her shoulders and fell in foamy ripples down her slim body. She looked at herself in a mirror, with childish amazement. The sapphires on the shoulders and the broad band of sapphire velvet girdling her hips wrought the magic she had expected of them, and the ivory cascade of lace, peering over the softly gleaming amber satin, made her skin look like honey-colored velvet, and deepened every gold and bronze thread in her chestnut curls. Color flamed in her cheeks, called up in a surge of pure pleasure in the exquisite picture she made.

"Very sheer amber silk stockings and amber satin slippers, a choker of sapphire colored crystals for your throat, and you will be a picture to drive an artist into ecstacy!" Madame Dubois clasped her hands in an excess of delight. "Have Mr. Romaine come, Marie. Of course Billy bought the dress. With Dal Romaine's eyes devouring her newly created loveliness.

"This way, please, Madame Du—all power of resistance left her. She was expecting you, Mr. R. She agreed to take it without asking. The girl smiled lingeringly at the promise of something definite. They found Madame Dubois sitting at last in Dal's brooding, black awaiting them in a smaller room.

Before she knew what was happening with outstretched hands peering at her, Madame Dubois to greet Romaine, as if he were a soldier, her the smartest of spring valined friend. She was taller than suits and the crushed blue velours Dal, a Juno of a woman, with deep hat which exactly matched it. And they all insisted that a bronze-colored satin-crepe afternoon dress,



He helped her into her coat, his hands gentle upon her shoulders.

little girl for whom my favorite frock was designed. It sometimes happens that way, Miss Wells. She took Billy's hand and held it between her own broad, white palms for a moment. "An artist conceives lovely creature, praying that it will find its way to the one person in the world who should have it, and his prayer is answered. Babette, the lace dress, my dear. Have Marie model it for Miss Wells. She is about your size, but the dress—ah, the dress was meant for you and you only," she rhapsodized to the embarrassed girl.

A few minutes later the model, Marie, a lovely little person of Billy's size, stepped daintily into the room, one highly manicured hand posed lightly on a flat, boyish hip, the other at the back of her high-held, shingled little head.

"Oh, it is lovely!" Billy gasped, as the little figure of the model prouetted before her.

"You like it!" Madame Dubois cried happily. "But of course you would. Real lace, my dear, made in Belgium. See the lovely pattern of star jasmine and primroses?" She lifted a corner of a panel and held the cobweb upon her broad palm.

"Try it on, Mignon. I will step out and wait until I am called," Dal commanded her.

embroidered in nasturtium-colored silk, a frock which made her look slim and tall, must not be permitted to go to waste on some other girl whom it could not possibly become so well.

She was frightened and helpless at last, but quivering with pleasure that Dal had chosen her clothes for her. She felt, in them, as if she were wrapped about in tangible evidence of his love, as if, by wearing the dresses that he had consented to go to waste on some other girl whom it could not possibly become so well.

She heard Madame Dubois' charming, slightly French voice telling her that the total bill was three hundred and ten dollars. She tried to do mental arithmetic as her fingers froze around the roll of bills in her pocket. A hundred and fifty for her mother, thirty dollars a week for Professor Navratil—four times thirty is a hundred and twenty, plus a hundred and fifty is two hundred and eighty—

"All ready, Mignon? We're going to have the rest of the day entirely to ourselves," Dal Romaine bent over her to whisper, while Madame Dubois looked discreetly away.

Billy's cold fingers drew the roll

of bills out of her pocketbook, automatically almost, as if they were under compulsion entirely outside her own will. Maybe she had cooked up wrong—and Professor Navratil really didn't want her to take three lessons a week—and she was no good at subtraction anyway. Five hundred dollars was an awfully big sum of money. It couldn't melt to nothing so easily—and Nyda and Winnie had such exquisite clothes—

"Three hundred and ten." She peeled the bills from the roll with trembling fingers, then smiled almost impudently into Madame Dubois' beaming, red-brown eyes. "I believe that's right?"

She was wearing the bronze-colored crepe, because she could not bear to take it off. In it she belonged so wholly to Dal Romaine. He helped her into the moleskin coat, his hands gentle upon her shoulders.

As they were leaving the shop, the girls who evidently acted as "receptionists" to Madame Dubois' clientele, opened the door to them.

"If you see Miss Shelton today, Mr. Romaine," she spoke softly, in the intensely refined voice that the place demanded, "tell her that the coral chiffon that you helped her select is ready for a fitting."

When he did turn his smoldering black eyes upon her, her mouth was tight with pain, her eyes steel blue, stark, bleached with the corrosive of jealousy.

"You're thinking," he said gravely, deliberately, "that I said the same things to Winnie that I've said to you today. Try to believe me when I tell you that I didn't. We were passing that shop and she asked me to go in with her. I had seen that lace dress in the window, and I thought, 'What a lovely dress! I'll have it, because I wanted it for you, went in with her and made her like a coral chiffon better. Winnie is a charming, brainless little clinging vine, to whom I owe every courtesy, because of Aunt Lucia, but you—oh, Mignon.' His voice deepened, vibrated, thawed the ice that had been creeping upward to her heart.

"Billy laughed shakily, her eyes luminous with the fever which he could send racing through her veins at will. She had been ill of that fever for a month now, and she had gone beyond all effort, to think rationally, to remember that she really loved Clay Curtis. Curiously, her love for Clay remained beneath the turmoil, the pain, the fever. It was cool and steady and strong, that love for Clay, but she did not dare look at it. It had become an absolute necessity that Romaine should care for her, want her as she wanted him.

His voice broke into her thoughts. "We're in the country now. I'm going to slow down. We have the whole day, Mignon—hello, did you see who that was?" his voice was mildly astonished. "Nyda on the front seat of a limousine, with her head on the chauffeur's shoulder."

"It must have been Eddie Banning," Billy conceded, but she was too dazed, too feverish, to wonder or care what Nyda was doing with Eddie Banning, whom she professed to despise. "She's supposed to be in school," she added dreamily, her eyes watching the play of brown, slim fingers on a polished steering wheel.

(To Be Continued)

Dal takes Billy to a country house, which, inside, proves to be a little bit of mystic India. Only a Hindu servant welcomes them.

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

Dunstaffnage

The "Sing Song" was held Sunday evening at the home of Mr. John A. Stewart a large number attended.

Miss Ruby Stewart, teacher, North Bedouque spent the week end with her parents Mr and Mrs S. C. Stewart.

Miss Florence Stewart spent the week end in the city.

DARNLEY SCHOOL

Following is the report of Darnley School:

- Grade IX—1, Annie Woodside.
- Grade VIII—1, Wallace Adams; 2, Charles Adams.
- Grade VII—1, Cora Champion; 2, Reta Thompson; 3, Lillian Thompson; 4, Harold Brennan.
- Grade VI—1, Dorothy Thompson; 2, Gertrude Anderson; 3, Roma Anderson.
- Grade V—1, Carrie Adams; 2, Elton MacKay; 3, Keir MacKay.
- Grade IV—1, Borden Champion; 2, Stacey Roach; 3, Charlotte Hickey; 4, Adele Champion.
- Grade III—(Senior)—1, Albert McNutt; 2, Gerald MacNutt.
- Grade III—(Junior)—1, Chester Mountain; 2, Roy Mountain.
- Grade II—1, Mildred Adams; 2, David Anderson.
- Grade I (a)—1, Helen Champion; 2, Charles Hickey; 3, Luella Hickey.
- Grade I—(b)—1, Jean MacKay; 2, Ester Champion and Bruce Champion (equal); 3, Ruth Roach and Lyman Morrison (equal).
- Grade I (c) 1, Margaret Adams; 2, Jean Champion.

From beginning to end Quality

Neilson's JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE

the best milk chocolate bar made

5¢ 10¢ & 25¢ sizes

My biggest ambition is to sneak into Mussolini's house and hear him say, "All right, my dear, have your own way."—The Jintown Weekly (Associated Editors, Chicago).

"If you please, Mrs. O'Connor, mother says, if you're not using both of th' twins this morning would you kindly len'er 'em to go beggin' with?"—London Opinion.

IMPERIAL FOX AND DOG BISCUIT

Their Choice

A BALANCED RATION

Imperial Puppy Food

This popular "Imperial" product is giving excellent results in our ranches this spring. The ranchers, using it, report splendid progress in growth of their young foxes and are ordering in large quantities.

IMPERIAL PUPPY FOOD is first baked as a biscuit from our scientifically prepared and tested Puppy Food formula and then ground into a coarse meal by a special machine recently installed for this purpose. It is ready for feeding and only requires the addition of milk to form a properly balanced diet on which the young foxes thrive most successfully.

IMPERIAL PUPPY FOOD and IMPERIAL FOX BISCUITS contain the nutritional requirements of the young foxes and adults and their liberal use will ensure healthy, vigorous foxes.

Orders promptly filled from fresh stock.

IMPERIAL BISCUIT CO., LIMITED

Phone 721. Box 446.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Exclusive Maritime Agents for HAUCK FIRE GUNS.

THE BEDTIME STRIP



The Enemy Retires.



By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE



By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE



By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE



By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE

