

**NYAL CREOPHOS**

**\$300 in Prizes**

Tired and run down? You certainly do need Creophos to build up real vigor, and resistance, to ward off or conquer coughs, colds and bronchitis. Gives amazing results in deep seated bronchial troubles.

Get a bottle now and avoid trouble. Feel like a new person! And besides you may win \$100 cash!

Ask the Nyal druggist for free contest sheets giving full particulars of our \$300 prize contest for best slogans, rhymes or jingles about Nyal Creophos.

**Warning**—Contest closes December 10th. Get your free contest sheets now at the

**NYAL DRUG STORE**

"Once tried—always Nyal"

**Murray Harbor—Georgetown**

**SOURIS TRAINS TO BE HELD**  
SEPTEMBER 28th—29th.

To accommodate persons attending the Exhibition, the Canadian National Railways have arranged to hold Train No. 1 leaving Charlottetown regularly at 3.30 P. M. for Murray Harbor until 6.00 P. M. on Wednesday, September 28th and Thursday, September 29th. Train No. 5 leaving Charlottetown regularly at 3.30 P. M. for Georgetown and Souris will be held also on these days until 6.00 P. M.

**CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS TRAINS HELD**

To accommodate passengers from the East and South attending the Exhibition and Races, the train for Souris and Georgetown scheduled to leave Charlottetown at 3.30 P. M. and the train for Murray Harbor scheduled to leave Charlottetown at 3.30 P. M. will be held at Charlottetown on Wednesday the 28th and Thursday the 29th until 6.00 P. M. DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE

**FOR QUICK AND EASY TRAVEL**

Between **MONTREAL—TORONTO—CHICAGO**

Take the **INTERNATIONAL LIMITED**

Lv. MONTREAL 10.00 A. M. Daily  
Ar. TORONTO 5.40 P. M.  
Ar. CHICAGO 7.50 A. M.

—also—**INTER-CITY LIMITED**

Lv. MONTREAL 12.30 P. M. Daily  
Ar. TORONTO 8.30 P. M.

For Reservations, Fares, Etc., apply to **W. K. ROGERS**, City Ticket Agent, **T. RITCHIE**, Ticket Agent, Station, **P. W. CLARKIN**, District Passenger Agent, Charlottetown.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC SAILINGS**

**FROM MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL**

Sept. 30/Oct. 28 ..... Minnedosa  
Oct. 7/Nov. 4 ..... Montclair  
Oct. 14/Nov. 11 ..... Montclair  
Oct. 21/Nov. 18 ..... Montclair  
Nov. 25 ..... Melita

\*Calls at Greenock, \*Calls at Plymouth, To Belfast—Glasgow

Sept. 29/Oct. 27 ..... Metagama  
To Cherbourg—Southampton—Antwerp

Oct. 5/Nov. 3 ..... Montclair  
Oct. 12/Nov. 10 ..... Montclair  
To Cherbourg—Southampton

\*Sept. 29, Oct. 26, ..... Empress of Scotland  
Oct. 12 ..... Empress of France

\*Calls at Hamburg Apply Local Agents or **G. BRUCE BURFEE**, Dist. Pass. Agent, 40 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

**SMILES**



"You've paid a fitting tribute when you get a receipt from your tailor."



**PLENTY OF CREDIT**

Young Bride: I give Jim credit for giving me good food and plenty of clothes to wear.

Bride's mother (a trifle sarcastically): So do the butcher and the baker and the dressmaker, I understand.



She: Don't you know smoking slows down the action of the heart?

He: Yes. That's why I call to you—to get it started again.



**SELF-SUPPORTING**

"So you never expect to marry, Rastus?"

"No, sah, Ah specks to keep right on makin' mah own livin' till Ah die."



**TOO MANY ARMS**

"It was a mean trick to ring in Mr. Centipede on the bug champ, who was meeting all comers!"

**Ginger Wine.**

Ginger wine of the alcoholic type contains more alcohol than is found in most forms of beer, according to a London coroner.

**TENDERS CALLED BUTTER MAKER WANTED**

Tenders will be received by New Glasgow Dairying Co., till noon October 5th, 1927 for butter-making. State price per lb for manufacturing, finding your own help and supplies.

Butter season starts about October 15th. Address **MRS. JAS STEVENSON**, Secretary, Rustico, P. E. I.

**FARM FOR SALE**

Farm of 70 acres, 1/2 mile from St. Peter's Village. Well suited for raising seed potatoes. Good buildings. Will sell with or without crop. Will sell reasonable. Apply to **G. H. WALKER**, St. Peter's.

**CURSE O' LOVE**

A Story of Love and its Test  
By **MILDRED BARBOUR**  
(Continued.)

**CHAPTER 31. MISUNDERSTANDING**

When Sydney Stokes left Norma and her husband alone in the bungalow and went out into the night, his face was set and grim. He knew that the impending interview would be the show-down. Either Norma would declare her intention of leaving her husband—in which case, Stokes confidently believed, despite her emphatic words to the contrary, that there would be a chance for him—or else there would be a speedy reconciliation. He scrambled up the path to the place where his car was parked under a single light that he had turned on at the garage door upon his arrival. The night was very dark, and twice before he gained the top of the cliff, he fell.

When he reached his car, he felt for the switch-key and his fingers encountered the tiny chamolis bag containing the black opal that Norma had given him for safe-keeping. He couldn't resist taking out the jewel and examining it again. He had never seen anything quite so lovely. It glowed with all the beauty of its slumbering fires. Though not particularly imaginative, he felt, as had Norma, and Cynthia before her, that the thing lived. With something approach-



The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly

disappeared along the cliff. She ran to the front of the garage, where Kendall was bending over something dark that lay sprawled on the sand.

"It's Stokes!" Kendall looked up at her briefly. "He's been shot." Norma began to tremble violently.

"Is he—is he dead?" she whispered fearfully, her teeth chattering with terror.

"Not yet." Philip stood up and threw the rays of his flashlight about the sand. "He didn't do it himself, at any rate. There's no gun about, and there are traces of other footsteps—a struggle evidently."

He bent over the wounded man and slipped his arms carefully under his shoulders.

"Help me get him to the house," he ordered Norma. "Take his feet."

She obeyed, and slowly, carefully, they got him down the steep path and into the house and laid him on a couch.

Kendall removed Stokes's coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and found a wound just below the shoulder. Norma, controlling her impulse to faint or scream, hurried for water and towels and such first-aid supplies as the bungalow contained.

"The bullet seems to have pierced a lung," said Philip. "He has lost a tremendous amount of blood."

"Will he die?" quavered Norma.

"Don't know. Probably," Philip's own hurt made him cruel.

"Oh!" it was a wail which he interpreted to mean Norma's anguish at the thought of losing the man she loved.

"I'll go for a doctor." He rose to

go, but he was stopped by the sound of a door opening. It was the door of the bungalow. A woman in a white dress and a man in a dark suit entered. The woman looked at the man on the couch and then at the man who had just entered. The man in the dark suit looked at the woman and then at the man on the couch. The woman looked at the man in the dark suit and then at the man on the couch. The man in the dark suit looked at the woman and then at the man on the couch.

go, but he was stopped by the sound of a door opening. It was the door of the bungalow. A woman in a white dress and a man in a dark suit entered. The woman looked at the man on the couch and then at the man who had just entered. The man in the dark suit looked at the woman and then at the man on the couch. The woman looked at the man in the dark suit and then at the man on the couch. The man in the dark suit looked at the woman and then at the man on the couch.

go, but he was stopped by the sound of a door opening. It was the door of the bungalow. A woman in a white dress and a man in a dark suit entered. The woman looked at the man on the couch and then at the man who had just entered. The man in the dark suit looked at the woman and then at the man on the couch. The woman looked at the man in the dark suit and then at the man on the couch. The man in the dark suit looked at the woman and then at the man on the couch.



The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly

ing a shudder, he returned it to the tiny chamolis bag.

At that moment, a dark something that he had taken for a shadow projected itself swiftly, noiselessly, in front of him. The muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his stomach, and a husky voice ordered: "Put 'em up, bo!"

In his first shock of amazement that there was actually a holdup man in this deserted world of closed summer cottages, he almost obeyed.

The next minute, he made a lunge at the indistinct figure that uttered the challenge, knocking the revolver aside as he did so. There was a brief struggle. He realized exultantly that his opponent was a small man and not too keen for a fight.

But suddenly, just as he thought he was getting the better hand, there was a blinding flash. Something seared his chest. He knew an instant of agony. And, after that, darkness!

In the bungalow, Norma and Philip Kendall were staring at each other, momentarily speechless.

"That was a shot!" muttered Kendall, and plunged out into the night. Norma, terrified, followed close at his heels. But she had hard work in keeping up with him as he took the cliff path at a run. When she had clambered panting to the top, she was vaguely aware of a shadow, deeper than the night, that dodged and swiftly



**The Sign of Hope**

**THIS is a message of Hope—an assurance of better health—for the weak, ill-nourished person who stands in peril of Tuberculosis.**

Are you willing for your own sake, or the sake of someone very dear to you, to follow these simple suggestions?

**To Avoid Tuberculosis**

Recognize that Tuberculosis is preventable and curable, if combative measures are taken early.

That patent medicines and "quick cures" not only do no good but actually delay the real cure.

That a qualified physician can quickly detect Tuberculosis and prescribe treatment which may check the disease at the very start.

That Tuberculosis of the lungs is in reality a grim battle between hordes of germs and the protecting hosts of living cells which form the lining of the lungs. A healthy person can win the contest—in fact he is winning it every hour.

That you can strengthen the system to resist the disease if you live as much as possible in the sun-

shine, breathe fresh air, avoid overwork and eat nourishing food.

**To Cure Tuberculosis**

If you have a chronic cough with a failing appetite and loss of weight and notice symptoms which you do not understand, go at once to your family physician, and get his opinion. At this stage of the disease the greatest danger is the danger of delay.

Change of climate is not always necessary. In the hospitals for treating Tuberculosis hundreds of people are cured each year or have their lives greatly prolonged. They receive proper medical treatment, plenty of rest in the pure air and learn how to build up their system to combat the disease. For the same attention, you will have to pay no more than you can afford.

Don't leave your health to chance. Let a doctor examine your physical condition at least once a year. Better health, longer life, greater happiness, a more whole-souled joy in living will be your rewards.

**Life Insurance Service**

The Love That Never Dies

**Tomorrow's Radio Program**

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

International Radio Programs

**CONCERTS**

11.30 A. M. CFCF (411) Montreal Concert. 5.30 P. M.

WOO (508) Phila. Studio Trio. 6.00 P. M.

WEAF (491) New York Light Opera with WEAF, WEEL, WJAR, WFI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WWJ, WSAI, KSD, WGY, WMAQ, WGY (380) Schenectady. Opera. WTAM Clev. Studio.

WGR (303) Buffalo. Join WEAF, WIP (508) Phila. Calvert Hour. WBBR (256) N. Y. Orchestra.

4.25 P. M. WGY (380) Schen. N. Y. Baseball. 4.55 P. M.

5.30 P. M. KDKA (316) Pittsburg. Baseball. 5.30 P. M.

6.30 P. M. KDKA (316) Pitts. Sketch. 6.30 P. M.

WTIC (476) Hartford. Marj. 'n' Ted.

**DANCE ORCHESTRAS**

7.00 P. M. WTAM (400) Clev. Euclid. 8.00 P. M.

8.30 P. M. WBAL (285) Balto. Dance. 8.30 P. M.

9.00 P. M. WJZ (454) N. Y. Twin Oaks. 9.00 P. M.

9.30 P. M. WRC (479) Washington. Le Paradis. WGY (380) Schenectady. Dancin'. (Copyright, 1927, by International Radio Programs, Chicago.)

9.30 P. M. WOW (508) Omaha. Orchestra.

**SPORTS-TALKS**

1.50 P. M. WCAE (517) Pittsburg. Chat Kury.

**Fine Gold Wire.**

Gold wire has been drawn so fine that it weighs one ounce to 3,500 yards, and makes human hair look coarse and thick by comparison.

**To LADIES**

Take Our Herbal Remedies Book on Skin Diseases. New Treatise on Chronic Diseases by Herbal Remedies. Pamphlets on Loss of Manhood and Diseases of men. Booklet on Female Ills and advice free by mail. 20 years' experience. (Without criticizing or disparaging your doctors write us before losing hope.) Treatment by mail our speciality. English Herbal Dispensary Limited

1358 Davis, Vancouver, B. C. Canada's Oldest Herbal Institute

While virtue is the loveliest of all lovely things, apart from modesty her beauty fades.

—By Arthur Chapouille

Revenge!

THAT BOY'S GOT AN AWFUL CRUST TO FISH IN MY CREEK

OH BOY THIS IS A BEAUT

I HAVE AN IDEA I CAN GET EVEN WITH HIM

THIS WILL MAKE A MEAL

YEP, I PULLED THEM OFF THE BANK WHILE THAT FOOL BOY WAS TRYING TO LAND ANOTHER. I WANT YOU TO EAT ALL YOU LIKE FOR HELPING ME THE OTHER DAY

YOU'RE NOT SO STUPID AS A LOT OF PEOPLE SAY YOU ARE