

ABSORBINE
will reduce Inflamed, Swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches; Heals Boils, Foll Evil, Quittor, Flies and Infests. Sore quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister or remove hair, and horses can be worked. \$2.50 a bottle, delivered. Book 7 R FREE. W. F. Young, Inc., 141 Lyman Bldg. Montreal

SMILES
"Don't you know it annoys girls to be stared at?"
"Sure. But I know it annoys you more not to be stared at."

SHERIFF SALE

BY VIRTUE of a Statute Execution to me directed, issued out of His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at the suit of Henry Felix Feehan against Aeneas McDonald I have taken and seized: ALL THAT TRACT of land situate lying and being on Lot Thirty-eight in Kings County in Prince Edward Island bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a square post fixed at the north boundary of land the property now or formerly of Thomas Douglas at the distance of fourteen chains east from the east boundary of land part of the Estate of the late General Fanning, thence running north for the distance of twenty-four chains and fifty links, thence east twenty-four chains and fifty links thence south twenty-four chains and fifty links and thence west twenty-four chains and fifty links to the place of commencement containing sixty acres of land a little more or less.

AND I DO HEREBY give public notice that I will on Tuesday the 28th day of July, 1927, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, at the Court house at Georgetown in King's County, set up and sell at public auction the said property or as much thereof as will satisfy the levy marked on said execution being the sum of thirteen hundred and ninety-six dollars and twenty-eight cents besides Sheriff's fees and all other legal incidental expenses.

MICHAEL MURPHY
Sheriff
Sheriff's Office,
King's County,
The 28th day of July 1927
DONALD MACKINNON
Plaintiff's Attorney,
8195-7-29-1-31

NEARING TOWN
"Why do you think we are getting near the city?"
"Can't you see we're hitting more people all the time?"

MAN OF THE HOUR
"Since he became so popular he says he has to live by the clock."
"Naturally—he's the man of the hour."

FARM FOR SALE

At Harrington, Queen's County, one hundred acres well watered, good condition, new dwelling house good outbuildings. With or without half share crop seed potatoes, hay and grain. Rare opportunity.

D. L. MATHIESON,
P. O. Box, 353
Charlottetown
8362-8-10-61.

FOX FOOD

Fresh Frozen Herring
Fox ranchers can secure a regular supply of fresh herring for feeding during the warm weather by placing their order with us. Shipment by express any week day or by freight on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays put up in fifty and one hundred pound packages.

MATTHEW & McLEAN, LTD.
Souris, P. E. I.
8344-8-8-121.

FEEDS FEEDS

We carry large stocks of all kinds of live stock FEEDS. We buy in CARLOAD lots at very lowest prices. We are in a position and do sell at very close prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

FEED OATS (Black and White). Some extra heavy Western white feed oats, also Island whites and blacks. (Horsemen should see these oats.)

(Also)
Bran, Shorts, White Middlings, Cracked Corn, Feed Cornmeal, Oil Cake Meal, Schumacher Feed, Beet Pulp, Calf Meal, Cracked Grain, Linseed Meal, Mixed Feed, Oyster Shells, Poultry Grit, Charcoal (for Poultry), Bone Meal, (fine and coarse), Beef and Bone Scraps (for Poultry).

Pressed Hay and Straw, &c., &c., and a full line of Poultry Supplies.

CARTER & CO. LIMITED.
SEEDS, FEEDS, FLOUR

THE BANK MAGICIAN
"Hear you're studying sleight of hand. Aren't you going to hold your job in the bank?"
"Sure! Only it don't pay enough."

EXPLAINED HER MAKE-UP
She: All the world's a stage.
He: That explains your make-up, suppose.

TRUE STUFF
If fast, of course, a watch has none. This simple truth we all must grant.
"You'll be a footless watch can run."
"You'll be a tick, which has three feet."

VERY DANGEROUS.
"I heard your brother was knocked it and had to be taken to the hospital."
"Yes, he fell right in front of a description of a prize fight!"

HIKERS
Take a bottle of Minard's in your kit bag. Relieves sore feet.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The "New" Sharples "Marvel" Cream Separator

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

F. O. B. CHARLOTTETOWN
Extra Paris for all Sharples Machines
J. L. DOUGLAS
SOLE DISTRIBUTOR
39 Queen Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HEARTS AFIRE

By Mae Christie

(Continued)

"Your good name? Faugh!" Virginia burst into horrible laughter that had no slightest sound of mirth about it, only hysteria. "Who in the world cares what a common nobody like you does, or says?"

For answer, Prudence, in a low, resolute tone, replied:
"Calling me names won't mend this matter. I've seen what I have seen," she nodded into the darkness in the direction of the elm-tree—hiding Mrs. Vansittart's property—her lost property, for I recognized the gold candlesticks, and several other things in the boxes—out here in this place?"

Virginia gave a high, angry laugh that again had the hysterical note about it.
"A hit like you dares to call ME to account?"

"I do. I shan't move from here until you give an explanation."
"But you won't? We'll see about that." And Virginia took a furious step towards the speaker, arm upraised, and something gleaming ominously....

"I shouldn't advise you to use violence," went on the cool, unafraid voice of the younger girl, standing immobile on the spot.
"If you injured me—if you even killed me, here where we stand—I would be the ruin of you, and you know it. Our footsteps are already all over the mould and moss, and there wouldn't be the slightest difficulty in the police tracking you."

Police?
Virginia, deeply as she loathed this clear-eyed girl, shivered at the hateful word.

"I ask you," persisted the quiet, resolute young voice, "I ask you to explain why you are deliberately hiding Mrs. Vansittart's gold candlesticks and other property which I recognize?"

"You can ask till Doomsday," hissed Virginia, fury again getting the upper hand. "You can—"

The words died on her lips, for in Prudence's clear resolute eyes she saw a something that frightened her—something strong as granite, pure with the uprightness of an unsoiled spirit, unafraid as the Christian martyrs were in face of danger.

"I insist upon an explanation." There was a relentless note in the young voice, and Virginia, cowardly at heart, as are all bullies, recognized it.

"Look here, why make a fuss? What's it to you what I do?" Her tone was suddenly flat and colourless, with a dragging sound about it.

There was a silence in which both girls neither spoke nor moved. Then Virginia suddenly:
"Oh, if you're going to insist.... I don't see its any of your business.... this stuff was left me by an old aunt who died.... it was sent me through the trustees, the lawyers.... I kept the boxes in my trunks up at the Towers.... didn't want Mrs. Vansittart to know, because I owed her money.... bridge debts.... and for a gown or two.... you understand?... She gulped and hesitated.

"No, I don't," said Prudence, in

the tone of a judge arraigning a prisoner at the bar. "Go on."

"I started out to pawn the things," stammered Virginia, the words now humbling over each other in her eagerness to be finished with the hateful interview. "I didn't want anybody to know—they all think me rich—I'm poor, really—wretchedly poor—and I didn't see why I should pay Mrs. Van back the money, when I work like blazes to be gay and—and well-dressed—to entertain her dull guests—I mean, I'd pay her back later, but just now I wanted the money for something else, you see—so I started off with the boxes—and then I saw Bert Traymore coming, so I hid them in this wood, for he mustn't know—"

"Give me the lantern," Prudence took it brusquely from the stammering speaker, and walked forward to the elm-tree. Stooping down, she lifted one of the heavy gold candlesticks, holding it aloft. "You say an old aunt left you these?"

"Yes, Yes."

"Then," said Prudence coolly, tilting the candelabra backwards, "how do you account for this?"

She pointed to Mrs. Vansittart's name in full, engraved in small letters at the bottom of the candlestick.

"I—I don't know," blurted out the accused. "It—it's a coincidence, that's all."

Prudence—the lantern in one hand, and the heavy candelabra in the other—looked at the speaker as though she would read her very soul.

"You do know," she said quietly, her young face showing no emotion, not even scorn of this cringing woman who was lying to her. "You know as well as I do, that your story of an aunt leaving you these valuables is a trumped-up one. The contents of these boxes belong to Mrs. Vansittart, just as these candlesticks do. I've no doubt you did intend to pawn them, or to sell them, but you hadn't got the right."

Virginia made a queer, whimpering sound, as though begging for mercy. She was terrified of this new, strong Prudence; and how loathsome it was that such a 'conceit' had happened, just when everything was running smoothly, and life opening up new vistas even beyond all her scheming hopes.

If Peter Armstrong got to hear of this!....

"I confess everything—if you'll promise—not to tell!" She sank down on her knees at Prudence's feet, a deplorable spectacle in the eerie lantern rays. "You wouldn't be so cruel—as to give me away?"—and she clung to Prudence's skirts, her face white under its make-up, the rouge standing out in startling contrast on her cheek-bones, giving the face a grotesque appearance.

Prudence hated the contact of that touch.

"Get up, please." She drew back a little, but Virginia remained as she was, her eyes wild with terror.

"Never, until you promise not to tell! It would ruin me! I—I swear I'll shoot myself, if you won't promise! And then my blood will be on your head, and you'll never know a good night's rest...." She waxed hysterical, her voice rising with high, and higher.

"Hush! Hush!"

"I won't! I don't care what happens now, if Peter Armstrong is to know of this! Rather than he finds out, I'd kill myself—"

It flitted through Prudence's mind, grimly and ironically, that if this thieving creature were to shoot herself, it wouldn't be such a great loss to the world, after all.

"Oh, I dare say it would please you.... you've always hated me. You tried to get Bert Traymore.... and then you wanted Peter.... and now you'd like to see me off the earth.... and if you tell Peter, you'll kill me!"

"Stop!" The younger girl's voice was like a bucket of cold water on the rising hysteria. "Stop for a moment thinking only of yourself! Put yourself in my place, for an instant!"

Virginia groaned.

"I know you want Peter...." "Listen!" Prudence shook her by the shoulder. "This is no time for hedging. We're speaking women to woman, and you shall hear what I have to say. I want Peter's happiness, not my own.... not yours.... do you hear?"

Virginia raised her face.

"Peter's happiness?" she repeated, blankly, stupidly.

"Just that.... and nothing else. The question is, if I tell him the truth about you, wouldn't the knowledge be for his greater happiness, his ultimate peace, even though it hurt him at the time?"

"He loves me," wailed Virginia, and barked desire forced great tears to her eyes, which trickled over the made-up lashes, so that the mascara ran in murky rivulets down her ashen cheeks.

"Ah! does he?" Prudence's face had the clear ring of a seeress.

"If I were only sure of that! It's a love that hasn't brought him peace I know. The last time he talked to me, he gave me the impression of a deeply unhappy man. If he does love you, Virginia Dale,

he's learning to his sorrow, that his idol has feet of clay."

"He—he worships me!" Virginia seized on the likeliest weapon to melt this strange, upright girl who could think of Peter's happiness and not her own. "If you keep this dark.... I'll give back all the things.... if you won't disillusion Peter.... it would kill him, heart and soul.... he loves me, million times.... if only I can get out of this awful scrape...."

She had risen to her feet now, and was facing Prudence in the little wood. Overhead, the trees were sighing eerily, and the owl hooted again, as though it laughed at the frail promises of the wretched woman.

"You haven't admitted the whole truth yet," said Prudence, her eyes on the haggard features that at this elemental moment seemed to have no trace of beauty. "Tell me, it was you who slipped the diamond earrings and the notes into the sash of the frock I wore at Mrs. Vansittart's party?"

The other bowed her head, and murmured an assent.

"You didn't stop to think how wickedly cruel and unjust it was?" Virginia mumbled.

"They were in the frock all the time. I'd forgotten to remove them. I didn't mean to throw the blame on you."

"Oh, yes you did," went on the level, accusing young voice. "If you'll take your memory back, you'll recollect that it was you who came and told me Mrs. Vansittart wanted me. It was you who laughed, who tried to shame me—"

"Forgive me!" Another burst of hysteria seemed imminent. "If Peter knew, it would kill him, and I—I love him so!"

"Ah! but do you?" Prudence looked into the made-up eyes as though she would read the soul beneath, if such a soul existed. "Does a woman like you know what real love means, I wonder? Is a woman like you capable of giving a man like Peter Armstrong what his heart and spirit cry for? If I thought you could, believe me I shouldn't spare you! His happiness comes first with me. I frankly tell you so."

"You love him?" said Virginia, light dawning on her.

"That!" replied the other, "is a question which doesn't in the least concern you. But let me tell you this—her great eyes resting on the woman before her—"you'll never know real happiness until you learn that true love is unselfish, long-suffering, and something infinitely greater, infinitely stronger than yourself!"

(To Be Continued.)

"Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE
A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding
Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting
Costs little but always effective

Sunday School Lesson
THE IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.
Golden Text: We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, Thy holy temple. Psalm LXV 4.
DAVID BRINGS THE ARK TO JERUSALEM. (The Story)

In the restoration of the monarchy which David effected, the re-enthronement of Jehovah was the last step. The golden ark which was God's throne was to be set up in the new capital. The matter was first submitted to a convocation of the people. The king's proposition was adopted in what became a general religious awakening.

But the irreligion of seventy years bore its fruit in the midst of the national reformation. Ignorance of the law led to fatal error. A right thing was done in a wrong way. The Levites with averted faces were to thrust the golden

Scripture about the ark was searched. The way to carry it which the ark rested in one Hebrew home brought phenomenal prosperity to it. At length a new home-come of the ark was contemplated. It was done according to the divine direction. The Levites bore the ark upon their shoulders while trained choirs chanted the hymns which David had written for the occasion.

So the noble shrine came to the place prepared for it. Behind the mystic veil it stood four hundred years revered and unharmed, overshadowing a trinity of truth, Divine Presence, Divine Law, Divine Mercy.

UNDER THE STUDY LAMP

The incident teaches the importance of implicit obedience and observance of the Divine will and method.... The same importance however is not attached now in orders and modes of worship. No exact patterns are given in the New Testament. Modes are not categorically given. It is the motive and spirit which are of surpassing importance.... The emblematic ark hedged with dread restrictions was designed to teach a race yet crudely civilized the holiness of the Deity and the reverence which became his worship. It was touched on pain of death. It was to be seen but once a year and then by one person.... For seventy years it had been out of its place, a sort of parlor ornament in the house of Abnan where familiarity had bred contempt of it.... David allowed to the significance of the ark-bringing was in an ecstasy. But his queen a cool uninterested observer made the scene the occasion of an un-wifely sarcasm.... The ark-bringing was the occasion of several of David's lyric hymns (24, 96, 105, 106).... The ethical and spiritual meaning of this incident does not depend upon its literal historicity. These could be as well deduced from elevated folklore as from the historic annals.... The function of the aesthetic is illustrated here. The ark was a beautiful object, the music and rhythmic marching, all were elevating.

Thursday—Pride of learning. John 9: 24-34.
Friday—Pride of ability. 1 Corinthians 1: 16-24.
Saturday—Pride of achievement. Daniel 4: 28-32.

TO THINK ABOUT
How may we recognize a prejudice in our own minds?
What prejudices do you see in others?
How can we overcome prejudice?

Choleric Business Men—I don't know what the modern youngsters are coming to. My wretched office boys persistently whistle while they work.
Second Ditto—You're fortunate. Mine just whistle.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEVOTIONAL SERVICE
August 14, 1927—Acts X 34-35.
Motto: Ignorance is the father of prejudice.—Charles Sumner.

MODERN PREJUDICES TO BE OVERCOME
Prejudice is pre-judging. It is the conviction of man or measure without proof and before trial, without competent knowledge or sufficient data. The ingredients of this bitter and poisonous compound are ill-will, envy, hate, ignorance and the like, in varying proportions but always with pernicious effect.

DAILY BIBLE READING
Monday—Race prejudice. John 4: 9.
Tuesday—Pride of position. Matthew 23: 5-7.
Wednesday—Pride of wealth. Luke 12: 13-21.

Bunions
Quick relief from pain. Prevent shoe pressure. At all drug and shoe stores.
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone.

rods through the rings on the sides of the ark and throwing the curtains over all were to lift it to their shoulders. But this had been forgotten.
The cart and oxen were a "heathen" expedient which led to familiarity. The purpose of all was to impress the holiness of Jehovah. The false method made the ark nothing more than a military trophy to grace a triumphal procession.

The error must be corrected, the sanctity of the ark restored and familiarity rebuked. Some never-to-be-forgotten lesson must be given. The stumbling oxen gave the opportunity. The shrine toppled to the point of falling to earth. In direct disobedience to the divine command with which he ought to have been familiar, Uzzah put out his hand to steady the ark. That is the culmination of a process wrong from the start.

It is not that one act which any person might have done which is punishable. The (irreligion of the whole people is checked by an awful judgment. Uzzah is a substitute in punishment, his death exemplary. That moment the triumphal procession is changed into a march and everybody knows the cause. David cries "How shall the ark come to me?" That is the question he ought to have asked at the beginning. Had he done so death and delay would have been avoided. It is said that awe of God filled David's heart from that moment. It filled the nation's heart as well.

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Leave Ch'town 6:45 a. m.
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Leave Ch'town 6:45 a. m. 2:00 p. m.
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Mark R. McGuigan
B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
Money to Loan.
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

THE BEDTIME STRIP—

The Birth of a Notion

MAYBE YOU CAN ADVISE ME, THE BROOK'S RUN TOO LOW FOR MY DUCKINGS TO SWIM IN. WHAT CAN WE DO?
ON THE FARM WHERE I LIVED BEFORE I CAME HERE THEY DAMMED UP A STREAM AND MADE A POND.
THAT'S A SWELL IDEA.
YES, BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET IT DONE?
I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT.
LET'S GO UP TO THE HOUSE AND TRY TO MAKE OLD MRS. JONES UNDERSTAND.
SCAT! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU NOISY CRITTERS!
CLUCK! CLUCK!
QUACK! QUACK!
SQUAWK!
QUACK!

—By Arthur Chapouille