

# HÖVIS

THE BREAD OF HEALTH

for Satisfying Sandwiches

FOR school or business lunches... for picnics... for the dinner pail... sandwiches made of HÖVIS Bread are wonderfully tasty... and so nutritious

A Product of Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

Ask Your Baker Or Grocer For Hovis Today

## Farm for Sale

AT WINSLOE STATION  
49 Acres Land. Apply to G. A. COLES, Winsloe

8932-9-3-31.

## 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.

## Brick And Tile Co. Re-Opened

The P. E. I. Brick and Tile Co., Ltd., at Richmond, P. E. I., has re-opened for business and will receive orders for the manufacture of Brick and Tile of all sizes, satisfaction guaranteed. Address all orders and communications to the Company at Richmond, P. E. I.

7808-7-5-tusi.

## TAILORED SUIT OR TOPCOAT

Now for a new tailored to your measure Suit or Top Coat. Fit guaranteed. Drop a note to P. E. Island representative to show Fall and Winter samples and styles. Many hundreds of well pleased customers. A nice list of testimonial letters. Island Representative is

S. F. TARBUSH 172 Prince Street, Charlottetown.

## Professional Cards

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

## 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.

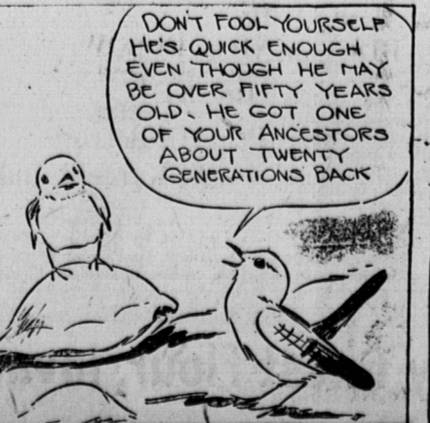
## McDonald & McPhee

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.

## THE BEDTIME STRIP—



## SMILES

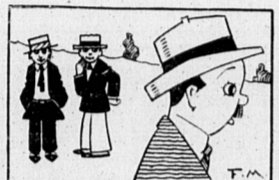
JABBY JERIE



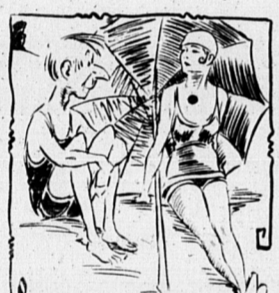
"If you don't want people to know what you suspect don't give yourself a weigh."



Modern Mother: Tell me, Genevieve, are you keeping something from Mother?  
Genevieve: Yes, my millionaire boy friend.



HE TALKED AT SHORT RANGE  
"He's a man who can't make friends."  
"Peppermint drops are good for that."



OUCH!  
"The sea-nettles and pests in these waters are simply terrible. Do you suppose the management could do anything about it?"  
"They could refuse you all admittance to their hotels."

The easier it is to get a man to talk the harder it is to get him to quit.



## FIRST-AID FOR CHILDREN

Treat all bumps, bruises, scratches, burns and scalds with "Vaseline" Jelly. Quick, handy, safe, to use. Never be without it. Prevents more serious trouble.

Look for the Trade Mark "Vaseline" It is your protection.

Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd 5520 Chabot Avenue MONTREAL



## CURSE O' LOVE

A Story of Love and Its Test  
MILDRED BARBOUR

CHAPTER 12.  
(Continued)  
THE ACCEPTANCE.

Half an hour later, Philip Kendall found himself on the sidewalk outside J. P. Collins's office.

The thirty thousand dollars that was necessary to the security of his business was his. The notes that would fall due on the morrow were taken care of. The future was bright and without financial worry. And yet—

Philip Kendall felt like the yellowest dog that ever lived!

In return for the money, he had promised to marry Norma Collins!

If he hadn't loved her and wanted to marry her, ever since he first met her, he might not have felt such an utter cad. He might have accepted the bargain with a shrug and an inward smile at his future father-in-law's business acumen and personal naivete. He might have felt that he was giving full value received.

But to love Norma and realize that he had made her a part of a bargain to save his own skin was sickening to his honor and manhood. The fact that he had stipulated with the elated J. P. that Norma did not consent willingly, the bargain was off, did little to ease his mind.

Norma had never given him reason to believe that she loved him or wished to marry him. And the recent conversation with her father had done nothing more than rouse in him the belief—something which had never occurred to him before—that Norma wanted to marry a man who had a social background, a good name, a good education, and good breeding. He could scarcely believe it of Norma, and yet the fact remained. Her father had bought his daughter a husband who was a good many notches above her in the social scale.

J. P.'s last words had been: "Go and see Norma. She's home this afternoon. Fix it up with her. I tell you it'll be all right."

Philip Kendall went—but there was none of the eagerness of the lover in his gait. Yesterday he would have gone mad with happiness, at a chance to win the girl he wanted. Today he went slinkingly, ashamed. There was only one hope in his heart; that Norma would reject him indignantly. Then, the hateful bargain would be off, and he could feel a man again.

Norma was lying in a chaise longue on the Italian terrace, when he was announced. At sight of him, she flushed vividly, and, to

have his ideal of her to cherish, and a Norma who made such a bargain was not the Norma with whom he had fallen in love.

Norma made no reply to his statement that he loved her. She had buried her face in her hands. So he repeated his question: "Will you marry me?"

She lifted her face. It was radiant as the morning.

"When?" she whispered.

Something snapped in Kendall. His last illusion went. He hardened himself to carry through the bargain.

"Now—this afternoon."

Might as well have it over, he thought grimly.

A moment later, Norma was in his arms. He kissed her, acutely conscious of her fresh prettiness, of her eyes, of her scented dusky hair, of the soft red lips lifted so trustingly to his. But his heart seemed to have gone dead within him.

"If she doesn't already know, she'll never learn the truth from me," he promised himself. "I owe her that much."

When Norma sped upstairs to get her hat—they had decided to be married that same afternoon—she paused a moment to take the black opal from the pocket of her frock and raise it to her lips. "My talisman!" she whispered thankfully.

Its somber fires glared at her like a malevolent eye.

"I love you, Norma!" It was a mechanical statement as devoid of sentiment as a remark about the weather.

his surprise, hid something she had been examining in the pocket of her frock.

"Why, I thought you and Dad were having a conference this afternoon," she said, obviously embarrassed.

"That depends on you," he said, with a dreary smile.

"On me?" Her heart nearly stopped beating.

"Norma, will you marry me?" His proposal was so abrupt that it took her breath away. She gasped audibly.

"Why—why—you never said—"

"I love you, Norma." It was a mechanical statement, as devoid of sentiment as a remark about the weather. Kendall hated himself for it, but, with the memory of that shameful bargain in his mind, how could he tell her what was in his heart? Did she know, or didn't she, about that bargain? Was she a party to it? One part of him felt awkward and ill-bred. She could serve tea to a crowd of people—though such a thing rarely occurred—with perfect grace, prayed that she wasn't; he must

FRAGRANT because protected by this Air-tight Package



# KING COLE TEA

With all its goodness sealed tight in the clean metal-foil package, King Cole comes in perfect condition to delight you. Your grocer can supply you.

But, if Philip Kendall was present, she was clumsy. She dropped spoons, spilled the cream, forgot the sugar. The crimson of deep embarrassment spoiled the lovely clearness of her skin, and her Irish blue eyes shone with the tears of vexation.

"I—I hope the conference was successful," she ventured timidly, when he seemed disinclined to aid the conversation.

Why had he come? She was won-

dered. She had buried her face in her hands. So he repeated his question: "Will you marry me?"

She lifted her face. It was radiant as the morning.

"When?" she whispered.

Something snapped in Kendall. His last illusion went. He hardened himself to carry through the bargain.

"Now—this afternoon."

Might as well have it over, he thought grimly.

A moment later, Norma was in his arms. He kissed her, acutely conscious of her fresh prettiness, of her eyes, of her scented dusky hair, of the soft red lips lifted so trustingly to his. But his heart seemed to have gone dead within him.

"If she doesn't already know, she'll never learn the truth from me," he promised himself. "I owe her that much."

When Norma sped upstairs to get her hat—they had decided to be married that same afternoon—she paused a moment to take the black opal from the pocket of her frock and raise it to her lips. "My talisman!" she whispered thankfully.

Its somber fires glared at her like a malevolent eye.

"I love you, Norma!" It was a mechanical statement as devoid of sentiment as a remark about the weather.

his surprise, hid something she had been examining in the pocket of her frock.

"Why, I thought you and Dad were having a conference this afternoon," she said, obviously embarrassed.

"That depends on you," he said, with a dreary smile.

"On me?" Her heart nearly stopped beating.

"Norma, will you marry me?" His proposal was so abrupt that it took her breath away. She gasped audibly.

"Why—why—you never said—"

"I love you, Norma." It was a mechanical statement, as devoid of sentiment as a remark about the weather. Kendall hated himself for it, but, with the memory of that shameful bargain in his mind, how could he tell her what was in his heart? Did she know, or didn't she, about that bargain? Was she a party to it? One part of him felt awkward and ill-bred. She could serve tea to a crowd of people—though such a thing rarely occurred—with perfect grace, prayed that she wasn't; he must

dered. She had buried her face in her hands. So he repeated his question: "Will you marry me?"

She lifted her face. It was radiant as the morning.

"When?" she whispered.

Something snapped in Kendall. His last illusion went. He hardened himself to carry through the bargain.

"Now—this afternoon."

Might as well have it over, he thought grimly.

A moment later, Norma was in his arms. He kissed her, acutely conscious of her fresh prettiness, of her eyes, of her scented dusky hair, of the soft red lips lifted so trustingly to his. But his heart seemed to have gone dead within him.

"If she doesn't already know, she'll never learn the truth from me," he promised himself. "I owe her that much."

When Norma sped upstairs to get her hat—they had decided to be married that same afternoon—she paused a moment to take the black opal from the pocket of her frock and raise it to her lips. "My talisman!" she whispered thankfully.

Its somber fires glared at her like a malevolent eye.

"I love you, Norma!" It was a mechanical statement as devoid of sentiment as a remark about the weather.

his surprise, hid something she had been examining in the pocket of her frock.

"Why, I thought you and Dad were having a conference this afternoon," she said, obviously embarrassed.

"That depends on you," he said, with a dreary smile.

"On me?" Her heart nearly stopped beating.

"Norma, will you marry me?" His proposal was so abrupt that it took her breath away. She gasped audibly.

"Why—why—you never said—"

"I love you, Norma." It was a mechanical statement, as devoid of sentiment as a remark about the weather. Kendall hated himself for it, but, with the memory of that shameful bargain in his mind, how could he tell her what was in his heart? Did she know, or didn't she, about that bargain? Was she a party to it? One part of him felt awkward and ill-bred. She could serve tea to a crowd of people—though such a thing rarely occurred—with perfect grace, prayed that she wasn't; he must

dered. She had buried her face in her hands. So he repeated his question: "Will you marry me?"

She lifted her face. It was radiant as the morning.

"When?" she whispered.

Something snapped in Kendall. His last illusion went. He hardened himself to carry through the bargain.

"Now—this afternoon."

Might as well have it over, he thought grimly.

A moment later, Norma was in his arms. He kissed her, acutely conscious of her fresh prettiness, of her eyes, of her scented dusky hair, of the soft red lips lifted so trustingly to his. But his heart seemed to have gone dead within him.

"If she doesn't already know, she'll never learn the truth from me," he promised himself. "I owe her that much."

When Norma sped upstairs to get her hat—they had decided to be married that same afternoon—she paused a moment to take the black opal from the pocket of her frock and raise it to her lips. "My talisman!" she whispered thankfully.

Its somber fires glared at her like a malevolent eye.

to WEAP, WEEL, WJAR, WGR, WPI, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WMJ, WSAI, WGN, KSD, WOC, WCOO, WGY, WSB, WMC.  
WLW (428) Cinci. Orchestra. 8.30 P. M.  
WLW (428) Cinci. Duett. 9.00 P. M.  
WGY (379) N. Y. Radio Cacaleade. 9.00 P. M.  
WBZ (333) Springfield. Musicale. 10.00 P. M.  
WIP (508) Phila. Ems's Weekly. 10.00 P. M.  
WPG (272) Atlantic City. Studio Program.

## SPORTS—TALKS

6.00 P. M.  
WJZ (454) N. Y. Talk—Dale. 6.30 P. M.  
WCAE (517) Pitts. Uncle Kaybee. 9.00 P. M.  
WPG (272) Atlantic City. Dancing.

## DANCE ORCHESTRA

10.00 P. M.  
WJZ (454) New York. Hotel Penn. 11.00 P. M.  
WLW (428) Cinci. Laud o' Dance.

WHK (265) Cleveland. Crystal. (Copyright, 1927, by International Radio Programs, Chicago.)

## DRIED FLIES EXPENSIVE

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Imported dried flies at forty cents a pound and ants' eggs and ground beetles at sixty are holding menu costs at the Bronx Zoological Park far beyond "ham and" prices at some of the downtown "one arm."

Fastidious appetites of one of New York's best fed classes daily require strange and uncommon foodstuffs from almost every corner of the world, says Dr. W. Reid Blair, director of the Bronx Zoological Garden.

The city spends more than \$44,000 annually, Dr. Blair says, to feed hundreds of animals and reptiles and 2,040 specimens of birds. Birds are among the zoo's most expensive residents. For some of them dried flies are imported from Europe, two pounds of which are devoured daily, and for other birds ground beetles and ant eggs must be imported from Africa and South America.

The weird assortment of "chow" served from the zoo commissary daily is as equally strange as the assortment of residents there. However, few people realize, officials say, that most of the "poor, confined animals" are doubtless happier in the present environment than they would be in the wilds.

This is mainly because a great proportion of them are native New Yorkers, Bronx born, and, to quote a member of the zoo's staff of keepers, "never saw anything wilder than some of the people that stand there and stare at them every day."

Always remove the small brown specks on lemons before grating. Soak the lemons for 15 minutes in cold water and scrub with a vegetable brush and the specks will come off.

## THEY SUFFER NO MORE

Two Women Owe Health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

St. Adolphe, Manitoba.—"I was very weak and had great pains during my periods so that I could not sweep the floor. The pains were in the right side and extended to the left and then downwards. It seemed as if the body was heavy and upside down. It is for these troubles I took the Vegetable Compound. I saw about it in a paper and one woman prevailed on me to take it. It has helped me in every way, the pains are less, and I have more appetite. It is a pleasure to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to other women." Mrs. J. L. COURCHAINE, St. Adolphe, Manitoba.

## Hotel for Sale

The Aitken House, Georgetown will be closed to the travelling public on and after the 1st of October and is also offered for sale. Apply MRS. AITKEN, Georgetown. 8948-9-3-31.

# keep a bottle of BOVRIL in the house

it is so useful when nourishment is needed in a hurry

## NOTICE OF POTATO GROWERS MEETING

A Meeting of Potato Growers will be held at the BALTIC STARCH FACTORY ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th AT THREE O'CLOCK

to determine the advisability of opening the said factory this season. As large a meeting as possible of those interested is requested if the growers wish the factory to operate, as the opening of the factory will depend on the quantity of potatoes subscribed at this meeting.

H. D. McLEAN, Manager, Baltic Starch Factory.

1857 1927

# PAINT YOUR BUILDINGS

Before the wet weather sets in. Now is a good time to Paint. We sell only good quality material.

- BURRELLS ENGLISH WHITE LEAD
- TIGER GOVERNMENT INSPECTED WHITE LEAD
- CREOSOTE SHINGLE STAIN
- PURE RAW OIL
- GLIDDENS ENDURANCE PAINT
- PURE COLOW GROUND IN OIL
- PRATT & LAMBERTS "VITROLITE"
- "ROGERS" SPECIAL PAINT
- ALL COLORS \$2.75 GAL.
- GLIDDENS BARN PAINT IS THE BEST.
- ZINC-O-LITH SPECIAL WHITE.

The Rogers Hardware Company Ltd. WHOLESALE & RETAIL

9-3-st131.

# Real Roof Protection

SAFEGUARD your home against every storm that blows. Make it secure this year, next year and for many years to come. Roof it with

RUBER-OID SLATE SURFACED ASPHALT SHINGLES

Such a roof will not only protect your home, but will beautify it and enhance its value into the bargain.

Ask your roofer or dealer to show you these suborn-wearing, fire-resisting shingles. You have a choice of three solid colors—Red, Green or Blue-Black—as well as a variety of combination colors in tapestry effects.

For new construction or over-the-old-roof jobs, Ruber-oid Slate Surfaced Asphalt Shingles provide easy-to-lay roofs, staunch, sturdy and weather-proof.

RUBER-OID DIVISION BUILDING PRODUCTS LIMITED Montreal Hamilton Toronto

# RUBER-OID ROOFINGS

THE ROGERS HARDWARE CO. LIMITED.

DISTRIBUTORS FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.