

Had Salt Rheum All Over Her Hands

Mrs. Herbert J. Mason, Grand Falls, N.B., writes: "I had salt rheum all over my hands and especially between my fingers. It got so bad it was impossible for me to put them in water for do my housework. After trying many medicines and salves, that did me no good, I heard of



being so wonderful, and after taking three bottles I am entirely relieved of my trouble. I am sure I can't recommend B.B.B. too highly to those who have salt rheum like I had."

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Bankers Amalgamated Silver Black Fox Company, Ltd. and The Voluntary Winding Up Act.

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting of the shareholders of The Bankers Amalgamated Silver Black Fox Company, Limited will be held in MacLeod and Bentley's Office in Charlottetown on Thursday the ninth day of June 1927 at the hour of 8 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of passing up on a proposed compromise and settlement of certain claims by and against the Company, and of receiving and passing upon the Liquidators accounts, and to give directions for the distribution of this Company's assets and the final winding up of its affairs.

Dated this twentieth day of May, 1927.

PUBLIC AUCTION

Of that desirable residence 172 Sydney Street, with all modern conveniences and large coach house in rear. At twelve o'clock noon, Saturday, June 4th, Inspection afternoons between 2-4.

FOR SALE

PEDIGREED RABBITS ANGORAS, CHINCHILLAS, FLEMISH GIANTS

The foundation stock of each of these breeds was among the 1st prize winners at The Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, Ottawa, Guelph and Charlottetown. A word to the wise, "buy the best," as rabbits like foxes has come to stay, and there is always a demand for a superior article. Write for prices, they are reasonable.

"Rabbit Keeping for Beginners" A reliable, valuable, book, on care, feed, disease, etc. Everyone owning or thinking of owning rabbits should have one. Price 50c. One of these books goes free with each order for rabbits. Pedigree Blanks 5c each for text or over.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

We again have a well-drilling machine on the Island and are prepared to drill wells any size and depth at reasonable prices. No job too large or too small.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Personal supervision given to all work. For references we refer you to the wells we drilled for the Summer Water Works a number of years ago. Machine now working at Maritime Electric Co's Plant, Charlottetown.

Canada S. S. Lines Ltd. STEAMSHIP SERVICE MONTREAL Charlottetown And St. John's S. S. FARNHAM Leave Montreal June 2nd. Leave Ch'Town June 6th. Carvell Bros., Ltd. AGENTS.

SMILES



SHE'D KEEP 'EM DOWN Hubby (rather sternly): Look here, you've simply got to keep down the grocery bills you know? Wife (coldly): All right—buy me a paper weight and I will.



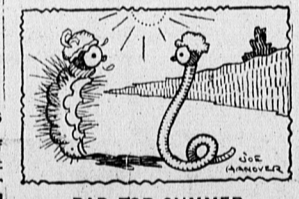
THE UPLIFT Miss Homely (but enthusiastic): Oh, I'm so much interested in the uplift, you know. Miss Bute: Uplift of the face, dear?



FRIGHTENING SIGHT 1st Farmer: What frightened your horse so a while ago? 2nd Ditto: Another horse—he must have thought it was a ghost.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT "They've built their love nest in the country on the very spot where they first met." "Might call that love at first site."



BAD FOR SUMMER Mrs. Caterpillar: How I envy you Mrs. Garden Worm. You don't have to wear a hot fur coat all summer.



WHY SHE THOUGHT OF HIM Reggie (quite pleased): Why did you think of me so often when you were at the Zoo? Miss Sharpe: Well, one can scarcely avoid passing the monkey cages, you know.



Pyorhea As a preventive it destroys germs -helps to keep gums firm Ask your dentist about Absorbine J! THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT At all Druggists 1.25

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN continued.

CHAPTER XLIII "Can you spare me a few moments in the library, Mr. Curtis?" Mrs. Meadows rose from the luncheon table one day in late May, with an air of purpose dominating her majestic, wrinkled old face.



T. Q. Curtis staggered out of the room.

her knitting bag full of scandal. Nyda shrugged, but her eyes were full of fear. In the library, T. Q. seated himself at his desk and waited with grave courtesy for Mrs. Meadows to speak.

"It's about Nyda, Mr. Curtis," Mrs. Meadows began deprecatingly. "You dislike to hear anything derogatory about the girls, but the cook and the housekeeper have both complained to me so often that I feel I must speak."

T. Q.'s shaggy brows gathered in a quick frown. "Just what is this all about, Mrs. Meadows? Of course you should tell me, if there is anything seriously wrong."

"It's simply this, Mr. Curtis, Nyda, poor dear, is really not to be blamed, for she's young and loves to have a good time, but the truth is that Della, the cook, and Mrs. Moore both are unwilling to let their children continue their kindergarten lessons with Nyda any longer. She neglects them shamefully, Mrs. Moore says, and when they do little things they shouldn't, Nyda scolds them and slaps them."

"Are you sure about this, Mrs. Meadows?" T. Q. demanded. "I hope you are not oversteering the case, or that you have allowed Della and Mrs. Moore to do so. Children are not angels, and Nyda must not be blamed, if she disciplines them." The knuckles of his clenched hand beat a sharp tattoo on the polished surface of his desk.

"I have observed her myself. And since the Holden twins have been here, Nyda has created a good deal of dissatisfaction with the mothers of the other two children by discriminating in favor of the twins."

"I think"—T. Q. rose abruptly—"that I prefer not to discuss the matter any more right now, Nyda has the children this afternoon, hasn't she?"

"Yes, Mr. Curtis," Mrs. Meadows' voice was chill with dignified displeasure. "I am sorry I spoke about it, but I thought you should know, especially since Mrs. Moore and Della say that Tommy and Beatrice cannot come any more after today."

When Mrs. Meadows had rustled indignantly out of the room, T. Q. heard her big, fleshless hands, his whole body sagging in its chair with an infinite weariness.

At half past two Nyda invaded Billy's room, her handsome black eyes cloudy with sulky anger. "Well, I guess I was right," she

began disgustedly, as she flung herself across Billy's bed. "Meadows has been putting some kind of bug in T. Q.'s ear. He's still in the library, and no one knows whether he's going back to the office or not. I guess I'll take care of the bra myself this afternoon, Billy. Thanks just the same for being willing to help me out. But if T. Q.'s going to hang around here I'd better be on the job."

With a mighty effort Nyda smoothed the anger from her face and smiled at him, with a little downward, pitying glance at Beatrice.

"The poor kiddle hurt herself, Daddy Curtis. I'm taking her to the bathroom to get some iodine for her poor little cut head. Come with Nyda, darling. Won't you go in, Daddy Curtis? It'll be right back, and you can watch us work and play." Her eyes and lips smiled invitingly.

T. Q., without a word, turned into the kindergarten, and stood awkwardly in the center of the room. The three children looked at him warily, without speaking.

"Do you like to come here to play?" T. Q. Curtis asked, frowning down upon them, without realizing that he was frowning.

"No!" little Chris Holden answered sturdily. And "No!" echoed the other two, but they turned from him and ignored him, as if he, too, were of the enemy class of grown-ups.

When Nyda returned, she was carrying the red-faced, red-eyed little Beatrice in her arms, but T. Q. noted that the child strained away from her.

"Now, kiddies, we're going to have a real treat!" Nyda declared brightly, seating herself with Beatrice still in her arms and struggling to get away. "Nyda's going to read to you. They just love to intrigue the interest of children. When she announced the title—'Midas and the Golden Touch'—little Chris Holden jerked away from Nyda's restraining, caressing hand and exclaimed disgustedly: 'Aw, gee, that's old stuff! I'd rather you'd read us 'Mutt and Jeff.'"

Nyda laughed indulgently, but went on with her reading, reaching out occasionally to pat the head or hand of one of the children whom she had commanded to stay beside her.

As the story was unfolded, a far-away look came into T. Q. Curtis' eyes. Hadn't the papers called him "Midas"? The old man began to visualize himself as the avuncular old king in the fairy story. It was he—T. Q. Curtis—who had wished that everything he touched might turn to gold. It was his daughter a girl who first wore the face of the lovely Nyda, who came and stood beside him, who received his good morning kiss and—turned to gold. Started as his vision he groaned aloud.

His groan startled Nyda so sharply that she dropped the book and sprang to his side. "What is it, Mr. Curtis?" She put her hands on his shoulders. "You look deathly sick! Tommy, run for Mrs. Meadows, Tommy!"

"I'm all right," T. Q. told her. "I'll go to my room for a while, though. And—he made a great effort to speak naturally, but his face was gray with pain—"I wish you'd tell the other girls that I'd like to see them just before dinner in the library." He paused, laid a trembling hand on the door, looked for a long minute at the four frightened children huddling together like sheep in a storm, then said very gently: "Goodby, children. Some day we'll read 'Mutt and Jeff' together, Chris!" (To Be Continued)

T. Q. Curtis prescribes a European trip for his three wards, thinking it might improve them.

No Medicine Like Baby's Own Tablets

For Either the Newborn Babe or the Growing Child.

There is no other medicine to equal Baby's Own Tablets for little ones—whether it be for the newborn babe or the growing child. The Tablets always do good. They are absolutely free from opiates or other harmful drugs and the mother can always feel safe in using them.

Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. John Armour, R. R. 1, South Monaghan, Ont., says: "We have three fine, healthy children, to whom, when a medicine is needed, we have given only Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are the best medicine you can keep in any home where there are young children."

Baby's Own Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the stomach and bowels; banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fever and make teething easy. They are sold by medicine dealers or direct by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Advertisement for Gannon's Chocolates. Features illustrations of children and a monkey. Text includes: "Will she forget me among the tall timbers? Not on your tinyp—there'll be a box of Gannon's with me." "The sweeter's left me for a hunt to the wild and woolly mountains. Yes, sir, last Saturday morning she packed her vanity case and golf clubs and hopped the train for Banff." "Meanwhile this child is ALL DRESSED UP with no place to go." "and she won't be back for a dog's age." "GOOD GRIEF FOLKS THE SKEK IS ALL ALONE"

Advertisement for Gay's Plants. "The beautiful is as useful as the useful"—Hugo. Flowers have been so much improved of late, that the old time flowers can hardly now be recognized. Annual Bedding Flower Plants—Aster, Stock, Phlox, Snapdragon, Kochia, Petunia, Verbena, Marigold, Balsam, Sweet Alyssum, Salpiglossis, Cosmos, Zinnia at 25c per dozen, postage prepaid. Seeding Pansy, Salvia, Sweet William, Dianthus or Pink, Forget-Me-Not 40c dozen postage prepaid. Marguerite Carnation 50c dozen. Pansy and Daisy in bloom (wintered over) 10c each, \$1.00 per doz, by mail add 20c doz, for postage. Double Hollyhocks (choice) 15c each, \$1.50 per doz. Cucumber 30c dozen. Canterbury Bell Digitalis or Fox Glove and Delphinium or Perennial Larkspur, 25c each. These are large one year old plants and too heavy to mail. Vegetable Plants—Extra early Cabbage, Cauliflower and Celery 20c doz, \$1.30 per 100—by mail \$1.40 per 100. Extra early Tomato 30c doz, mail 35c. Late Cabbage for fall and winter use 30c per 100, 35c cts. by mail. Late Cabbage plants grown outside not ready before 20 June. Note—Cabbage for fall or winter use will not keep if forced early.

Advertisement for Maritime Prince (18163). Sire Bandit (8463) Sire of (Imp.) Reformer, (5880) 1931 Sire of Sire Octavia (Imp) Dam of vania (Imp) 8781 Sire of Dam Prince Priom (Imp.) 8816, Sire of Dam of Dam Bell of Lochfield 16624, will stand for the season of 1927 at 24 Grafton St., every night from and including May 20th. Mares at owner's risk. DANIEL LIVINGSTONE in charge. 5520-5-14-861.

Advertisement for Connolly Estate Scholarships. Applications will be received by the undersigned until June 11th from students desirous of competing in a written examination for a Connolly Estate Scholarship. This examination, to be held in July next, is open to all deserving students who shall have been found eligible to compete, in accordance with the provisions of the Will of the late Owen Connolly. Each applicant shall state (1) his name in full, (2) age, (3) names of both parents, (4) Post Office address, (5) nature and extent of his studies during the past year. M. J. SMITH, Secretary. "Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly" Kinkora, P. E. I. May 25, 1927. 5782-5-27-rmw61.

Advertisement for A Lucky Ball. "BOO-HOO! WHO'D EVER THINK A CROW COULD FIGHT LIKE THAT." "THAT'S LUCK RIGHT IN THE LEAVES - NOW FOR HOME." "I'LL HAVE TO DROP FROM HERE IF IT KILLS ME." "I'LL FIX THIS FELLOW, AFTER I'VE SET TWO WEEKS ON THOSE EGGS, TOO." "IF I LET GO TO FIGHT BACK I'LL FALL, AND IF I DON'T FIGHT I'LL BE KILLED THIS TERRIBLE." "THAT WASN'T ANY CROW. I SAW HIM CHASING YOU HOME. IT WAS A HAWK. I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU YOUR GREED WOULD GET YOU IN TROUBLE SOME DAY."

Advertisement for The Bedtime Strip. "WHEN WE LEFT FUZZY COON YESTERDAY HE HAD JUST BEEN ATTACKED BY A GIANT BIRD AS HE WAS EATING EGGS HE HAD FOUND IN A NEST HE THOUGHT BELONGED TO A CROW." "I'LL FIX THIS FELLOW, AFTER I'VE SET TWO WEEKS ON THOSE EGGS, TOO." "IF I LET GO TO FIGHT BACK I'LL FALL, AND IF I DON'T FIGHT I'LL BE KILLED THIS TERRIBLE." "I'LL HAVE TO DROP FROM HERE IF IT KILLS ME." "THAT'S LUCK RIGHT IN THE LEAVES - NOW FOR HOME." "BOO-HOO! WHO'D EVER THINK A CROW COULD FIGHT LIKE THAT." "THAT WASN'T ANY CROW. I SAW HIM CHASING YOU HOME. IT WAS A HAWK. I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU YOUR GREED WOULD GET YOU IN TROUBLE SOME DAY."