

Lather comes like MAGIC!


The quicker the soap turns to lather, the sooner it begins to work.

Sunlight Soap is purposely made so that it dissolves readily.

No waiting—no hard rubbing. Lather comes instantly and plentifully. Just like magic!

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Sunlight is the only soap with the \$5,000 Guarantee of Purity



French prospectors have discovered extensive deposits of iron ore in Algeria.

Ultra-violet rays are used in a device invented by a Massachusetts scientist to test liquors for poison.

SMILES



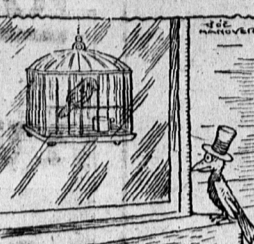
UNNECESSARY

Father: I'll teach you to kiss my daughter, young man.

Daughter: Oh, father you don't have to. He does it fine already!

FREEDOM'S CALL

Bird: I get plenty to eat and drink, and am well taken care of, but oh how I envy that fellow out side!



USUALLY WITH A ROPE

"The hanging was done with despatch."

"Isn't it usually done with a rope?"



COLD IN HER WAYS

"Your wife seems very cold in her ways."

"Yes; especially when she freezes onto my pocketbook."



WAS ALL SCREENED

Wife (reading): This dealer claims that those who burn his anthracite can see beautiful pictures moving in the flames.

Hubby: What's the secret of this wonderful coal?

Wife: It's all screened.



ABSORBINE

STOPS LAMENESS from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Fugo ointment can be worked. Fugo ointment can be worked. Fugo ointment can be worked.

W. F. Young, Inc., 141 Lyman Bldg., Montreal

HEARTS AFIRE

By Mae Christie

Chapter I Prince Charming

Prudence in the apple-orchard, feeding her chickens in the excitement of an April morning and beneath a cloudless sky, dreamt of romance, young love and happiness.

Prudence was pretty. In the faded gingham gown that clung about her young, lithe figure, she was as enticingly alive and spring-like as the slender trees that swayed about her, dipped in their first gay green.

If only something would just happen! Over the hedge that enclosed the apple-orchard in a little green universe of its own, she could glimpse the winding ribbon of road that led to strange, exciting words outside her ken. "If only—"

A scented breeze blew the dark curls about her face, and brought a lover's rose-tinge to her rounded cheeks. It brought, too, longings—vague and indelible—sweet as the perfume of the spring full of the restless urge of it, rising to the head just as the sap was rising in the trees, and filling one with wonderment and exultation.

"Oh! it was good to be alive! And yet—and yet—all this riot of young beauty must mean something, lead to something—"

Father and mother were darlings but they did not understand. Not even love could bridge the gulf that divided one generation from the next! They were afraid! For Prudence. They wanted the best for the beloved child of that late marriage.

"Indeed, they'd like to wrap me up in cotton-wool!" Prudence confided half petulantly, half conditionally to her friend Janet Mercer, who was twenty-eight, and sensible, and independent, and strong-minded.

Janet Mercer vaguely understood. She was that rare creature, a woman who could see both sides unprejudiced, although she did not believe that girls should have careers and freedom. She was plain and downright, and she called a spade a spade in a way that sometimes startled unsophisticated Prudence. She was rather down on men, too, even though she had a sweet heart of her own. But then, Janet was a nurse, and nurses were notoriously disillusioned.

"You're born to be taken in, you little goosey!" she had rallied Prudence more than once, affectionately. "I don't blame your father and mother for wrapping you up and handling you as carefully as I do my precious Tangara stargate. You're an objet d'art, and tough winds and clumsy fingers shouldn't touch you."

"Such nonsense, Janet! I want life, and fun, and—"

"A sweetheart?" supplemented Janet disconcertingly. "Clear up, my child. Men—whole shoals of men—will tumble down like ninespins at the very sight of you."

Prudence's pretty eyes had widened at this news.

"Oh no, I'm not clever like you, Janet. I can't say witty things."

Janet had chuckled rather mirthlessly at that.

"My tongue's not a magnet, dearie, it's a razor. Men 'nd like me better if I'd cut it out. It's listeners they want, and flattery, and a dash of honey, and a pretty face like yours. Why, child, don't you know that most men—just hate a clever woman? She's an anomaly of nature, and a reflection on themselves. She shows 'em up too clearly for their peace of mind."

"Well, I'm not clever. And, anyhow, I don't ever have the chance to meet a man," Prudence had sighed.

Janet had stared at the younger girl for a moment, then had said, with a flash of intuition:

"It isn't just your good looks, it's the sheer femininity of you that would always charm—the 'something' that one can't define. It's a woman's 'got it,' she's got every thing, and even her beauty isn't necessary to her. If she hasn't got it, then she's just a looker on at the great game of—"

"Life?" suggested Prudence, interestedly.

"Love, my child. And love it life," said the usually prosaic Janet, with an odd little tremor at her usually firm lips.

"Her affair with Will Ogilvie is going badly," thought sympathetic Prudence, longing to say the right thing, but with innate delicacy afraid to intrude on the other's secret.

Today, as she fed her fluffy chickens, the girl's thought were roaming far afield. In the sweet April sunlight the countryside lay very still and silent, save for the occasional crowing of a rooster, or the song of a migrating bird.

Then, down the winding ribbon of road that led into this little green world there came the clatter-clap of horse's hoofs. Neater



Morning Noon and Night Refreshing KING COLE TEA

All Grocers

and nearer. Metal ringing on the road, Prudence wheeled round, her faded sunbonnet falling backward from her curls to dangle by the strings, and her young face bright with interest. Nearer and nearer—here now—over the hedge she could see his silhouette. . . . The rider was young and fair and slender. She noticed that at once. Didn't the sun, streaming on his hatless head, turn that polished hair of his to molten gold until he looked like—like a Norse king or a samurai! thought romantic Prudence, and in an access of shyness, turned her back upon the road.

With a great clatter he wheeled up his horse.

"I say, there! Hi! Can you direct me to Wyndham Towers?" The young man, musical, and rather arrogant, in an access of shyness, turned her back upon the road. It's a regular Chinese puzzle hercaious."

With pretty face as pink as drift-blossom, Prudence started over towards the hedge.

"The girl's looking after the next milestone along this road. Then keep straight on till you come to the west lodge gates."

"Thanks most awfully." The imperious note had vanished at sight of the girl's young beauty, yet the voice still held an arrogance despite the amused interest they contained. Then, his teeth a strong flash of white, he added, gaily:

"Quite a rustic picture, isn't it? Phoebe in the apple-orchard with her chickens!"

"The girl blushed deeper, half in shyness, half in interest. "He takes me for a dairymaid," thought she. (Oh, for Janet Mercer's adroit power of handling situations, conversation, men!)

"Come, don't be timid. Anyone as pretty as you are must have a beau in the neighbourhood. Is your name Phoebe?" And the arrogant blue eyes danced with quizzical amusement.

"No—it's Prudence." (This foolish feeling!)

"Prudence? The young man flung back his head and laughed delightedly. "Love! That's a good one!" Then, as his horse curvetted nervously in the roadway: "Whoa there, old lady! Calm yourself! This way! Nearer the hedge!" Animal and rider moved closer to the apple-orchard and the pretty, flushed young girl. "Tell me, Miss Prudence, do you always live up to your name?"

She made a mighty effort after nonchalance and ease. To answer in the same light, bantering spirit, would show this amazing stranger he had made a grave error, and she wasn't quite the tongue-tied fool she thought she was.

"I have no opportunity to be anything but Prudence," she replied demurely.

He eyed the faded gingham gown and shabby shoes. Gad! she might be quite a beauty if she only had a decent frock. Even happy Virginia Dale up at the Towers was no better-off. It would be a bit of a lark to dress this rustic maiden up and parade her to the other as a rival!

But aloud he merely said, with a Gay Lethair's air:

"I should think that opportunity lurked for you at every corner."

Prudence smiled enchantingly.

"There aren't really many corners in the country. It's all quite open—"

"And above-board, eh?" He flung her an odd look. Was she deeper than she seemed? One never knew—

Then, seeing her stiffen, he added hastily:

"You fit into the picture here all right, but you'd certainly be a riot in the city. Why don't you cut and run?"

"Run where?"

"To places where you'd be better appreciated. Lady Hamilton was a country lass, you know. And not any prettier than you are."

Prudence laughed softly, musically. To the jaded listener, the sound of it was as a fresher of delight.

"The turnips and potatoes keep me far too busy." (Let him think a 'field hand' if he wanted to! She didn't care!)

He grinned. "Oh, please be more poetic. Eve and the apple. . . ."

"Quite funny in an Adamless Eden!" she flung back at him, with a gleam in her bright dark eyes.

The man on the other side of the hedge was agreeably surprised to find this little country girl capable of repartee. Joy! he believed he'd stay a little longer in the country.

Prudence's monotone though it had hitherto proved to be, he could creep away from Virginia Dale whenever she grew tiresome and exacting, and find solace in flirtation with this pretty Prudence in the apple-orchard.

Young girls usually bored him to extinction. They were either hopelessly insipid, or—as often in his case—impertinently knowing. He had no time for either class.

But pretty Prudence, though beneath him, promised a certain piquancy combined with lack of knowledge about the world which really was refreshing in these days. Gad, even her name was a sort of challenge! Prudence indeed! Hadn't he flung it to the winds these many years?

"Tell me, little lady, have you got a sweetheart?" His voice held all the beguiling sweetness of the courting male. (Just as well to know how the land lay in this quarter. . . . not, of course, that he couldn't easily cut out all the local Reubens, if he tried!)

Prudence dangled her sun-bonnet by its long strings. Oh, for fineness to dangle this amazingly attractive man in like manner, with the skill and nimbleness of—say—the beautiful Virginia Dale up at the Towers, who always had a string of local beaux! That was the one sure way to hold a suitor wasn't it? Brains, and clever repartee, and subtlety, and lots of self-assurance. How lamentably she—Prudence—lacked these admirable assets!

But hard facts faced her. She inexperienced. There were no lovers in the offing. Why prevaricate? "No. There's no one. I—'m kept pretty busy. Lots to do about the farm." So—as he'd thought—she was a dairymaid. Considerably above her job, too. Gad! it was a fast!

"And to me you seemed like Marie Antoinette on one of her court beauties, playing at farming!" he flung back gallantly, leaning a little closer, and flashing those gay blue eyes so full of devilry upon her. Then, with beguiling charm in every cadence of his voice:

"And I—haven't got a sweetheart, either. Couldn't you take pity on my loneliness?"

She raised her head, her sweet mouth set as though every feminine instinct warned her she must fight against the encroaching fascination of this strange young man.

"People like you are never lonely," she said, half below her breath. He was still looking directly at her, but the gay devilry in his

eyes had vanished, and his smile was wistful.

"That's all you know, you little sleeping princess of the apple-orchard," he said gently. "As a matter of fact, I'm the most infernally lonely fellow in the world. Crowds don't make company, you know. And—and one gets so awfully disappointed—"

"How?"

"Oh, just in everything. The general politeness of life."

"Quite true. The green world all about them. Sunlight filtering through the trees to lay great golden patches on the grass. A hush that seemed—to Prudence's mind—as though life and spring and beauty, were tensed and waiting for this handsome youth's next utterance, and his import. . . ."

"Women are so—so disillusioning. They take one's dreams, and break them, and one wakes up more sceptical than ever." (Had he forgotten that his hearer was nothing but a little country dairymaid?)

Prudence eyed him under the green hedge—and him. The appeal in his voice, his eyes, had hypnotized her, so that she scarcely knew the hot defence that tumbled forth.

"You're wrong, quite wrong. I know you are. There are heaps of wonderful girls in the world. . . . sincere girls who mean every single word they say. . . . who wouldn't stoop to deceive a man, but be loyal and true, and. . . . and everything. . . ."

Her voice caught on an odd little tremor, and there was a glister in her pretty eyes, hither and yon. It hurt, actually hurt, to think that a man so amazingly attractive, so so lovable—could have been ill-treated by some hateful creature unworthy of the name of woman! If only she—Prudence—could make it up to him! If only she were rich and gay and clever—

"Joy! The little soul is capable of real emotion!" thought the man, an unaccustomed thrill faintly stirring his jaded pulses. It would be a new sensation to play to these beautiful girls, with their charming melodies from some instrument, at once so highly-strung and so responsive!

(To Be Continued.)

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Two More Cases of Feminine Illness Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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A COMPARATIVE STATEMENT SHOWING STEWART AND BELL GOVERNMENT GRANTS

Showing grants to Social, Public Health and Publicity under Liberal and Conservative Governments:—

School for Blind	\$ 4,781.97	\$ 6,480.00
School for Deaf	5,916.51	8,066.43
Aid Destitute Children	2,000.00	3,867.11
Orphanages	4,000.00	5,500.00
Hospitals	6,000.00	10,500.00
Free Dispensary	800.00	800.00
Tourist Association	None	4,750.00
Fight against Tuberculosis	None	2,000.00
Red Cross	None	10,000.00
Total	\$23,498.48	\$51,963.84

\$28,465.38 more has been given by the Stewart Government to our Hospitals, Orphanages and other worthy public institutions than was given by the Bell-Saunders Government. Not one cent was given by the Liberal Government in the interest of Public Health. The Stewart Government has assisted Red Cross work to the extent of \$10,000.00 and the fight against Tuberculosis by \$2,000.00.

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Jasper National Park Canadian Rockies Vancouver Alaska

Satisfy your longing for the scenic wonders of Canada's Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast. Visit Jasper National Park and enjoy the hospitality of Jasper Park Lodge (rates \$7.50 a day up, American Plan, accommodation for 425 guests). Ride, hike, climb, motor, golf; or take the Triangle Tour along the mystic Skeena to Prince Rupert thence by boat through sheltered scenic seas to Vancouver; or, sail northward through the mountain-guarded passage to mysterious totem-poled Alaska.

Fares from Charlottetown and Return Effective May 15

Vancouver, Victoria	\$169.55
Portland	\$169.55
Seattle, Tacoma	\$169.55
Jasper National Park	\$147.80

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Full information, reservations, etc., from W. K. ROGERS, City Ticket Agent, L. T. RITCHIE, Ticket Agent, Station, P. W. CLARKIN, Dist. Passenger Agent, Charlottetown.

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WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GO GET THAT FREDDIE SQUIRREL! HE JUST ESCAPED ME THE OTHER DAY

SPLENDID! MY MOUTH IS WATERING FOR A TASTE OF SQUIRREL

HE CAN'T HURT ME I CAN DODGE HIM ANY DAY IN THE WEEK

I SEE MR. HAWK SAILING IN THIS DIRECTION I'M GOING INTO THAT HOLE IN THE TREE AND YOU BETTER HIDE TOO

I'LL GO AFTER HIM YOU HIDE AND IF I MISS HIM, PONCE, ON HIM

THAT'S A FINE PLAN

YOU'RE A LUMBERING OLD PIRATE, YOU'LL NEVER GET ME

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