

FLIT KILLS MOTHS and their larvae



P. E. I. Hospital Annual Meeting

A public meeting of all contributors to the Prince Edward Island Hospital will be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall on Tuesday, May 31st, 1927, at 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing trustees and any other business as may be brought for the government of the institution in accordance with the by-laws, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it.

ADA E. HARRIS, Secretary

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By Baron Pride

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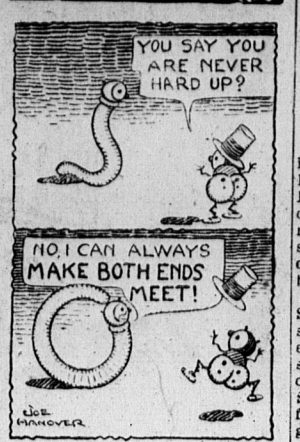
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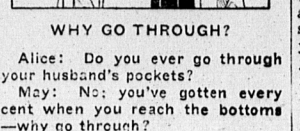
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May: No; you've gotten every cent when you reach the bottom—why go through?



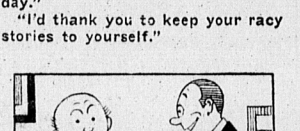
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"I'm having trouble with my scalp—I want it removed."
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NO HELP

Mrs. Brown: Have you any help now, Mrs. Jones?
Mrs. J.: No—just a servant girl, Mrs. Brown.



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Of offending under the oldest hygienic handicap now ended. New way provides true protection—discards like tissue

BY ELLEN J. HUCKLAND Registered Nurse

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KOTEX

No laundry—discard like tissue

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

CHAPTER XXXII

The strange sound of her incredible words in her own ears brought Billy Wells sharply to her senses. Even as those thin, dark red lips of his were about to touch her mouth, she drew strength from some deep, unsuspected reservoir of her being and wrenched her body out of his arms.

"What have you done to me?" She sank limply to the floor and stared up at him, piteously, stricken. "Don't look at me like that!" she moaned. "You've laid a spell on me. Let me go! I'm going mad!" She put her trembling hands to her face, pressing the tips of her fingers tightly into her temples.

"Listen, Billy—my little Mignon." His voice vibrated with deep tenderness. "I'm sorry. I haven't been fair with you. You say I've cast a spell on you. God help me—I have! I have a power—a gift or a curse, it may be—that I've consciously, deliberately exerted over you. The first time I looked into your eyes I knew you belonged to me. I am—psychic, I suppose you would call it. I saw you and knew you, instantly, as the one girl in all the world whom I could love wholly. I know how shall I put it—I will tell you to love me. But," and his voice dropped lower, weighted each slowly spoken word with in-

ning, although her eyes were still closed.

"I am thirty-six years old, Billy, child, and you are—?" his voice rose gently on the question.

"Twenty-three," she whispered. "When I was twenty-three I had been lecturing on Yogi philosophy in France and England for two years." He smiled. "I have known since I was a child that I belonged to India. My life has been a strange one. I was orphaned at nine, went to a public school in England until I was fourteen. There I met an older boy, the son of a high caste, East Indian woman and a British army officer. He taught me many things, and when he went back to India, I went with him. My French uncle didn't care what became of me so I kept out of his way. I had never seen my American relatives—Mrs. Meadows and her husband, who is now dead. Aunt Lucia was mother's sister, you know."

Billy nodded. The color was slowly coming back into her cheeks. She turned her head on his arm, opened her eyes and watched his face as he talked. She felt curiously at peace.

"When I was nineteen I murdered a man, Billy," he told her gravely, unemotionally.

"You—murdered a man?" she gasped, and tried to sit up in his arms. His clasp tightened on her, held her down.

"Not in the way you think." He smiled at her with utter sadness. Because she was temporarily released from the spell he had laid upon her she was able to look at him critically, to tell herself that he was being theatrical.

"I was nineteen, and already a graduate of Yogi philosophy. I knew things and could do things that you would not believe—yet. And I knew I had this power. I fell in love with an English girl, who had been married a year before to a brutal, swashbuckling English captain stationed in—well,

had had a hip broken in a fall from his horse. Travers wrote later that blood poisoning had set in, the hip. The captain was confined to his bed for months, rose to take up life in a wheel chair, but never became well. Just one year after I had laid the curse on him Travers wired me that the captain had died of causes so mysterious that the army physicians were baffled. They buried him, and Doris—the English girl—went back to England. She sent me an invitation to her wedding. Romaine's mouth grew taut.

"And you really believe—you killing him?" Billy asked wonderingly, slipping off his lap unbidden, for his arms had gone lax.

"And you aren't sorry?" "No!" Dal Romaine raised his head defiantly, his eyes narrow and cruel. "I'm not sorry. But I confess I'm a little frightened sometimes at the power I possess. I have used it too many times for personal vengeance, cruelly, wretchedly. For instance, if you had not loved me, had not come into my arms of your own free will, you would have died. I planted the thought in your mind that you could not live without me. You said yourself a while ago that you would die if I did not kiss you. I could not give you to any other man. Unconsciously, you were already in love when I met you. That made it more difficult."

"Of course I knew about Clay Curtis," he told her, rising and coming toward her with outstretched arms. "I had to force him out of your heart by filling it so full of need for me, love for me, that there was no room for him—"

"You haven't succeeded!" she cried out passionately at that. "I realize how much I love him. I



When I was nineteen, I murdered a man, Billy."

finite meaning, "you had to come to me. You had to offer yourself, had to realize the absolute inevitability of this thing which is between us. I have been drawing you into my arms since the day I first looked into your eyes."

Billy's hands lay cold and still in his. "Why," she asked swiftly, "why did you do that—to me? You've almost killed me—this last month. Why—did you do—these things to me, if you—loved me?"

"There is nothing to be afraid of, Billy," he told her in the gentlest of voices. "I am not going to kiss you now. I want to talk with you. If you don't want to rest in my arms, you can leave them, sit anywhere you please, if you will just listen to me."

never mind the town. She treated me as if I were a youngster, but she came to me one night after he had beaten her unmercifully. I told her I loved her, but she laughed at me, though she tried to be kind. She was in love with a boy back home, in England, found, after she was married, poor child, that she did not love him."

"And you killed her husband to—free her?" Billy asked in a slow, amazed voice.

Tomorrow's Radio Program

FRIDAY, MAY 20

International Radio Programs

- 6.30 P. M. WJZ (454) New York. Vocal Trio. WGY (379) Schenectady. Studio program.
- 7.30 P. M. WPG (300) Atlantic City. Mixed Program.
- 8.00 P. M. WSAI (326) Cincinnati. Band concert.
- 8.45 P. M. WHT (238) Chicago. Popular Studio program.
- 9.00 P. M. CFCE (411) Montreal. Hour of Music.
- WJZ (454) New York. Arm Chair Hour.
- WGY (380) Schenectady. Studio Program.
- 10.00 P. M. KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Concert program.
- WJZ (333) Springfield. Musicale.
- WWSM (283) Nashville. Studio program.
- 11.00 P. M. WJCA (341) N. Y. Studio Program

FEATURE TALKS

- 6.20 P. M. WGY (379) Schenectady. Baseball reports.
- 4.30 P. M. WJZ (454) New York. Baseball Scores.
- 7.00 P. M. WHEK (273) Cleveland. Difference Hour.
- 7.30 P. M. WCAE (462) Pittsburgh. Uncle Kay Bee.
- 8.00 P. M. WFAF (492) New York. Howard Correct Time.
- 9.00 P. M. WJZ (454) New York. Correct Time.
- 10.00 P. M. WGY (380) Schenectady. Dance Program. (N. Y.)

WANT TO DANCE?

- 9.30 P. M. WFAF (492) N. Y. Palais O'Or Orchestra.
- WJZ (454) New York. Pennsylvania Grill Orchestra.
- 10.30 P. M. WFAF (492) N. Y. Greenwich Inn Orchestra.
- WPG (300) Atlantic City. Gateway Casino.
- 11.00 P. M. KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Pittsburgh Post.
- 11.30 P. M. WJZ (333) Springfield. Hotel Statler.
- WLVW (422) Cincinnati. Hotel Gibson.

C.N.R. Radio Program

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1927

- CNRY (291) Metres, VANCOUVER, B. C. 10.00 p. m.
- PROGRAMME OF POPULAR DANCE MUSIC by the Cabaret Belmont Orchestra, playing direct from the Rose Room of the Hotel Belmont, Vancouver, British Columbia.
- CNRC (434.8 Metres), CALGARY, ALTA. 7.00 p. m. Bedtime Story by Ann Edith.
- STUDIO PROGRAMME by the CNRC Orchestra under the leadership of Gladys Webb Foster, assisted by George Bell, Bass.

PROGRAMME

- 1. March "Dodge Brothers"—The Orchestra.
- 2. Havenera—"Spanish Love"—The Orchestra.
- 3. Concert Waltzes from "The Count of Luxembourg"—The Orchestra.
- 4. Violin Solo—"Selected"—Gladys Webb Foster.
- 5. Selection—"Angels Serenade" (Braga)—The Orchestra.
- 6. Selection—"The Mocking Bird"—The Orchestra.

any luncheon. I couldn't eat. Take me back now, Dal. I—I want my mother." "It shall have its mother," Dal Romaine laughed tenderly. "But it won't tell secrets, will it? Until the year is up, this must be our secret, mustn't it, Mignon?" (To Be Continued)

Billy flies to her mother's arms, ashamed, repentant, and finds solace. But she also finds that Clay is not taking his heart out in loneliness.

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VENUS SILK STOCKINGS GIVE GOOD WEAR

10.00 p. m. CNRO OPERATIC HOUR—In three acts by Michael B. Text by Burr after "Carmen" by Georges Bizet. "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL". Soloists: Madame Maud Pons, Mrs. Elsie Gleave Howe, Mr. Perry Underwood, Mr. Charles W. with orchestral accompaniment by the Chateau Laurier Orchestra. Director: Jas. McIntyre. 11.00 p. m. Chateau Laurier Orchestra, direct from Grill Room, Chateau Laurier Hotel.

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ANNUAL MEETING P. E. I. PROTESTANT ORPHANAGE

The Annual Meeting of the Orphanage will be held on Thursday evening May 26th, 1927, at 8 o'clock in the School Room of Zion Lutheran Church Charlottetown. At least four Trustees must be elected to the Board. Complete Financial Reports will be submitted and the work of the Institution freely discussed. All contributors present will have a vote and all friends are cordially invited to attend. 5-17-tts-51. IRA M. BROWN Secretary-Treasurer

THE BEDTIME STRIP



Here's A New Game.



WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



WELL, SURE, I'LL SHOW YOU A NEW GAME, LET'S ROLL DOWN INTO THE LAKE



THIS IS SOME GAME

