

Women's Handicap

is curbed this new way of solving oldest hygienic problem; gives true protection—discards like tissue.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND Registered Nurse

There is a new way in women's hygiene that ends the insecurity of old-time "sanitary pads" and their unhappy days.

Eight in 10 better-class women now use "KOTEX."

Discards as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrassment.

Five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads. Deodorizes, thus ending all danger of offending.

Obtainable at all drug and department stores simply by saying "KOTEX." Be sure you get the genuine. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex. Ask for it without hesitancy.

Costs only a few cents. Proves old way a needless risk. 12 in a package. In fairness to yourself, try it.

KOTEX

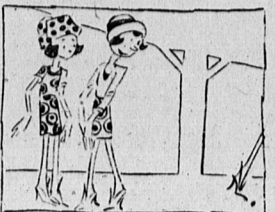
No laundry—discard like tissue

SMILES

SPORT CRACKS



A BASEBALL FAN IS A FREE-BORN AMERICAN CITIZEN; NOT ONE OF THESE FOREIGN THINGS IMPORTED FROM CHINA.



WAS OFTEN UP IN THE AIR "She's the flightiest woman I ever met." "She's the wife of an aviator, my dear."



BONE DRY

"Any trouble with a wet cellar, George?" "Not a bit, Frank. I've got too many friends."



"Why do you think she's a coming tennis champion?" "She was formerly a high kicker in a chorus."



REACHING FOR HIGH BALLS "How do so many Scotchmen grow tank and tall and have long arms?" "Reaching for high-balls, I guess."

APPETITE GONE? NERVOUS? WHY WAIT FOR A BREAKDOWN?



—Evans' Studio
MRS. I. HICKS
London, Ont.—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the tonic I took when in a weakened and run-down state of health and it strengthened me at once. My appetite improved, and my nerves became normal. In fact I have felt so much improved in health since I took the 'Medical Discovery' that I would never hesitate to recommend it to any other person who is in a debilitated and nervous condition. It is the only tonic I would ever take again if necessary."—Mrs. I. Hicks, General Delivery.
Golden Medical Discovery is put up in Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeport, Ont., and sold by all druggists, in both tablets and liquid. Send Dr. Pierce 10c if you wish a trial package.

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

CHAPTER XII

Sunday afternoon, while rubbing her freshly shampooed hair with a Turkish towel, Billy studied the two paragraphs of instructions which T. Q. had framed to govern this second amazing contest of his. Her mother was rocking placidly and sewing.
"Just listen to this, mother, and see how crazy it is," Billy commanded. "Suppose, for the sake of this essay, that you have just inherited—not earned—a hundred thousand dollars. Write, in not more than 500 words, just what you would do with that sum. Write honestly. Tell how you would handle this sum of money, to secure the most pleasure for yourself or your family or humanity in general."
Billy reflected, frowning at the sheet of paper. "If you ask me, I think it's a lot of appeasement, and I'd be willing to bet right now that I could name at least eight of the prize winners. And every last one of them would be a pretty girl!"
Billy rubbed furiously with the Turkish towel for a minute, then looked at the remaining paragraph: "The contest is open only to the twenty-five prizewinners in the questionnaire contest, and



Billy studied the two paragraphs of instruction.

softly, glancing up at her daughter with twinkling eyes.
Billy did not answer, but marched out of the living room into her own room across the hall.
"Better light a fire in there if you're going to shut yourself up to write," her mother called after her.
"Oh, I'll write in the kitchen," Billy came shivering out of her room. "We can't afford to have three fires burning at the same time, and I haven't the heart to let Clay's room get cold. He'll probably come back from his walk with his head full of a new song that he'll be just aching to write down. Clay's a genius—a real genius. I tear my heart to think of his breaking his back in a factory, getting his piano fingers all rough and broken—oh, I ought to make him go back to his father, so that he could spend all of his time at his music."
"I expect it's good for him to get acquainted with real folks and real life and hard work," her mother said wisely. "He can go back any time."
"No he can't!" Billy interrupted angrily. "There's something divine and foolish and strong in him that would make him kill himself at work he hates rather than acknowledge that he's not capable of tearing a living out of this commercial old town with his bare hands. We mustn't let him go back, mother. Something happened to make him hate himself because he isn't a money-making getter—his voice was bitter with contempt of the breed—a—a wo-

THE BEDTIME STRIP—



"100% PURE" Paint Covers More Surface and Covers it Better

IN any painting job, the problem is to best cover the most surface for the money expended. A coat of protection will work wonders in beautifying the home, inside or out—or both.

Because of its absolute guaranteed purity MARTIN-SENOUR "100% PURE" Paint is the most economical that can be obtained. It covers more surface and covers it better, because it is free from adulterations and substitutes.

Buying "cheap" paint is mistaken economy. You may save on the first coat of material but later you pay for this supposed saving. A gallon of "cheap" paint covers only about half as much surface as can be covered with a gallon of "100% PURE" Paint. Then again never forget that the labor cost for applying "cheap" paint is just as great as for applying "100% PURE" Paint while "100% PURE" Paint will look better and last years longer. Buying "cheap" paint, therefore, is in reality the greatest extravagance.

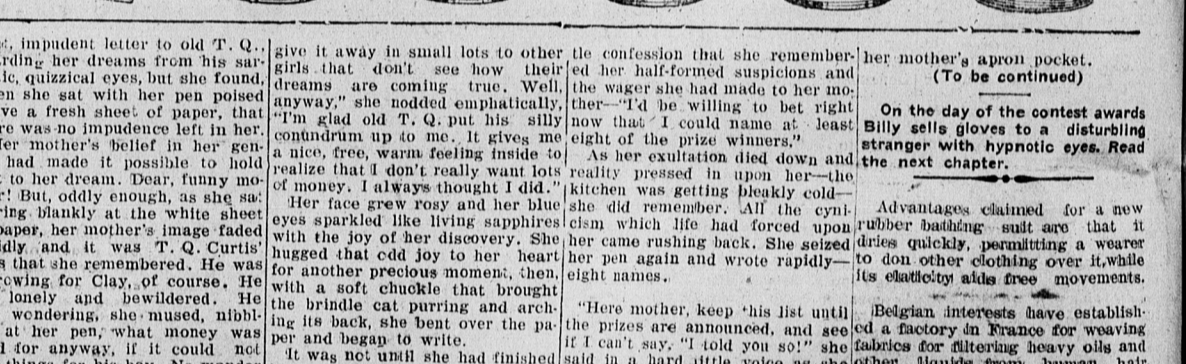
You need never seek further than a MARTIN-SENOUR dealer for the materials for any and every painting or varnishing job. There's a MARTIN-SENOUR product specially prepared for every surface and for every purpose—and the dealer is equipped to give you complete information, color cards and practical suggestions. Call on him for good service.



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- Cape Traverse—A. K. Lord Cardigan—J. A. McDonald & Co. Crapaud—Wood & Company Emerald Junction—J. W. Eyle Limited Georgetown—MacDonald Bros. Grand View—A. Martin & Co. Hunter River—F. J. Noy & Co.
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man, I think, and he'll never believe in himself until he proves to himself that he can make money. Oh, well, I've got to get busy. Funny, isn't it?—I've got to go to write an essay on what I would do with a hundred thousand dollars when we can't even afford the coal to heat my room for me to work in. Don't look so grieved, honey-love. She bent swiftly over her mother and rubbed her fresh, firm young cheek caressingly against her mother's. "I'm not really bitter, but sometimes it does seem as if my dream of being a great violinist is so absurd."
She straightened and stared about the living room, her tear-bright blue eyes glancing about the walls, on which hung four or five cheaply framed little water colors, signed "Emily Stark"—her mother's maiden name.
"I only had a talent for dreaming." Her mother's eyes followed her glance, and she sighed for the dead dreams of the long dead Emily Stark. "I never thought I'd be a great painter, and I guess I was really pretty glad to get married and saddle you with the duty of making my dream, as well as your own, come true. But you've got genius, too, Billy. You can't go back on it. You'll get your chance. I've had the queerest feeling lately that you're just on the brink of it. Old Mrs. Ashbell cut the cards for me the other day, and she said my wish was coming true very soon. And the only wish I ever have is that you'll have your chance as a real teacher, with all the time you want to practice."
"You're a funny dumping and I adore you!" Billy laughed.
She had intended to write a flip-

pan, impudent letter to old T. Q., guarding her dreams from his sardonic, quizzical eyes, but she found, when she sat with her pen poised above a fresh sheet of paper, that there was no impudence left in her.
Her mother's belief in her genius had made it possible to hold fast to her dream. Dear, funny mother! But, oddly enough, as she stared blankly at the white sheet of paper, her mother's image faded rapidly, and it was T. Q. Curtis' eyes that she remembered. He was sorrowful for Clay, of course. He was lonely and bewildered. He was wondering she mused, nibbling at her pen, what money was good for anyway, if it could not buy things for his boy. No wonder he wanted to know what other people thought of money—what good things it could buy for them that he had missed.
"If I had a hundred thousand dollars," she mused, bending her mind deliberately to the problem, her impudent, bright little face very grave and mature of a student. "Why—she drew a deep breath of astonishment as she made an important discovery. "I don't want a hundred thousand dollars! It would frighten me to death, all that money; then, if I got over being frightened, it would tie me all up in a snarl of obligations. Clothes and a big house and servants—and—and things! Things! I'd be a slave to things if I tried to spend a hundred thousand dollars. Of course I don't want it! What do I want?"
She laid one of her small exquisite hands over her eyes the better to concentrate. "I want the finest violin that money can buy—a Stradivarius or a Cremona. And I want the best violin teacher in the world. And after that I want to play before people who understand and love music, and who will pay me just enough for playing for them so that I can live and go on playing and hear other musicians make lovely music. What's really all I want for me myself—but mother—of course mother would like things too, not enough grand things to frighten her, at just cozy things—a snug little house all paid for, money—ough so that she could buy three nice dresses in one season without feeling like a criminal. No, I can see it wouldn't take much of that hundred thousand dollars to give the Wells family it heart desires. I suppose I could

For Any job—in Town or Country Outside or In—It pays to use MARTIN-SENOUR PRODUCTS

- MARBLE-ITE FOR HARDWOOD FLOORS
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Save the surface and you save all

Jimmy Turns the Trick!

—By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE



Province of Prince Edward Island

ROADS CLOSED TO AUTO TRAFFIC

The operation of Motor Vehicles on the Public Highways of this Province, outside of incorporated City and Towns, is prohibited until further notice.

By Order, H. R. STEWART Clerk Executive Council

4-23 smtt-51.

Auction Sale of Valuable Property

ON APRIL 29TH AT 1:30 P. M.

Property of the late McInnis Bros. approximately 124 ft. by 89 ft. lying between Fitzroy and Kent Streets with two large buildings, one small building, two large sheds—and right of way to Fitzroy Street, also two rights of way to Kent Street.

Also Electrical Engine, table and band saws with shafting and pulleys, etc. Carpenter and blacksmith tools, office and shop furniture and numerous articles of various kinds.

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer D. L. MCINNIS Administrator estate of John McInnis.

5059-4-23-61

AUCTION SALE AT PLEASANT VALLEY

The Trustees will sell by Public Auction the former Methodist Parsonage at Pleasant Valley, on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1927 at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

Property consisting of 1 acre land, large dwelling house, and barn, good water at door, near to church, school and Elliott's R. R. Station.

If not fine sale will be held on first fine day following.

THOMAS WIGMORE, Auctioneer.

5059-4-23-101.

FARM FOR SALE

One hundred and twenty-four acres of land at St. Teresa's, owned by Patrick Kenny. Splendid buildings in good repair, seventy acres in a high state of cultivation, balance covered with a heavy growth of hard and soft woods. Conveniently situated in the midst of schools, churches, stores, etc. and only ten chains from the C. N. R. Station. It is a desirable property and will be sold at a reasonable figure. For further particulars apply to JAMES W. KENNY, St. Teresa's, 4674-4-11tt 181

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