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"Let the Clark Kitchens help you"

13 *Delicious*
CLARK'S SOUPS
INCLUDING
Tomato Julienne
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Vegetable Chicken

Very concentrated, one tin gives 3 or 4 servings of nourishing flavory soup.

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SMILES

WHEN HE'S ON THE BARK

First Old Salt: A sailor leads a dog's life.

Second Ditto: Oh, that's only when he's on the barque.

THE EXPLANATION, NO DOUBT

Wifie: At last a woman has been appointed to the diplomatic service.

Hubby: Yes, the government has decided to abandon secret diplomacy, no doubt.

Deacon Bug: Why so gloomy Mr. Grub?

Grub: Because I want to be pious and upright, but I'm doomed to lead a butterfly existence!

REGULAR SCALE

Musician (considering job) What does your scale of wages start with?

Leader: You should know the answer to that, my friend—it starts with dough.

JUST SCOTCH

Hubby: What's the matter with our new neighbors? They keep so close.

Wifie: Scotch, you know.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd.

S. S. "CEUTA"

Leaves Montreal May 30th

Arrive Charlottetown and leave for St. John's About June 2nd

For space for Live Stock and Produce, also Rates,

CARVELL BROS., LTD.
AGENTS

The Mystery Of The Singing Walls

(Continued)

"I think we had better put the bracelets on him," Busby said, as the man's lids half-opened and the bleared eyes cleared for a moment. "We must take no chances."

As the captain bent over the prostrate form and opened the nickeled handcuffs, Beatrice threw herself forward.

"You can't!" she whispered. "You can't touch him with those things, you brutes you brutes."

Gently John forced her back.

"Please, Mrs Hammond," he remonstrated. "These men must do their duty."

As the polished nickel clicked over the long, slender wrists, the woman suddenly gave gurgling cry and, throwing herself back against the divan, she fainted dead away.

"Please, Miss Mason," Graham requested, "will you go with her to that room across the hall? Her nerves have given away and she will be hysterical when she comes to. So, her presence here will only interfere with our investigation. Jim will carry her for you and I want him to stay on guard. For we do not as yet know the part Mrs Hammond has played in this tragedy. She may be an accessory before the fact."

The Murderer's Story

The man on the divan had hitched himself to a sitting position, and then sank back wearily against the rich tapestry. Through his clouded brain, consciousness was slowly creeping and he kept opening and shutting his eyes, his face twitching. Finally the eyelids fluttered, and the bleared film floated away from over the pupils. For a brief instant, a look of bewilderment passed across the fine features, followed by a shadow of agony. As if to ward off some horrible nightmare, he tried to raise his hand to his forehead. The chains on his wrists rattled and, as he glanced down, a shiver ran through his body. With a tired gesture, he carried the tips of his fingers to his temples and rubbed together the skin in wrinkles. Then a quiver of resolution seemed to flow through him, and he sat upright, his fingers fumbling with his watch chain.

"You've got me," he began, his voice strained and shaky. "I killed Mr Warburton and—and—him."

He nodded wincingly to where, behind the Japanese statue before the fireplace, lay the crumpled figure of Burke.

"I played the game and lost," he continued, "and I will pay my debt. Only, just now, let me rest here for a moment on this lounge. That man shook me up hard when he tackled me, and I feel pretty sick and groggy."

For a few moments, he lay back weakly, the forefinger of his left hand picking nervously at the thumb.

"I suppose you want to know why I killed him," he said at length, "and I want to tell you all at once so as not to be subjected to your questioning."

"It is my duty to warn you," Busby interposed quickly "that whatever you say will be used against you."

A faint smile, with a shade of contempt in it, hovered around the physician's sensitive lips.

"I suppose it would be difficult for a man like you to gasp," he said, half to himself, "that under certain circumstances, life means less than nothing. You can have my confession. But in the meantime I want a smoke."

John walked over and, opening his case, offered a cigarette.

"Thanks! Would you mind lighting it for me?" the physician requested. "These things on my wrists don't allow of much movement."

Before John could comply, Busby had blocked his way and sat down beside the man on the sofa.

"Just a minute," he objected gravely. "I want to search him. He may have some poison or something on him."

"You are keen to take the toll yourself, aren't you?" the doctor murmured grimly.

The captain did not answer at once, but carefully ran his quick fingers through Darnell's pockets and scrupluously removed a pile of papers, precription blanks, a fever thermometer and other odds and ends.

"It's coming to me," he muttered finally. "Burke, whom you sent to his death, was one of my boys."

As the captain finished his search Graham reached down and, raising the physician's right trouser leg from above his patent-leather boot, he removed a folded sheet of paper hastily jammed in concealment above the heel. Spreading it out on his knee, he carried it over to the lamp. Then, nodding his head thoughtfully, he crossed again to the divan and handed it to his colleague.

"Here's something we want badly," he commented. "It is the paper that was in the drawer of the safe You can begin to see now why he killed Burke to get it."

John and Busby read the crumpled sheet deliberately; then the police officer eyed the man on the sofa.

"Go on," he ordered. "Spill your story!"

The physician puffed out a breath of blue smoke and rested his iron-gray hair against the tapestry.

"I was born in Philadelphia," he began quietly. "My people were poor people, but my father wanted me to have a good education. So I went to the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, and was graduated with my M. D. degree.

"Upon leaving college, I was in debt. So, to get an immediate start I joined the Army Medical Corps. I served in it for several years, and it was while at one of the outlying posts that I became interested in revolver shooting and turned myself into an expert shot. But I grew tired of the monotony of army life and finally resigned and came on here to New York.

"It was soon after I obtained a position as house-surgeon at St. Cecelia's Hospital that I met one of the patients, Mrs. Charles Warburton. It was not long before the many evenings we talked together during her convalescence brought a deep feeling between us.

"Mr. Warburton visited her every day. But, because of the hospital rules, he had to leave in the evening and, for the last week she was there, we talked late into the night.

"She was twenty years younger than Mr. Warburton and just my age, and I soon realized that I loved her. The last night she was at the hospital I told her so.

"At first she tried to stop me, but, as women invariably do, she finally listened to the outpouring of my heart. At the time she said nothing to encourage me, but, after her return home, she let me come here to see her and to tell her of my love. Finally Mr. Warburton began to suspect that something was between, us

"Mrs. Warburton was a wonderful woman, a good woman In one way, she idolized her husband. In another way she didn't. And, in this way, she did love me, although she never gave me any of herself, never permitted the slightest embrace.

"Finally, one night, she told me that Mr. Warburton had become suspicious and that I must discontinue my visits. On this last night, with the knowledge that everything was over, I took her in my arms and kissed her. And she returned my kisses, kissed me passionately here on this sofa.

"We were so carried away that we did not notice. He had come into the room by those glass doors there. As I turned, I saw him standing watching The expression of pain of sorrow, on his face brought me to my feet. Catherine was up in a minute beside me. He was very calm when he spoke

"Catherine!" he began. "This is your problem and you must decide it calmly. You love this man, and I cannot blame you. You are young So is he. I will make you free to marry him. But your love for him is a physical love, a love of the flesh Your feelings for me, I believe, represent something finer nobler, better You must decide which of us, this man or me, you choose."

"For a minute she stood there. Her face was pale, her mouth open, quivering. Then her eyes slowly moved around this great room, and my heart sickened as I felt she was comparing its elegance with my poor bare apartment where she and Mr. Warburton had once called.

"Perhaps I imagined this. Perhaps it was the finer side of her that had responded to her husband's appeal. But I thought then as, at times, I have thought since, that it was the undertow of his great wealth that had carried her off her feet. Anyway, I could feel her slipping, and I stretched out my hands to her as if she were being swept by me. But she was gone, for, suddenly, she gave a little choking cry, and, running over to her husband she threw both her arms about his neck.

"'I love you' she sobbed. 'This other thing has been a madness. I don't love this man. I don't know why I have done these things I suppose it was the excitement of being loved. But, God forgive me, I don't love him. You, Charles, are everything in this world to me"

"He put his arm around her shoulders and patted the back of her neck where the cut of her dress showed the beautiful white skin that I had just been kissing.

"And there I was standing there, watching her, longing for her, my heart breaking that she had left me.

"If I had had a weapon I would have killed him then. I took a step forward, and I think she saw the light in my eyes. For she threw herself between us and faced me.

"'Please go!'

"It's been all my fault and not yours, and I'm sorry for the pain I've caused. I don't love you. I never can love you. But you have meant much to me. And, for this, for my sake, forgive me and go.'

"I don't know why, but I went. I suppose it was because I loved her so.

"Good God! How I suffered! No entirely from love, but from the jealousy of the knowledge that possibly her affection for her husband was finer, deeper, more real than the passion that was ours, something that simply swept aside our madness when the moment came.

'At times I wanted to kill him, Twice the flood of anger of jealousy surged through me and twice in recent years I have tried to shoot him by firing at him from cover. On both occasions I wounded him for I am a fine shot.

"At times however. I got more of a hold on myself and things were going better when Catherine developed pneumonia and died.

"The day of her funeral Mr. Warburton telephoned me.

"'You loved her' he said. 'Come to say good-by.'

"He was here when I reached the house. He himself took me into the death room. And as I left the tears streaming down my cheeks he said brokenly:

"'We must be friend Darnell. She would wish it so.'

"And since then both professionally and as a friend I have seen much of him.

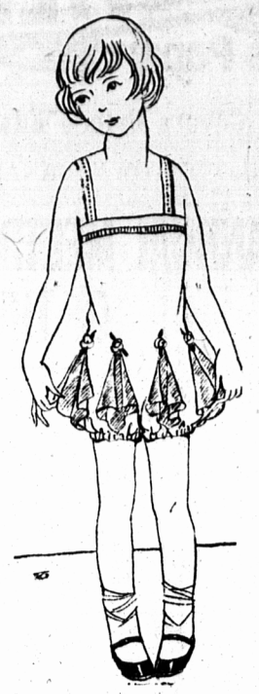
(To be continued)

WHY HAIR FALLS OUT

Dandruff causes a feverish irritation of the scalp, the hair roots shrink, loosen and then the hair comes out fast. To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a 35-cent bottle of Danderine at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub well into the scalp. After a few applications all dandruff disappears and the hair stops coming out.

Fashion Fancies

DAINTY COMBINATION TO WEAR TO DANCING SCHOOL



By Marie Belmont

The small girl who dances will be delighted with a combination like the one above. It takes the place of both bloomers and petticoat and does away with the danger of a petticoat that sags.

The body of the garment is made of flesh crepe de chine, the lower part cut on generous lines. Then three-cornered draperies of flesh georgette are fastened at intervals about the waistline, each one being caught at the top with a tiny pink rosebud.

Entre-deux set in the straps and about the top of the bodice forms a dainty finish. The garment could also be made up in white with the georgette points of any pastel color.

::Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying a reliable remedy—Mother Graves' Wormn Exterminator.

Wondered Why Breath Was So Bad

Brooklyn. Miss Rose Dittmar writes:—"Even though I brushed my teeth and used a mouth wash, my friends turned away when I talked and I wondered why my breath was so offensive, while people less careful were not troubled After taking Carter's Little Liver Pills for a while the trouble started to disappear. I also noticed my face had better color and was clearer, my eyes brighter, my appetite more hearty and I had no constipation." Bad breath must be reached at the source of the trouble. Druggists. 25 & 75c red pkgs

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Just landed from S. S. "CEUTA"

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Portland Cement

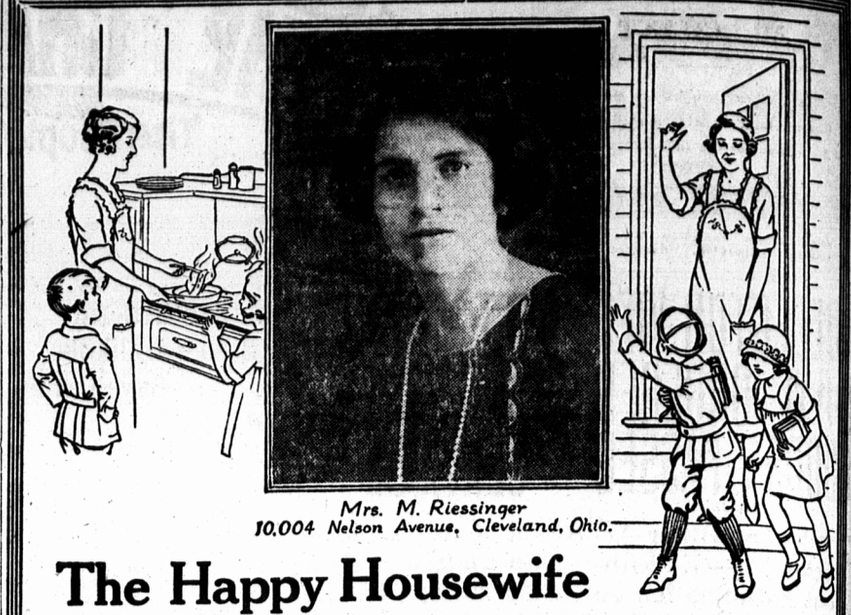
Insist on Canada Portland Cement. The Cement that has stood the test of years.

Carvell Bros.
LIMITED.

"DIAMOND DYE" ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.



Mrs. M. Riessinger
10,004 Nelson Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Happy Housewife

FOUR WALLS can make a house, but it takes a woman to make a home. The woman who prepares nourishing and attractive meals, attends to the thousand and one household tasks without grumbling, raises a family of healthy boys and girls, and still finds time to be a pal to her husband and a friend to her neighbors, is accomplishing the biggest job in the world. Homes like hers—little havens of peace and love—are the bulwark of the nation.

To be a successful homemaker, a woman must guard her health. When mother is not well, the house is upset. Women everywhere are learning through their own personal experiences, as Mrs. Riessinger did, the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve nervous spells, weakness and women's ailments.

Works Without Pain

Cleveland, Ohio.—"I have really had all kinds of trouble, but the worst was a nervous break-down and very irregular. After having my first baby I lost weight no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better after my next baby came. But I got worse, was always sickly and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles I weigh 116 pounds and I have now gone three months without even one pain, where other times I would be laid up three days at a time. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my housework now without one bit of trouble."—Mrs. M. RIESSINGER, 10004 Nelson Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nervous Spells Gone

St. Paul, Minn.—"If young women want to keep their health and strength for the next thirty years of their lives it is best to start in right now and take this medicine! I used to get nervous spells that would last a couple of days and were so bad that I was afraid in my own house in broad daylight. I used to lock the doors and pull down the shades so that nobody could see me. One day a little booklet was left on my porch and I read it through. I found a case similar to mine. I bought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and have had fine results. The condition I was in made me a burden to my husband. Now I ask him, 'How is housekeeping?' and he says 'It is just like being in Heaven!'"—Mrs. JACK LORBERTER, 704 Dellwood Place, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., COBURG, ONT.

Bon Ami

Cleans nickel, brass, copper and aluminium ware so easily!

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Aluminium Ware	Windows
Bathtubs, Tiling	Mirrors
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Refrigerators
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Brass, Copper, Tin and Nickel Ware	The Hands
	Linoleum and Glass Baking Dishes
	Congoleum

Cake and Powder
most housewives use both

Made in Canada

Bon Ami absorbs all the stains and tarnish in a twinkling! Its magic action polishes to a radiant lustre.

Just sprinkle a little Bon Ami *Powder* on a damp cloth or rub the cloth over the *Cake*. (Never use the cake direct.) Then apply the Bon Ami. When the lather dries, a few rubs with a soft, dry cloth will instantly bring back the mirror-like sheen. Be sure the cloths you use are clean and free from foreign matter.

Bon Ami *Cake* and *Powder* clean and polish dozens of things about the house with the same wonderful ease. Note the list above. And Bon Ami never reddens or roughens your hands.

BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

AUCTION SALE

AT MT. HERBERT, LOT 48
THURSDAY, MAY 20th AT 1 P. M.

Consisting of all Stock, Crop, Farming Implements, Furniture, including 120 bushels oats, 30 bushels old oats, 3 stacks hay, 50 hens (Barred Rock) 1 Driving Mare, 2 milk cows, rubber tired wagon, piano, etc.

ESTATE LATE WM. MacGREGOR
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BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE BY TENDER

The Trustees of St. James Church offer for sale by tender two lots, one on Pownal Street 55 ft. x 168 ft. one on Ambrose Street 50 ft.x 91 ft. Separate tenders for each lot, tenders to be mailed to undersigned on or before May 20th, 1926.

Trustees reserve the right to reject any or all tenders.

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