

Doctors Endorse it

Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been highly recommended for infant feeding by leading physicians since 1857.

If you cannot nurse baby use Eagle Brand.

Write The Borden Co. Limited, Montreal for free Baby Welfare Book.

"Let the Maritime Provinces Flourish by Their Industries."
BORDEN FACTORY-TRURO, N.S.



SMILES

SUITABLY DRESSED

"I hope the sailor's bride was suitably dressed?"

"Perfectly so—see green dress pearl stockings, coral beads and her hair a mass of waves."

"These Women"
BY MALCOLM DUART
(Continued)

After supping at a night club with a beautiful girl called NONA, who is jealous of his friendship with other women, HARRY MORTON, middle-aged, rich, attractive, returns to his adopted daughter, AUDREY, awaiting him at two in the morning. She says she wishes he were not wealthy, so she could enjoy more of his company.

Morton, whose business is unknown, has been a center of curiosity in Toronto for fifteen years. On his return there with Audrey, he finds a shabby stranger awaiting him, whom he throws out of his house. He orders a private detective to trace the man, saying that the stranger claims to be Audrey's stepfather, and has attempted to collect money. He gets word that the stranger has been arrested.



Cuticura Complexions Are Fresh And Clear

Daily use of Cuticura Soap prevents clogging and irritation of the pores, the usual cause of pimples and blackheads, while the Ointment soothes and heals. Always keep Cuticura Talcum on hand; it is cooling and refreshing.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Canadian Depot, 1250 St. Lawrence St., Montreal, P. Q. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Fashion Fancies

THE SMART, SWAGGER COAT HAS A SCARF TO MATCH LINING



By Marie Belmont

This smart, gracefully flaring coat is the type that can be worn over any simple sports frock. The color is gold red, and the lining of beige crepe harmonizes ideally with the soft red of the kasha. With the coat is worn a fringed beige crepe scarf to match the lining.

Soft gray kasha might be used for the coat with pale gray lining and scarf to harmonize.

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED ANNOUNCE

Following the decision of the Dominion Government to repeal the Excise Tax on all automobiles manufactured in Canada and selling for \$1200 or less, Dodge Brothers (Canada) Limited, announce that retroactive to June 8th, the following tax is removed from the prices of Dodge Brothers Motor Cars:

Touring Car	\$36.57
Touring Special	38.87
Touring Sport	40.47
Roadster	36.57
Roadster Special	38.87
Roadster Sport	40.47
Sedan Leather	42.96
Sedan Special	45.26
Sedan DeLux	49.17
Coupe	38.87
Coupe Special	41.18

Commercial Cars and Trucks have not been subject to Excise Tax.

This reduction makes Dodge Brothers Motor Cars more than ever the greatest automotive values offered to the Canadian buyer.

W. B. PROWSE & SONS
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the members of the Law Society of Prince Edward Island will be held in the Law Library in Charlottetown, on Monday the 28th June, at 3 o'clock P. M.

W. E. BENTLEY,
Secretary-Treasurer

9961-21-1wk.

Annual Meeting OF THE P. E. I. Protestant Orphanage

The second Public Annual Meeting of the above institution is called for June 29th, 1926 in accordance with the Act as amended and will meet on this date with the expectation of adjourning for one week, to Tuesday, July 6th at 8 o'clock p. m. in order to have the Chairman Col. D. A. MacKinnon present.

Meeting will be held in the Hall of Zion Presbyterian Church, Charlottetown. Four new Trustees must be appointed to the Board. In place of four retiring; complete Financial Statements will be submitted and the work of the institution discussed.

All contributors present will have a vote and all are cordially invited.

9973-6-178451.

GRAND TEA-PARTY

The parishioners of St. Ann's, Lot 65, intend holding a Tea Party on Wednesday, July 14th on the beautiful grounds near the Church. There will be well stocked saloons and excellent dinner tables. All the games, usually found at such outings, will be on the grounds. Should the day prove unfavorable the tea will be held on the first fine day following. Come one! Come all!

BY ORDER,
106-6-23-ws61.

AUCTION SALE

I am instructed by Mrs. A. J. McEneaney to sell at her residence, 124 Prince St., on June 28th, at 10:30 a. m. all her valuable household effects, including Kitchen, Dining-room, Sitting-room, Parlor, five Bed-rooms, including a lot of antique furniture in mahogany, walnut and oak. Also a magnificent tea set of 40 pieces, Elite Limoges and a large quantity of bedding, Wilton carpet, stair runner, oil cloth and floor coverings.

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer

HOMESTEAD

An offering for sale my fine farm 100 acres at Orwell. Call any day and see it. Price reasonable.

DONALD J. McLEOD,
Or apply to my Attorneys
MACKINNON & McNEILL,
90 Great George Street.
131-6-24-41.

J. Lester Douglas
39 Queen Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

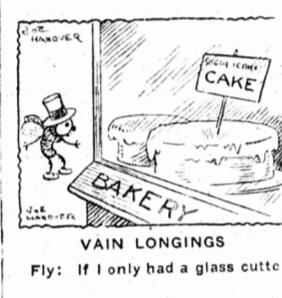
Cream Separators
THE SHARPLES SUCTION FEED

Skims clean at any speed.
Terms to suit customers.
Extra parts on hand.
Write or Phone 798 or 939

IT ALL DEPENDS

"Doctor, how long do you think it will take for me to recover from this illness?"

"Do you mean physically or financially?"



VAIN LONGINGS

Fly: If I only had a glass cutter

WITH WHOM?

He (spiritualist): I suppose you believe in a future?

Materialistic She (sweetly): With whom?

WHERE IS IT NOT, WE'D ASK

Actress: Most of my life has been spent in vaudeville.

Mrs. Wayback: And where may that place be, my dear?

DRAGGING-DOWN PAINS RELIEVED

Woman Suffered Nearly a Year. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Brought Her Health

Moose Jaw, Sask.—"I am going to try to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered very badly with dragging-down pains and inflammation, also pains in my right side over my hip and down my whole side into my leg. I had it nearly a year when I went to a doctor and he said I would have to have an operation. But my mother said to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it saved her life years before. I took two bottles and I found I was better, so I kept on taking it and also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I have had two more children since then and am perfectly well. I used to have to lie down two or three times a day, and now I do all my housework without trouble. I always keep the Vegetable Compound in the house as I find a dose now and then helps me. I am willing for you to use this letter any way you see fit and I will answer letters. If I can help any other woman I'd be only too glad to try."—Mrs. ESTHER HOUGHTON, 712 Athabasca W., Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for all women.

For sale by druggists everywhere.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER III

"Arrested!" Morton snapped. "Are you sure he said the man was arrested?"

The young man nodded.

"Did that detective ask to talk to me?" Morton demanded.

"I told him you were busy," the youth said.

Morton quickly struggled into his overcoat and took his hat and stick. He stopped a moment, with his hand on the door-knob, for a final address to his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "a good secretary ought to know automatically whom his employer wants to talk to, and whom to put off. You are usually wrong."

He banged the door as he went out, and ran down the stairs, without awaiting the elevator. It was only a short distance to the back station, and there Morton found the man called George awaiting him. The detective was standing on the front steps.

"What went wrong?" Morton wanted to know.

The detective bit reflectively at the end of a cigar.

"I hadn't even gotten started," he said. "It appears this fellow of yours showed up at your house, and banged on the back door. I saw him, and I guess she recognized him. Anyhow, she telephoned to the police, and an officer went around and arrested him. They've got him in a cell here now."

Morton nodded. "That's not so bad. You wait here, and I'll go in and talk to him."

The officer in charge of the station knew Morton, and greeted him pleasantly.

"This fellow you picked up in my yard," Morton said. "He had no business there, but I know him. Mind if I go in and talk to him?"

The officer assented. "All right with me. Come on, and I'll take you back there."

He left Morton in the corridor, outside the cell in which the stranger was locked. The man stared at him impassively through the bars. Morton went down the hallway, picked up an ancient kitchen chair that stood against the wall and dragged it to the door. Sitting down, he surveyed his late visitor.

"Just like a rubber ball, aren't you?" he asked. "Throw you down, and you bounce right up again."

The other man's reply, Morton resumed, "I rather thought you'd come back, but I didn't think it would be so soon. It seems they have you looked up as a suspicious character. No other charge against you?"

He waited. The other man considered for a time, and at last answered: "They haven't got anything against me—yet."

"They won't have," Morton assured him. "Are you willing to leave the city, if I get you a job that will give you a living?"

The stranger went back to his bunk, and sat down. He dropped his chin to his right hand, and rested his elbow on his knee. There was silence for several minutes.

At last, he spoke again.

"I haven't got any money to go to a foreign country," he said.

Morton gave a short nod. "I'll take care of the job, too, if you will go there, and stay on it, as long as the job lasts. Is that fair?"

The man came forward to the bars of the door again. "You treated me pretty rough, over there at your house."

Morton came closer.

"You had it coming to you rougher than that," he said, his tone very low. "You had it coming to you for a good many years."

The other man pulled a dirty handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his mouth with it, nervously. "I had it pretty rough, for the same number of years." He inspected Morton's trimly set overcoat, his hat, his sharply creased trousers, and his hand-made shoes.

"You're rich, well-dressed and comfortable. Just look at me!" He waved his hand at his own rough clothing.

"It isn't your money I'm spending," said Morton curtly. "Look here, Smith—do you believe Smith was the last name you went under when you're in a pretty bad situation, and you know it. I'm willing to take care of you on this job I spoke about. You were a rather fair metallurgist once. I suppose you would be still, if you had been in a position to work at it in recent years. Are you willing to take a steamer to South America, and go to work there, or aren't you?"

The man considered. There was a sly lift to his lip as he turned to Morton again.

"You'd do pretty nearly anything, or pay nearly anything, to get rid of me, wouldn't you?" he asked.

Morton turned abruptly on his heel, and strode rapidly down the

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

corridor. He was nearly at the exit when the man called to him. "Wait a minute."

Morton stopped, and waited.

"I'll take you up on that," the man said.

Morton returned, his face stern and set. "If you think that I would pay nearly anything, or do nearly anything, to get rid of you, you're mistaken," he said. "But I'll get rid of you. I am making you a fair and generous offer. If you take it, all right. If you don't it's all right too, as far as I'm concerned. But it may not be quite so right for you. Do I make myself clear, Smith?"

Smith nodded. "I suppose it's clear. I said I'd go."

It was a matter of no great difficulty to get the man's release from jail. The detective, who still was waiting on the steps outside the station when Morton appeared, listened to the brief orders that he received from his employer.

"Stay with this fellow until we put him on his ship," Morton directed. "Audrey and I will go down to New York on the train tonight. You take this fellow to a hotel tomorrow, and call me up at my apartment about noon. There's a vessel sailing for Buenos Aires in two or three days. I'll have a berth on that for him. The ticket will be in your hands in plenty of time to get him on board. You won't have to see me again—I'll send the tickets, and some money over to you as soon as I have found out where you're going to be."

The detective took another bite from the end of his cigar, restored the cigar to his pocket, and chewed placidly until Smith appeared. The two of them walked together down Adelaide, and Morton, who had a light of satisfaction in his eye, turned back to his own office.

"Get Miss Morton on the phone for me," he directed as he entered the office. "That you, dear?" he asked as the secretary handed him the telephone. "Well, we're going back to New York tonight—unexpected trip. Will you see that my bag is packed for me?—What?—Yes, you're going too. Of course—Yes?—New coat?—Well, all right. We'll go to the opera."

He was smiling as he hung up the receiver. "She wants to know if she shall take her new opera-coat. I guess that's what operas are for."

His secretary made no comment. He lingered at the desk, though, uncertainly.

"Want anything?" Morton asked. The young man pulled at the lobe of his ear, nervously.

"Were you looking for somebody to take my place?" he asked, at length.

"Yes, I was," Morton said briskly. "Young fellow named Parrish. He'll be here in about a week. Don't worry, though; I'll get you another job."

The young man, his head hanging, retreated through the door. Morton heard the latch click, but immediately the door re-opened. His secretary's head appeared.

"I'm sorry I'm going," said the young man.

"Tush!" Morton said. "Most men who are failures, have failed because they started in the wrong job. I'll try to put you in the right one."

The young man again withdrew. Morton took a small account ledger from his desk, and busied himself a while in making entries in it, copying from the stubs of a small pocket check-book. This done, he reached for the telephone, and called the number of his bank, "Give me the president's office," he ordered when the operator at the bank responded. "This is Mr. Morton talking—Harry Morton."

There was a pause, and then he spoke again: "Hello, John—is that you?—Pretty well, thanks. Say, John, did you get a report on that young fellow Parrish?"

He listened as his friend talked rapidly for a minute or two, and nodded his head with satisfaction. "That's good, thanks. Sounds like a first-class young chap. I'll be ready for him as soon as he is clear of his other job. Send word to him to come on here, ready to start in, G'by."

When Morton and Audrey arrived at the railroad station, that evening, the detective and the man Smith were walking up and down the platform. Smith acknowledged Morton's greeting with a jerk of his own head, and stood still, studying Audrey with curious, narrowed eyes. The detective stopped, and took off his hat, and restored it to the corner of his head.

"Is that awful man going with us?" Audrey asked.

"On the same train," Morton answered. "We are acting as his escort committee."

The girl shivered. "I won't have to talk with him, will I?"

Morton smiled. "I won't even let you talk to him."

Morton had taken a lower berth for himself, and a drawing room for Audrey. He sat with her in her

room, and together, through the open door, they watched the detective and Smith, sitting in the far end of the car. At first the men had taken their seats facing the man and girl, but at a terse order from the detective, Smith had taken the opposite seat, turning his back to the drawing room. Before his companion seated himself, he looked with a grin toward Morton, and received the latter's wave of approbation.

A telephone message was awaiting Morton in his apartment when he reached it the next morning. He looked at the number, on the little slip of paper, and frowned.

"Something worrying you, daddy?" asked Audrey, taking quick note of his expression.

He held out the slip of paper to her. "Ever see that telephone number before?"

She shook her head.

"I'm glad of it," he said. "I just wanted to make sure. Would you mind stepping to your room for a moment? I want to telephone, and I don't want you to hear."

The girl went away, and Morton seated himself beside the telephone. First he called his own Toronto office, and dictated a cable message to an interior town in the Argentine Republic. This done, he ordered a steamship ticket to be prepared for the man Smith, for Buenos Aires.

This attended to, he called the number that was on the slip of paper before him.

"Hello, Nona," he said, when a sleepy voice finally answered. "This is the wrong time in the morning to wake you up but what do you mean by calling me at my apartment?"

(To be continued)

Sixteen Years Use Of Baby's Own Tablets

Has Shown One Mother There is Nothing to Equal Them.

A constant use of Baby's Own Tablets for their children has proven to thousands of mothers that they are without an equal for babyhood and childhood ailments. One mother, Mrs. C. W. Jackson, R. R. 1, Gilford, Ont., writes:—"We have used Baby's Own Tablets ever since our first baby was born sixteen years ago. We have seven fine healthy children and the Tablets is the only medicine they received in their early years. Our baby is one and a half years old, is walking and talking and weighs 25 pounds. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine he has ever had."

Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to be absolutely safe for even the newborn babe. They are free from opiates and narcotics; act as a gentle laxative on the stomach and bowels and thus relieve constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make baby healthy and strong.

You can get Baby's Own Tablets from your druggist or direct by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

INSECT BITES

Bee stings, mosquito bites, etc., are greatly relieved by applying Minard's.

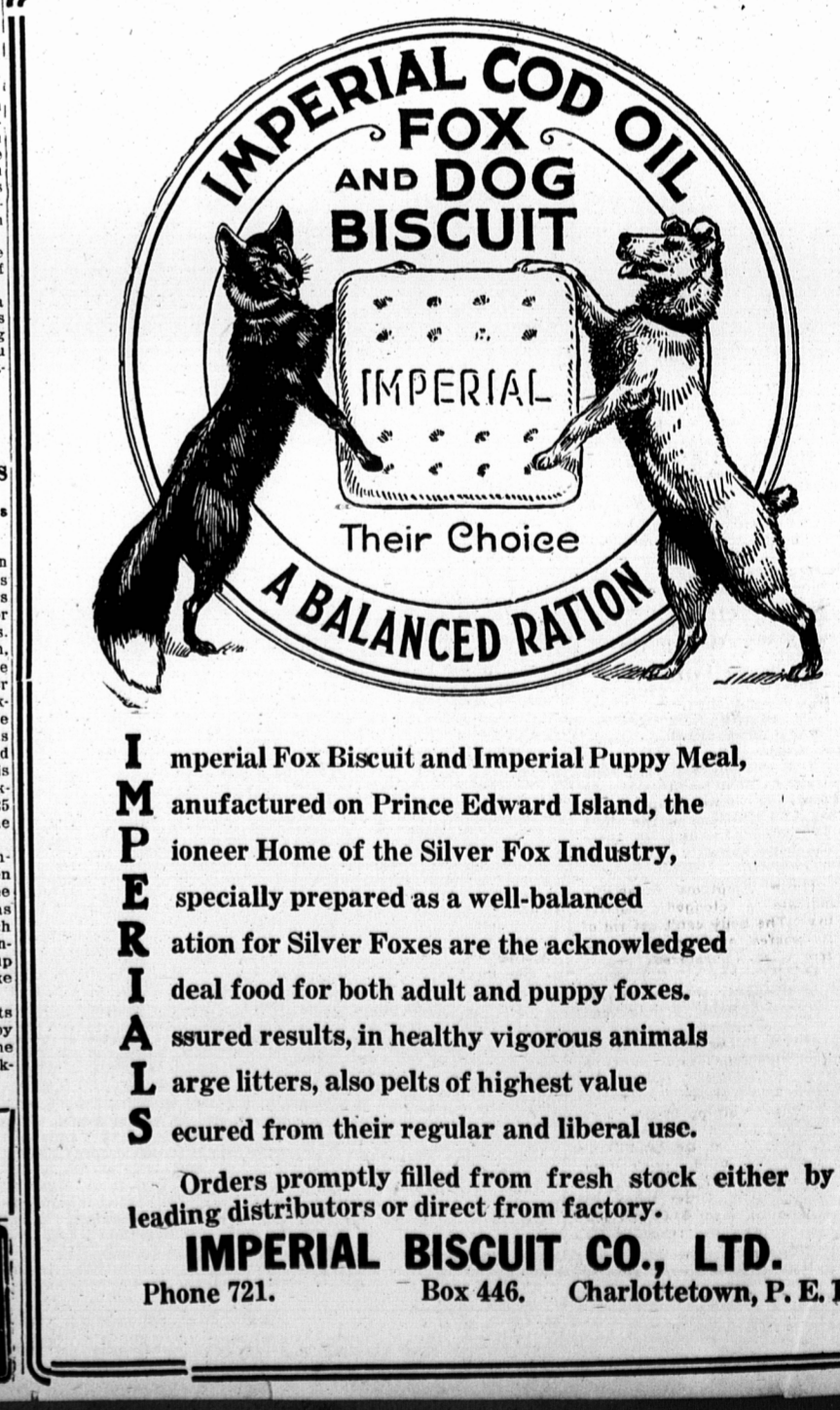
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

MADE IN CANADA

Standing on the surface of the ground, a concrete base has been invented to hold poles that have begun to decay and save their replacement.

An Australian inventor claims Plans for the progressive construction of about 6200 miles of modern highways have been adopted by the Argentine province of its keel.



IMPERIAL COD OIL AND DOG BISCUIT

Their Choice

A BALANCED RATION

Imperial Fox Biscuit and Imperial Puppy Meal, manufactured on Prince Edward Island, the pioneer Home of the Silver Fox Industry, specially prepared as a well-balanced ration for Silver Foxes are the acknowledged deal food for both adult and puppy foxes. Secured from their regular and liberal use.

Orders promptly filled from fresh stock either by leading distributors or direct from factory.

IMPERIAL BISCUIT CO., LTD.
Phone 721. Box 446. Charlottetown, P. E. I.