

ardization

The changing of the narrow gauge on the Prince Edward Island Railway to standard gauge between Royalty Junction, Souris, Georgetown and Montague will start on Saturday night the 21st inst., after the trains have made their last run. It is hoped to have the work completed so that the trains from Georgetown, Montague and Souris will run on schedule time over the standard gauge on Monday morning. The Elmira branch will not be completed until the 30th, consequently there will be no train operating on that branch from the 23rd to that date. 1419-20-21.

COTTAGE FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for private sale property situated 123 Dorchester Street, consisting of 8 rooms with hot air furnace, also large barn and building lot. Inspection evening 7 to 8. MAY STEWART, 123 Dorchester Street. 1257-8-12-13.

AUCTION SALE

I will sell by Public Auction at Carleton Siding, on Thursday, 26th August, 1926. STOCK—2 work horses, 4 milk cows, 2 year old heifers, 3 yearlings, 3 calves, 20 hens. IMPLEMENTS—McCormick binder, Massey Harris mower, sectional seeder, hay rake, spring tooth harrows, spike harrows, gang plow, single plow, roller, potato cultivator, thrasher and cleaner, belt, 3 H. P. International engine, platform scales 1000 lbs., fanners, hay fork, rope and blocks, carts, truck-wagon, wheel barrow, wood sleighs, driving sleigh, buggy, potato sprayer, hardwood plank, cedar posts, boards, shingles, work harness, driving harness, cream separator, cream cans, churn, forks, shovels etc. FURNITURE—Bell organ, parlor and hall tables, parlor sofa, chairs, gramophone and records, whatnot, bedsteads, carpets, mats, lamps, pictures and other articles too numerous to mention. STEPHEN MUTTART, Sale starts at 12 noon. If not fine, first fine day. HUGH MORRISON, Auctioneer. Terms made known at sale. 1271-8-14-21.

Canadian National Railways Atlantic Region ICE BOATS AND EQUIPMENT FOR SALE

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside of envelope "Tenders for Ice Boats and Equipment located at Cape Traverse, Cape Tormentine and Pictou" will be received up to and including August 31st, 1926, for the purchase of ten (10) ice boats with equipment, including oars, rowlocks, leather straps, boat hooks, boat hook handles, telescopes, sails, rope, fog horn, bailers, spars, located at Cape Traverse, P. E. I.; five (5) ice boats and equipment located at Cape Tormentine, N. B.; and three (3) ice boats and equipment located at Pictou, N. S. Bids may include all the boats and all the equipment, or each lot of boats and equipment separately. Lists giving particulars can be seen at the office of the Division Engineer, Halifax, N. S.; Superintendent, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B.; and Terminal Agent, Saint John, N. B. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. F. H. KINNEAR, Purchasing Agent, Moncton, N. B. Dated at Moncton, N. B. August 3rd, 1926. 1135-8-7-14-21.

Wentworth Park Lodge PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA

Owned and Operated by CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

A cool, silent woodland, fragrant with the perfume of pine and hemlock, edging a beautiful fresh water lagoon which is separated from the sea by a narrow strip of sunlit sand—such is Wentworth Park Lodge.

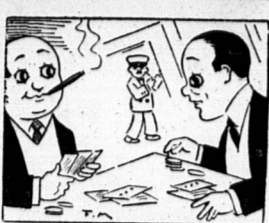
Splendid accommodation in four and six room rustic log bungalows with electric lights, running hot and cold water in each room, fire-places, spacious verandahs. Dining room and main lounge in large central building of same design. Rates \$6.00 a day or \$35.00 a week. American plan.

Deep sea and fresh water sports as well as golf, motoring and other land sports. Booklets and reservations from any Canadian National Railways Ticket Agent or G. E. PRIOR, Manager, Wentworth Park Lodge, Nova Scotia.



1135-8-7-8-41.

SMILES



FAMILIAR WITH DECKS

1st Passenger: Is the captain of the ship a good card player?  
2nd Ditto: Ought to be—he's pretty familiar with decks.



She: Does this suit make me look longer?  
He: No—not you—me.



WHAT REPLY DID HE FRAME?  
He (not often complimentary): You're as pretty as a picture.  
She (surprised): Well, I'll be hanged!



SUCCESSFUL GUIDE  
"You say he's made money as a guide in the big city?"  
"Yes—shows visitors everything in town they oughtn't to see."



A KICK FROM BIRDVILLE  
Irate Bird (in upper flat): See here, Mr. Nightingale, if you don't stop singing after sundown, I'll complain to the landlord!

"These Women" BY MALCOLM DUART

CHAPTER XLIX

Morton was beginning a quizzical response when he stopped. Audrey's face was twitching. A tremor in her arm kept her hand quivering upon his. As he looked, the movements in her lips became a pulsating, convulsive jerk. He sprang to his feet. She was beginning to sob. "None—everybody has something something to live for—everybody but me!"

She was in his arms, with her head on his shoulder. He was kneeling beside her, uttering little soothing sounds. Her sobs grew louder. "Nobody—nobody at all—Mr. Parrish goes—you don't—don't care!" Her words were barely distinguishable. "Audrey! Audrey!" His own voice choked with anxiety and fright. "Don't try to talk! Come on dear, and I'll take you up to your room."

She tried to arise, but her knees cramped weakly beneath her. He caught her, and lifting the light young body almost ran with her to the stairway, and up to her room. On the way, he called loudly for her maid. Audrey's sobs had resolved themselves into a steady, rhythmic clicking, broken by short, disconnected phrases. "Nothing to do—not worth anything—love you—tired!"

He laid her on her bed, and on one knee, beside her, he frantically chafed her wrists, and smoothed her forehead. She was not looking at him. Her eyelids were growing heavy, and her eyes dull. While the maid was hurrying with ammonia and smelling salts, Audrey's eyes closed entirely, and the sobbing ceased.

Morton arose, and ran down stairs, his face dead-white, and his lips drawn to a narrow bloodless line. At the telephone stand, his hands shook as he leafed over the directory. Once he dropped the book, before he found the number of the doctor he sought. The physician was not at home, nor at his office. Morton tried another number. His shaking hands scarcely could hold the instrument.

It was nearly an hour before a little plump physician, a stranger, came in answer to Morton's frantic plea. He stopped to listen to the few hurried words of explanation that Morton gave him. Then he trotted up the steps, and went to the bedroom, where Audrey still lay in her morning dress, on top of the coverlet. He placed his hand on her forehead, felt her pulse, listened to her heart with his stethoscope, and turned to Morton.

"This is out of my line," he said. "Complete nervous collapse. I should say, I'll recommend a physician who can handle that." On a piece of paper and address on the table, he handed it to Morton. "I'll call up the doctor, and ask him to come in as soon as he can. Meanwhile, put the young lady to bed, and don't do anything. There is nothing for you to do."

He took his departure, leaving Morton at the bedside. The girl lay, breathing faintly, her face wax white. Her fair hair was crumpled over her brow, and her hands, as colorless as her face, were relaxed as they lay beside her. Audrey's maid, badly frightened, looked to Morton for instruction. "Undress her, and help her into bed," he said, dully.

He turned and went out the door, shutting it after him. Slowly and heavily he went down the steps, his head hanging. As he reached the lower hall, he sank upon the steps, and sat there, his hands loose in his lap, his eyes staring vacantly into the room. The butler asked him for instructions. He shook his head. "Audrey is very ill," he said. "Do whatever you wish, I'm waiting for the doctor."

It was well into the afternoon before the specialist arrived. He was a stern, pale, spectacled man, who moved quickly and with decision. He examined the slumbering form upon the bed, lifting the closed eyelids, and testing the faintly beating heart. When he had done, he motioned Morton to follow him to the drawing-room below.

"The young lady should go to a hospital for proper care." He shot a keen glance at Morton. "But if she leaves here, I'm afraid I'll have another nervous patient on my hands. What is your relationship to her, sir?" "I adopted her when she was a little child," Morton said, folding his hands tightly together, to restrain his emotion.

He stepped over to the bed, and bent Morton's head backward, so he could look into his eyes. "You've lived under a strain for a long, long time," he continued. "I don't want you as a patient, too. I'll leave the young lady here." Morton's eyes dimly thanked him. "The physician smiled. 'It is the sort of thing that doctors know,'" he said.

After a moment's hesitation, he went on. "The professional is a great institution, Mr. Morton. I'm not going to ask you to tell me what it is that you are covering up, in your life. You're not my patient. You are stronger than Miss Morton, and you can endure the strain that you have imposed upon yourself. But watch out, man—we're none of us so much sturdy machinery, after all."

He turned to the hall to get his

Colds And Coughs Are Germ Diseases

Colds are easy to catch; in crowded dusty places you breathe the germs of the cold into your system—and then comes all the discomfort of a nasty cold. Save time by killing these cold germs quickly—don't let them penetrate to the deep recesses of the throat.

The promptest means of destroying the germs of a cold is to breathe the bacterio-killing vapor of CATARRHOZONE. Its wonderfully healing fumes instantly carry their soothing influence to every part of the breathing organs, and the cold goes away.

CATARRHOZONE clears the nasal passages, and makes breathing easy. It clears the head, takes that pain out of the forehead, cleanses and strengthens the tissues of the throat, and makes Colds and Catarrh disappear quickly. For positive results, use Catarrhozone today. Complete outfit contains a hard rubber inhaler. Price \$1.00.

strain the trembling, he went on. "What is it, doctor?" "She has collapsed, nervously," the physician said. "I believe my colleague told you that. Evidently she has been living for a long time under an unnatural strain. Will you excuse me, I'll briefly her experience the last year or so?"

Slowly, searching his mind for facts, Morton told how he had been brought up by his side, almost the whole of her youth, except for two or three winters when she was on a boarding school. He told how she had run away; how he had found her again; of her determination to go into a cabaret show to learn how other women managed to fascinate him; under what circumstances she had dropped this idea; of her declaration that she was useless in the world.

The specialist who had been studying him as he spoke, now brusquely interposed. "And so, my dear sir, you have contrived to wreck a very fine and beautiful organism. Mr. Morton, it is you who have got that little creature to bed there."

Morton strained forward. His eyes were wide and fixed, and deep lines had engraved themselves from the corners of his nostrils to his mouth. He was the picture of mortal agony. "But doctor," he pleaded, "I've given her everything in this world that money can buy."

"The doctor snapped his fingers. "Except a real and normal life." He stood up, and walked about the room as he proceeded. "Young and tender plants require to be left alone, to grow undisturbed in their own soil. If they are transplanted, they often die."

Morton, with his hands crossed, was gripping his own wrists so tightly that his white bands showed along the edge of the straining fingers. "The doctor went on. 'Miss Morton has not had the kind of a mother. She has had no normal companionship with other people. You did for her, according to your lights, the best you could, I suppose. But she should have had a mother's care, herself could have been the head of a woman's household. You moved her back and forth, between the two cities. She never had a chance to take root.'"

Then he paused to light a cigarette. He stood up, and walked about the room as he proceeded. "The soul, or the nervous system, or whatever you choose to call it, has tendrils, just as a climbing vine. She has been reaching out to cling to you, seeking for something to cling to. You were the nearest male—so her affection for you, on you. You tell me you repulsed her—insisted on treating her as a child."

The doctor leaned over, and tapped Morton on the shoulder. "She is not a child, nor is a woman. She wants a home. She wants a life of her own. Every one of those movements of hers—her going into that absurd chorus to come calling for the chorus girls to be a danger sign. Couldn't you see it, man?"

Morton shook his head, slowly. His fingers tightened on his wrists. "Then," said the specialist, resuming his march around the room, "you throw her into the company of older stage girls, who don't understand their lives, nor their philosophy. There is no reason why she should understand it. A rose will die when transplanted to an arid desert soil. In her endeavor to adjust herself, she simply wilted—collapsed."

He puffed reflectively at his cigarette, and from one side, eyed the stricken man who sat before him. "I will send some nurses here, to take her away—but you've been living under a great strain yourself."

He stepped over, and bent Morton's head backward, so he could look into his eyes. "You've lived under a strain for a long, long time," he continued. "I don't want you as a patient, too. I'll leave the young lady here."

Bilious Attacks Prevented And Overcome

Note the following symptoms. See if they fit your case. Are you dizzy? Does your head swim? Does everything turn dark when you rise after stooping? Are you constantly suffering from headache? Are you short of breath after going upstairs? Is your tongue coated and furred?

These symptoms give warning that your system needs a thorough cleansing—all poisons must be flushed out. The remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Marked benefit immediately follows their use. These famous pills loosen the bowels and stop constipation; they act on the liver and kidneys, make them strong and vigorous.

This ensures health and purity for the blood and consequently the whole system benefits. No other medicine tames and braces like Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they overcome biliousness, headache, dizziness, poor color, coated tongue and all diseases arising through fault of the stomach, kidneys or liver; real medicine for the whole family, sold in 25c boxes, five for \$1.00, all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Montreal.

hat and stick. Morton followed him. "The nurses will come very shortly," he said, with his hand upon the door-knob. "They will bring certain instructions, and a very little medicine." He opened the door. "But doctor," Morton pleaded. "Will she get well?" "The doctor looked straight into his eyes.

"She will not die," he said deliberately, "but whether she will get well—I cannot tell you." He passed into the hall, and shut the door. Audrey slept on, through the remainder of the afternoon and throughout the night. Once or twice, after midnight, her eyelids fluttered, and Morton sprang to her side. The nurse had tried to drive him from the room, but he had refused to go.

"Audrey, dearrest," he pleaded, "speak to me! Each time, though, the long, dark lashes closed again. Sitting in the corner of the room, his arms limp, his hands hanging loosely across his knees, he thought, and remembered, and grieved.

He still sat there, when dawn came. "You must go to bed, sir," the nurse told him. "You're not doing her any good—you're doing yourself a good deal of harm." He shook his head, and remained sitting looking at the slight figure that slumbered beneath the coverlet.

At seven o'clock, the day nurse, coming on duty, prepared some broth, and dropped it into Audrey's half-parted lips with a spoon. "The girl swallowed, naturally, but without opening her eyes, and bending over, waiting anxiously for a sign of returning consciousness. As she resumed her regular breathing, he turned away. Sorrowfully, he went out the door, into his own room.

He undressed, and bathed, and donning his pajamas, threw himself upon his own bed, but he could not sleep. Suddenly he arose, and sliding his feet into a pair of slippers, he went down stairs. The butler brought him his breakfast, but he took only a cup of coffee. He pushed the food away from him.

The servant looked with anxiety at his white drawn face. "Can't you sleep, sir?" he asked. "No," Morton said. "I think I shan't sleep—until Miss Morton wakes up."

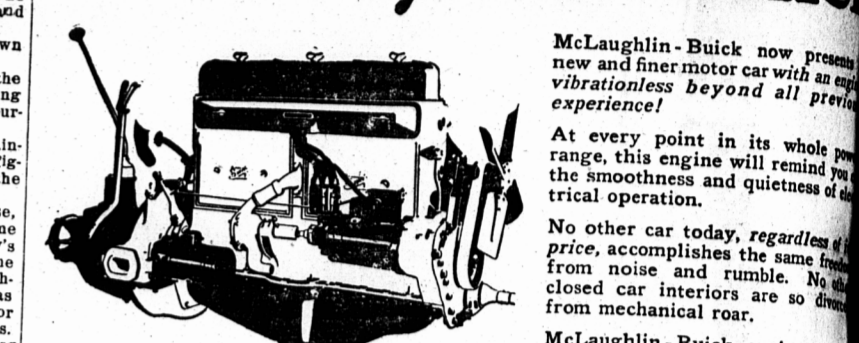
He turned and plodded up the stairs. In Audrey's room once more, he bent over the bed. "She's sleeping easily," the nurse said. "You go to bed, sir." He kissed Audrey's cheek. His throat was dry, and swollen with grief.

"To think that I did this to you, Audrey!" he said, touching his cheek against her forehead. "And I love you so, and wanted you to be happy!" The words seemed to pierce the veil that lay over the girl's consciousness. She stirred.

Morton raised himself on his hands, and stood, searching with his eyes for signs of returning consciousness. Her eyes did not open, but she was trying to speak. He bent, and lifted her face. "Daddy!" came the soft voice, like a breath. "Daddy—Mr. Parrish—Non—"

There was a long silence, while Morton strained to hear if she spoke again. Then she said: "All of us—lonely."

for the first time!  
an engine-vibrationless beyond belief



The GREATEST McLAUGHLIN-BUICK EVER BUILT

UNIVERSAL MOTORS DEALERS FOR QUEEN'S AND KING'S COUNTIES CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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McLaughlin-Buick now presents new and finer motor car with an engine vibrationless beyond all previous experience! At every point in its whole range, this engine will remind you of the smoothness and quietness of electrical operation. No other car today, regardless of price, accomplishes the same freedom from noise and rumble. No closed car interiors are so free from mechanical roar. McLaughlin-Buick engineering has achieved the result that all motor engineers have sought for years. Come in and take out one of the new 1927 McLaughlin-Buicks for your first ride in the Greatest McLaughlin-Buick Ever Built!

St. Peter's Horse Races Wednesday Sept. 1st. \$400.00 IN PURSES. Classes are as follows: Free for all Trot and Pace... 3 M Trot and Pace... Entries close August 25th. 5% must accompany each entry or it will not be accepted. National rules to govern of which this track is a member. ALBERT QUIGLEY, Secretary.

Canadian National Railways SECOND HARVEST EXCURSION AUGUST 25th FROM CHARLOTTETOWN \$24.60 (Plus War Tax) Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Edmonton, Tannock, Calgary, MacLeod and East. Plus half a cent a mile beyond to all points in SPECIAL LOW FARES RETURNING. BY REGULAR TRAINS TO MONCTON—Thence by SPECIAL TRAIN through to WINNIPEG without change. Harvesters will leave Charlottetown by regular trains August 24th, connecting at Moncton with special train leaving there August 25th. PURCHASE YOUR TICKET TO WINNIPEG VIA CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS, WHETHER OR NOT YOUR FINAL DESTINATION IN THE WEST IS A POINT ON THE CANADIAN NATIONAL. For Further Particulars Apply to, W. K. ROGERS, City Ticket Agent. L. T. RITCHIE, Ticket Agent Station. P. W. CLARKIN, District Passenger Agent. 1278-8-14, 15, 21.



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Regular shampoos with Cuticura Soap, preceded by light applications of Cuticura Ointment, do much to cleanse the scalp of dandruff and promote a healthy condition necessary to producing thick hair. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are ideal for every-day toilet uses meeting every want of the skin and scalp. Sample Book Free by Mail. Address: Canadian Branch, Cuticura, 145, Wellington St., Montreal. Cuticura Shaving Stick, 25c.