

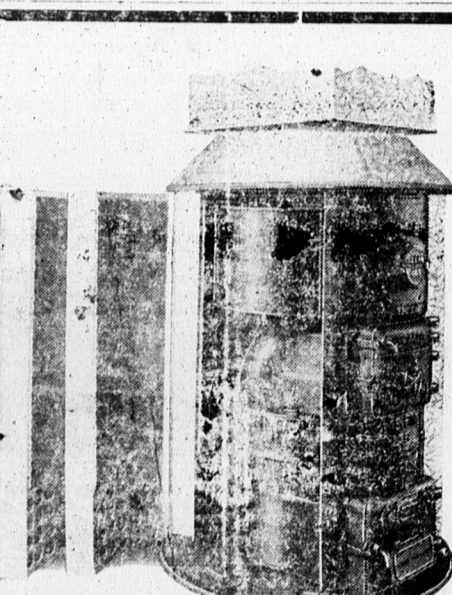


She doctored a headache — but a Corn was to blame

A corn isn't just a local pain. The tiny nerves beneath it are on the "main trunk line," linked with all the nerve centers of the system. . . . Doctors know that a tiny lump of callus on the toe—no bigger than a match-head—may make one feel mean all over. Indigestion, a headache, depressed-spirits generally, are often corn-reflexes. . . . And Blue-jay makes a corn so needless! A cushiony pad— as cool as velvet—fits over the corn, stopping the pain in five seconds. You wear this two days in blissful comfort. When you take it off, the corn retreats too, gently uprooted by the little brown disc of magico-medication within the pad. . . . So dainty, so neat, so quick and sure. Science's final answer to the pain and nuisance of corns. For health's sake, end that corn tonight.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN



Supreme PIPELESS FURNACE

This illustration will explain the interior construction of the Supreme Pipeless Furnace, two panels having been removed to show the inside.

The casing is the simplest thing in the world. There are no bolts, rivets or hooks. Anyone without mechanical skill can install it easily, in less than two hours, thus saving time and money by not having to wait and pay for services of experts. Why experiment?

The Supreme Pipeless gives full value for every dollar invested, and has the largest sale of any Pipeless in Canada.

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Leave Montreal and leave for St. John's

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THE UNHOLY THREE

Published by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Syndicate

INSTALLMENT 3

"Come in, Echo, come in," piped Tweedledee in a shrill, penetrating whisper.

The knob turned, the door opened, and another shadow glided into the room.

"I am here, Tweedledee," said a deep, sonorous voice which seemed to come from the furthest corner.

"I am here, Tweedledee," said another voice—grated, feeble, evidently wadded through the open window. "I am here, Tweedledee," said a third voice—a piping, child-like voice, evidently issuing from the chimney.

"Enough of your tricks, Echo," cried Tweedledee in irritation. "We have more serious things to do."

"Then let us have light," said the tall, thin shadow by the door. "I hate the darkness! I'm afraid of the spectres which lurk in it. It is their silence that frightens me. They only stare and stare! Their frightens me—the look in their dull eyes. So I give each a voice as I live!"

"No, no, Echo," said the dwarf. "Not now, I'll light the lamp for you. See! they're all gone, Echo—all gone!"

He had risen from his tiny chair, and had lighted the lamp on the table. Now the dull, yellow light revealed the small, untidy room:

the tiny bed in the recess; the lit shoes beside it; the writing desk; the bureau; his own miniature form; the last of all, Echo, standing on the threshold—his long, twitching fingers, his dark and brooding eyes, his nervous, trembling lips.

"See! they're gone now, Echo," the dwarf repeated. "Come in and sit down. Tell me, where is Hercules?"

"He'll soon be here, Master," said Echo, stepping forward. "Ah! the light is good! It drives them all away. But Hercules will be here in a moment, Master—good old Hercules! strong old Hercules! brave old Hercules!"

Tweedledee fixed those large, wandering eyes with his sharp, beady ones, as though he were grappling with that wildly whirling intelligence—as though he were binding it with the ropes of his sanity.

"How did he escape, Echo?" he asked, slowly. "Steady, now, steady!"

Echo's eyes lost their feverish glitter, and became riveted on the dwarf. Suddenly he began to speak, hesitating between the word like a child reciting a lesson.

"I did as you told me, Master. They left him in the tent, bound. I crept in and cut the ropes. I told him where to come. He should be here now, Listen!"

The dwarf's eyes left Echo's face. He approached the door and listened. Heavy footfalls could be heard sounding on the stairs.

"It's he!" cried Echo. "It's he! Hercules is coming at last!" And, like a child just let out of school, he began to leap about the room, to whirl around his heels with outstretched arms.

In a moment more the door was thrown open; the doorway was blocked by a huge figure; a tangled mass of hair was lowered, then lifted again; and Hercules stood before them—Hercules, bringing the cobwebs from the ceiling with his yellow locks and making the boards groan under his ponderous feet. And yet this was not the face of the giant in the circus tent—this face, with battered features and blackened eyes, with bruised forehead and swollen lips—no, this was not the same face at all. It had changed terribly; and yet this transformation was not so much in the face as behind the face, not so much in the discolored eyes as behind the eyes. Something that had been lying dormant in this man was now awake. The beast was aroused and bristling.

Perhaps Tweedledee realized something of this. As he spoke, his eyes were sparkling like pieces of jet in the sunshine. "So you came after all, Hercules?"

"Yes," answered the giant slowly. "I am ready to go with you now, Tweedledee."

"But the people will miss you," cried the dwarf. "They won't see you breaking horseshoes any more. They'll be disappointed."

Hercules lifted a huge fist to the level of his eyes. "I was swollen, and bruised to the color of an underdone beefsteak. Yes, they'll miss me," he said reflectively. "But I want to go with you, Tweedledee. I want something different than I have ever had before. Breaking horseshoes won't suit me any more. There are other things to do—other things. I can't speak my mind, but you know what I mean, Tweedledee?"

"Yes!" cried the dwarf excitedly. "I know! I know!"

"And we will go," said Echo. "We will go out into the world together—Hercules, Tweedledee and I. What times we shall have together—what times!"

"Ssh!" said the dwarf. "Steady, now, Echo, steady! There's one thing we must do before we go. What we owe, we must pay. I have sworn, if He who strikes one, strikes all three of us."

"Yes, yes! So it is in the Bible," muttered Echo.

Hercules nodded assent, and clenched his hands till his knuckles cracked. "Well, Tweedledee—"

"Well, Hercules," continued the dwarf lowering his voice, "the Human Skeleton is an enemy of mine. He exasperates me. He likes to irritate me. He—"

"Yes, Tweedledee," muttered Hercules and Echo in a breath. "He is also an enemy of yours, Hercules!"

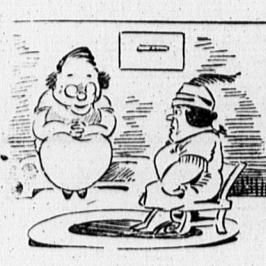
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Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

SMILES



"Bobbed tresses will never be a permanent style."
"No?"
"No—not as long as the lady on the dollar wears long hair."



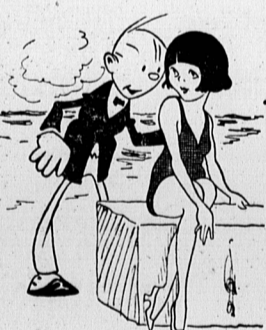
Ethel Rich: We took different ages in furnishing our home.
Woody Swelle: Yes, it took us to furnish our house, too.



"I only always embrace an opportunity?"
"No—only when it is in good form."



Bug Citizen: There's that cop asleep on his beat again!



"The others always 'put up a poor mouth'."

brain had stolen out on a tide of alcohol. "These others are his friends bringing him home," they would think. And then perhaps your interest would die out, and you would hurry on.

IMPORTANT To All Men and Women Voters

All former voters lists have been disregarded and no one can vote unless he or she registers again. Registration offices will open at 9 a.m. on Thursday 24th and will remain open (Lunch hours excepted) till 9 at night. They will be open for six days only. Conservative voters are requested to be sure and register themselves and take their friends with them. Wards, 1, 2 and 3 will register at the Riley Building (Opposite Prowse Bros.) Queen St.; Ward 4 at W. P. Doull's store, Cor. Queen and Kent Streets; Ward 5 West at the Bourke-Windsor Gargage and Ward 5 East at the Arena Rink.

Nurse Stacey's Suggestions to Middle Aged Women



A MOST trying period of a woman's life is that of middle age, fraught with danger to some extent, and invariably with most annoying symptoms, such as hot flashes, smothering spells, nervous troubles, irregularities and fainting spells. When a woman like Nurse Stacey after many years of caring for the sick writes a letter of praise for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound like the following, it should influence other women who are passing through the Change of Life to try it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a root and herb medicine especially adapted to act upon the feminine system. It helps nature to build up the weakened, nervous system, and enables women to pass this trying period with the least possible annoying symptoms.

Nurse Stacey's Letter Follows:
Collinsville, Illinois.—"I could almost write a book in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In the first place my husband induced me to try it and I have continued taking it off and on for years. I have become a well woman from its use and am now taking it through the Change of Life just to be on the safe side. I first took it for backache and a weak condition of the whole system and I think it saved my life and my baby. She is now a mother and takes it herself and I think I can count as high as a hundred women I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to, as I am a practical nurse. In my letter in any way you see it for I will stand by what I write."—Mrs. H. STACEY, Collinsville, Ill.

Another Woman's Similar Experience
Ingomar, N. S.—"I took your medicine for a run-down condition and inward troubles. I had pains in my right side so bad at times that I could not walk any distance. I saw about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and have taken five bottles of it. I am better in every way and you can use my letter to help other women."—Mrs. ALYXIA M. PEAR, Ingomar, Nova Scotia.

Take Mrs. Stacey's advice and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

STATISTICS
compiled from the records of over 30,000 patients at the Palmer School of Chiropractic prove that CHIROPRACTIC gets results where disease attacks the tissues of the human body. Follows are a few of the more common diseases that have readily responded to adjustments—Anemia, Asthma, Appendicitis, (acute), Bad Weather, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Colds, Constipation, Coughs, Deafness, Diabetes, Dislocation of Joints, Eczema, Epilepsy, Gall Stones, Fevers, Gout, Heart Diseases, High Blood Pressure, Headaches, Infantile Paralysis, Influenza, Insanity, Jaundice, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuritis, Obesity, Paralysis, Piles, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Stomach Disorders, Strains, Sciatica, Spinal Curvature, Tonsillitis, Tuberculosis, Worms and Wry Neck. The question may arise—Why? How? Ask your Chiropractor for an explanation.

W. R. CARSON, D. C., Ph. C. Three Year Palmer Graduate Office Hours—9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 8 Mon, Wed, Fri. Riley Building, Opposite Prowse's.

MAMMOTH AUCTION SALE

REGISTERED HOLSTEIN CATTLE
I will sell on my premises at Tyne Valley on Tuesday, September 29th at 1 P. M.
9 Milch Cows, 5 Heifers 16 months old, due to freshen spring of 1926. 6 Heifer Calves 4 to 10 months old. 2 Heifer Calves 6 months old, 3 males, 1 to 15 months old, these young cattle are from high testing cows, such as Minute Vale of Victoria 2102 official record, 15,784 lbs. milk, 561 lbs. fat. Princess Inferno Dekol 2nd 47,310, 10,532 lbs. milk 359 lbs. fat test 305 days, 3 1/2 years. Lady Ruby Dekol 35,542 record 2,607 lbs. milk, 302 lbs. fat, 305 days test at 3 years old. Princess Vicok Dekol 85,018 record 12,318 lbs. milk 318 lbs. fat, 305 day test, age 3 years. The sire of most these young cattle is St. Elmo Baron Pontiac No. 39013.
I will also sell: 5 Alaska patch female foxes, 2 patch male foxes and 2 silver black female foxes one of these has produced 23 pups in 4 years, 11 silver and 12 patches. Reason for selling over stocked and short of help.
Terms 12 months on approved joint note, discount for cash. If day stormy one day following.
WILLIAM H. ELLIS Tyne Valley W. H. DENNIS Auctioneer 5064-9-22-twt.

Complete in itself. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fall to do its work.

GUESTS AT SHAW'S HOTEL FOR JULY AND AUGUST

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Longworth, Miss Rose Longworth, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Crease, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Wyman, Master Peter Wyman, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dobbs, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stroutman, Miss Esther Stroutman, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. N. Wiggins, Master Douglas Wiggins, Montreal; Mrs. E. P. Dove, Miss Dove, Toronto; Mrs. J. H. Grisdale, Simpson Grisdale, Carleton Place; Miss Helen Grisdale, Ottawa; Manson Sloan, Sloan, Frank Sloan, Barbara Sloan, Mrs. Charles Hay, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Marven, Murray Marven, Avar Marven, Moncton; Miss Murray, St. John; Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Toronto; Major G. Lanctot, Madame G. Lanctot, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Gunn, Moncton; Mrs. J. G. Hume, Toronto; Mrs. A. M. Robinson, Mary Robinson, Toronto; Miss Margaret Young, Miss M. L. Wallace, Miss

FOR SALE

The homestead farm of the late Bernard E. Croker, situated at hundred and ten acres mostly cleared and in good state of cultivation. This valuable property is conveniently situated being only two and one half miles from Emerald Norboro consisting of about one and five miles from Kensington. If not sold by private sale before Tuesday the 29th of September next it will be sold by Public Auction on the Premises on that date at the hour of twelve o'clock noon. For further particulars apply at the office of MacDonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown, 4903-9-14mwt71.

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