SMILES

NOT IF A LONG WAY OFF

The Bore: Do you ladies mind if I follow along?

Ladies (in duet): Not if you follow a long way off.

A HARD WAY

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

"Yes; it's a way that has so many fork pints in it you see."

NIGHT O' JUNE

She (lazily): Have you noticed how irregularly the lightning-bugs fly? They all seem to be drunk.

He: Well, you can see they're lit

THE BIGGEST BARGAIN

"How do you like my beautiful new shoes? I got them actually at half price."

"They're the biggest bargain I've ever seen.

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

Bobby Fish: Ma, may I have a cake?

Mama Fish: What kind of cake do you want?

Bobby Fish: Why a fish-cake, ma!

ABOUT RIGHT TOO

"Say Joe, ain't that guy a nut going down there?"

"Sh-h-h-h, not so loud, Bill. He's the composer of some of our latest jazz songs."

HEARTS AFIRE

By Mae Christie

(Continued)

Peter Armstrong strode through the woods in a short cut to Pear-Tree Cottage.

The afternoon was amazingly hot, and he was in a disappointed frame of mind, for his quest for a certain chemical assential to an experiment he wished to conduct to-day, had proved fruitless.

That meant a trip to town to-morrow, and he hated London.

He could telegraph, of course, but manufacturers were so stupid that they'd probably misunderstand his order, and he'd better go himself.

Infernal nuisance!

All the more so as he'd planned to call on Miss Prudence Page to-morrow.

He couldn't call on her to-day because that thesis for the Scientific News must be finished and mailed to-night.

He drew his watch out. Nearly five o'clock. The last post went at half-past eight.

He knew he wasn't in a writing mood.

Queer how his peace of mind had been assailed, of late.

When he came to this tiny haven—Pear-Tree Cottage—little did he imagine it would be in any woman's power to stir his heart again.

Five years ago, his one and only love-affair had ended with a smash. The girl had valued money higher than hearts, and ruthlessly had thrown him over.

He had been badly hit. Forsworn all women, for the future. His idealism, he told himself, had gone for good.

And now....?

Odd how the sweetness and simple beauty of the little lady of Green Gables had touched him! She was just a girl....a child! Somehow she called forth all his chivalry, his protective instincts.

When he saw her at Wyndham Towers, for instance, among all the preening peacocks, he wanted to carry her off to safety, away from the sound of their raucous laughter and their cackling tongues.

A white butterfly flickered across his path as he emerged from the woods. Before him, the heated air quivered above the meadow grass. Extraordinarily warm for this time of the year, wasn't it? He wouldn't be a bit surprised if there were thunder, later.

Arrived at Pear-Tree Cottage, he went into his laboratory to write.

Such a struggle to collect his thoughts! Prudence....the white butterfly....the sound of the wood-wren trilling joyously in the high beeches....they were all jumbled together in his thoughts.

Prudence....and beauty! Everything in nature that was lovely he connected with that pretty maid.

Such a contrast to those women at the Towers!

Why did her mother let her visit there, a dove among the peacocks? Didn't Prudence realize how ready they all were—these less attractive women—to tear her to pieces?

But no....she was too innocent, too good, to understand lesser natures.

And—here his heart gave an odd little stab—she trusted that unreliable, shallow puppy of a Traymore, although his character was patent to the world!

"I brought your tea, sir," mumbled old Nannie at the door of the laboratory, tray in hand.

Peter looked up from his papers, absently.

"Oh yes. Very good of you, I'm sure." he rose at once and took the tray from her, as though she'd been a duchess.

Old Nannie, in her queer way, adored him.

"I'll lay your supper, before I go, sir. In the sitting-room."

"Thank you. I shan't want anything till after half-past eight."

The old woman stood, hesitating, a hand on the door-knob.

Should she—or should she not—tell him of 'that hussy's' advent?

She had taken Virginia's half-crown, it is true, but, according to her code of ethics, it involved no special loyalty to the designing creature.

Her master went on scribbling his untouched tea beside him.

Yes, he'd be heaps better with a wife to look after him, thought the old woman, but never one like that there Miss Virginia Dale, or whatever high-flown name she called herself. She was no good, not she. Hadn't the third housemaid at the Towers— who was Nannie's granddaughter, and even though a bit flighty like all young gals were nowadays, had good common sense—hadn't Minnie told her grandma that Miss Dale was no real lady, despite her airs?

And it was plain to see, the way she chased young Mr. Armstrong, and he so unsuspecting....

He looked up now, smiling abstractedly at her.

"Well, what is it, Nannie? Anything you want to say?"

"Nothing, sir, except that this morning a lady called to see you. I told her as I didn't know rightly when you'd be back."

"Who was she?"

For a foolish moment he hoped it might be Prudence!

"The young lady from the Towers, sir. The one with the grand clothes and the perfume."

Disapproval was in every line of the old, nut-cracker face. Peter could scarcely keep a smile back.

"That's all right, Nannie. You needn't wait." He nodded her away. "And I'm not at home to any callers, please."

The visitor had been Virginia Dale, without a doubt. Odd how the girl sought out his company!

Then he forgot the incident in complete immersion in his task.

It was after eight when he had finished, and he just caught the last mail at the local post office, dropping his bulky envelope in the box.

He took a long walk after that, and it was almost half-past nine before he returned to his abode.

A light was burning in the sitting-room. The shade was drawn.

Now that seemed queer, as old Nannie never stayed later than eight o'clock.

Peter let himself in by latch-key, and—to his amazement—heard a woman's voice gaily greet him with a:

"Welcome, Peter!"

* * *

"To what," said Peter Armstrong coolly, one hand on the door-knob of the little sitting-room of Pear-Tree Cottage, and a flash of steel in his usually calm eyes. "To what am I indebted for the unexpected pleasure of this visit?"

The fact that Virginia Dale—her beauty enhanced by candlelight—was at her loveliest at that moment, and that most men would have found her irresistible, weighed with him not one jot.

He despised her for the huntress that she was, and some of the scorn showed clearly on his clean-cut, manly face.

Virginia, who had risen to her feet at the head of the little table she herself had arranged so artistically for their supper, tete-a-tete, contrived to keep the coy smile on her lips, although uncomfortable qualms assailed her.

"I came to keep you company, you hermit!" She titlted up her head provocatively. "And I'm beginning to think you're not exactly pleased to see me!" The titter which followed this challenging remark as good as stated that it was madness to doubt for a moment that all men MUST be pleased to see her!

But Peter's stern face did not relax a jot.

"Might I inquire how you got in?"

"Through the back-door."

"A-ah!" He drew the monosyllable out, significantly, and his unexpected visitor flushed at his intonation.

"You aren't very cordial, I must say." She tossed her head. "And I brought you such a lovely supper. Caviare—I've made the toast, you see—and paté de foie grass sandwiches, and cold salmon I wrangled from the cook, and a bottle of '98 claret——"

Peter's lip curled.

"If on charitable mission, why not take the food to a more deserving cause? As for myself, it's wasted on me. I like plain fare, and Nannie has already prepared my supper."

Virginia very nearly lost her temper. But, struggling for dignity, she contrived to say:

"I'm sorry if I've intruded where I'm so obviously not wanted, and that my little 'surprise party' has failed. I'll go at once." Then, with a sudden brain-wave, and realizing that coyness as a weapon with this man had for ever failed, she added:

"I only came because I wanted your advice on an important matter. I'd never have come for myself. It's for some one else, who's in great trouble. You know the Page girl who lives at Green Gables?"

Ah! that shot went home. A quick concern, a vivid interest, replaced the cool scorn in his eyes.

"Nothing happened to her?" For the life of him, he couldn't keep the eagerness out of his voice. "You said she was in trouble?"

"Yes. Will your majesty condescend to sit down at the table, as I'm hungry? I'll tell you all about it, then."

Peter seated himself reluctantly. The whole proceedings were highly unconventional, but he must get at the bottom of her cryptic utterances anent the one girl in the world who mattered.

"You can give me a cup of tea, please. I don't want anything else."

Virginia saw his perturbation, and she remembered Mrs. Vansittart's word of warning. She must tread warily here.

"Of course you understand that I don't in the least believe her guilty,' she began, assuming a timid, depreciatory manner quite foreign to her usual self-assurance. "But the whole affair was most unfortunate. And then, on the top of it, her running away from home——"

"Great heavens! What do you mean?" Peter half rose to her feet. "Speak out, can't you?"

So Virginia, immensely chagrined over this proof of his deep interest in the 'Page chit,' told her tale —and told it cleverly. She was 'frightfully sorry' for the girl. They were all 'down' on her, and of course circumstances did look rather odd....but she —Virginia— had stood by Prudence Page, and always would. Etc. and etc.

"And between you all, you've driven the child—that innocent child—out of her home?" half shouted Peter, not caring in the slightest what Virginia thought of him.

"Not I, Peter dear." Virginia took advantage of his agitation to lean over and clasp his hand in her own perfumed, highly-manicured fingers.

With a wary eye on the fleeting moments, she kept him on the subject of Prudence's downfall.

"She'll be home to-morrow, sure as sure." She tried to reassure her vis-a-vis.

It was nearly half-past ten o'clock when Peter—seeing the time—said hurriedly:

"I say, you'll have to go, or all the tongues in the neighbourhood will be wagging! I—I appreciate your coming, now that I know your motive"—he got that out somehow, and he meant it, too—"I'm going to do what I can to help the Pages find their daughter, and—and clear her—though of course it's absurd to think—to suspect—"

Just then, there was a flash of lightning, and a terrific peal of thunder shook the frail old cottage. Virginia, who hated storms and whom thunder and lightning prostrated, screamed, and hid her face.

"Oh! Oh! We'll be killed! We'll be killed!"

"It's all right," Peter reassured his shaking guest. He was worried that he couldn't get her away at once, for fear of Mrs. Grundy—but he couldn't turn her out into the storm, aspecially as the rain was coming down in bucketfuls. "It will pass very soon."

It didn't pass, however. It grew worse. It seemed as though the very heavens had opened.

Virginia's fears were not assumed. She clung to Peter as though he were her one hope of safety, begging him not to leave her for an instant, forcing him to promise she could stay until the storm had ended.

After nearly an hour had passed, and the thunder and lightning and rain showed no signs of abating, he offered to run to another house and telephone Mrs. Vansittart, to assure her of Virginia's safety.

At that, even in the midst of her terror, a sly, calculating look showed for a moment in Virginia's eyes, had Peter only seen it.

"I'm often as late as this. Don't leave me. I couldn't bear to be here, all by myself....I couldn't."

She clung to him, and he could see her bosom rise and fall in uncontrollable agitation.

"Mrs. Grundy must be ignored, then.' He tried to reassure her, but he felt uncomfortable, and cursed this inconvenient storm that detained her in his cottage to this hour.

Time passed. The storm did not abate, but only seemed to grow the fiercer. A tree was struck by lightning in a neighbouring field, and once Peter thought the cottage itself had been hit, it rocked so drunkenly.

To make matters worse, Virginia herself collapsed, and lay moaning on the sofa, clinging for dear life to his arm.

It was after three a. m. before a lull came, and he contrived to get her back to Wyndham Towers.

WOMAN COULD HARDLY WALK

Mrs. Horn Tells how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health

Hamilton,Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and would not be without it now. I had a female trouble so badly I could hardly walk and I was all run-down and could hardly get around to do my housework. I would be in bed three or four days at a time. I was told by a friend to try your Vegetable Compound. I did, and by the time I took two bottles I was beginning to get around again. I took ten bottles in all, and now I am all right again and doing my own work. I have six grown-ups to work for, so I have plenty to do. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash, and I think it is good. But I owe my health to the Vegetable Compound, and I think if more of it was used women would be better off. I would not be without it if it cost much more."—Mrs. NELLIE JAMESON, 805 East Cannon Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

Do you feel broken down, nervous and weak sometimes? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is excellent to take at such a time. It always helps, and if taken regularly and persistently, will relieve this condition.

P. R. A.

The Annual Prize Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Rifle Association takes place at Kensington Range, Charlottetown, 2nd, 3rd and 4th August 1927, Commencing at 8.30 A. M.

Make your entries early with the Secretary.

Programme mailed on request.

H. M. DAVISON, Lt. Col. V.D.R.O. President.

CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut.Col. V.D.R.O. Secretary-Treasurer.

8018-7-21tf.

John Smith And His Car

By FREDERICK C. RUSSELL

John Smith is a character whom every motorist should welcome. He is not selfish, rather he is a motoring martyr, a chap willing and glad to have exploited, in an interesting way, his experiences for the the benefit of the other twenty

Carburetor Fright

"Don't touch that," Smith cautioned as I was about to make an adjustment to his car in an effort to make it run better. "That's the carburetor!"

It's the usual attitude toward carburetors. Most car owners have what might be called "carburetor fright," and it's unfortunate because it means that many good opportunities to improve the running of the engine are overlooked.

"Your carburetor is a comparatively simple thing," I reminded him. "Manufacturers started to warn car owners not to monkey with it because the device is so handy and the adjustments so simple that they knew most people would abuse the convenience. The timing of an engine is a much more complicated process, but no warnings have been found necessary in that case for the very obvious reason that but few car owners get into such deep work. If for any reason they do, the chances are that they know what they are doing and won't make obvious mistakes.

"The average car owner soon discovers that if he turns one of the curburetor adjustment knobs a little to the right, let us say, the machine will climb hills to better advantage or start easier. This spurs him on to a variety of experiments which, like as not, lead to trouble. So the manufacturers say 'Hands off!'

"It's a different story when you know what you're doing and keep emphatically in mind that a carburetor is a delicate instrument so far as results go. There is, however, little that you can do to it to harm it. It's fairly strong in the sense of endurance. You can get it all out of whack so far as results go and still be able to make is as good as new in less time than it takes to tell it."

"Looks like a carburetor is no better than the man who monkeys with it," Smith commented. And that was precisely the situation.

I called his attention to the fact that before raising the hood or making any attempt to do anything to the carburetor I had warmed up the engine by running it awhile. This always is advisable. Not that it is impossible to make an adjustment when the engine is cold or stock still, but simply that if one goes wrong in adjusting while the engine is hot it is far easier to correct the mistake.

If the engine is cold, there is the problem of getting it started and warming it up if the carburetor mixture is wrong. Choking further complicates the situation. All in all, the owner may make a bad muddle of it and perhaps set fire to the car if the carburetor floods with gas and there is backfire.

When the engine is hot it will run on an excessively rich mixture and also on an excessively lean ooe. This helps because it obviates constant stalling, or refusal to start again after having stalled.

"The big trouble with your present adjustment is that there isn't a smooth blend between the idling and the high speed mixures," I explained to him. "This gives you that noticeable 'break' in the performance of the engine at car speeds between fifteen and twenty miles an hour, sometimes in a slightly lower range and sometimes in a slightly higher one. Your car may idle well enough and when you are travelling at normal speeds it may have both power and gas economy, but still it isn't right.

"The first thing to do is to try leaning out the idling mixture. This usually is too rich. So long as the engine doesn't stall we are safe in going pretty near the limit. And there should be a steady hiss through the carburetor as the engine idles."

This merely was a matter of turning the idling screw control to the left as the instruction book indicated. Then we jumped into the car and tried it out. I reminded him that an actual trial should follow every detail of adjustment.

The "break" in the performance disappeared immediately, which surprised Smith because I had made a very minor adjustment.

"That's characteristic of a carburetor," I explained. "Sometimes the biggest results are obtained with the least alteration in the adjustment. Evidently with the idling mixture a little too rich there was an excessively heavy mixture just at the point where the high speed jet came into action and where the idling was supposed to fade out. Too rich a mixture causes loggy action which at speeds between fifteen and twenty results in a bucking through the engine and drive line.

"I know one car owner who has overcome carburetor fright to a point where before starting the car in the morning he raises the hood and gives the high speed adjustment a twist toward the rich side. That insures him a good start with less resorting to the choke. Then when the engine has warmed up sufficiently he steps out and sets the adjustment back to normal again. He avoids mistakes by counting the number of notches turned.

"I would not recommend this in the case of a carburetor where there is an adjustable needle valve, which suggests the importance of making your rules fit your car. Such a process would result in unnecessary wear on the valve. Constant readjustment of air valves, however, seems to carry no penalties if the work is done intelligently."

Any motorist who is afraid of his carburetor that he refuses to study it admits that he is afraid of himself. That is bad business. Sometime, in travelling especially, a distinct change in atmosphere may necessitate an immediate switch in carburetor adjustment. A little previous practice comes in handy at such crucial moments.

CORNS

Instant Relief

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop all pain quicker than any other known method. Takes but a minute to quiet the worst corn. Healing starts at once. When the corn is gone it never comes back. If new shoes make the spot "touchy" again, a Zino-pad stops it instantly. That's because Zino-pads *remove the cause*—pressing and rubbing of shoes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are medicated, antiseptic, protective. At all druggist's and shoe dealer's—35c.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Tomorrow's Radio Program

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2

International Radio Programs

CONCERTS

12.35 P. M.
CFCF (411) Montreal. Concert.
3.45 P. M.
WOO (508) Phila. Grand Organ.
6.00 P. M.
KDKA (316) Pittsburg. Sacred Songs.
KMA (270) Shenandoah. Flower Trio.
6.30 P. M.
WSAI (361) Cinci. Sacred Chimes
7.00 P. M.
WLIB (360) Chicago. Ensemble.
WIP (508) Phila. Trio Recital.
7.30 P. M.
CNRA (322) Moncton. Ensemble.
WGR (303) Buffalo. From WEAF.
8.00 P. M.
WEAF (492) N. Y. Everready Hour, to WEAP, WEEI, WJAR, WGR, WFI, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WMJ, WSAI, WGN, KSD, WOC, WCCO, WGY, WSB, WMC.
WJZ (454) N. Y. Concert to WJZ, KDKA, KYW, WBAL, WJR.
WGN (306) Chicago. Everready Hour.
WIP (508) Phila. Troubadours.
8.45 P. M.
WLW (428) Cinci. Duett.
9.00 P. M.
WSAI (361) Cinci. Melody Maids.
WJZ (454) N. Y. Moonlight Sextet.
9.30 P. M.
WFAA (500) Dallas. Ensemble.
WEAF (491) N. Y. The Cavalcade to WEAF, WGR, WFI, WRC, WCSH, WTAM, WWJ, KSD, WGY, WSAI, WDAF.

SPORTS—TALKS

3.35 P. M.
WBBR (256) N. Y. Beyond the Grave.
5.55 P. M.
KDKA (316) Pitts. Baseball.
6.45 P. M.
WEAF (492) N. Y. Sawdust Trial.
8.00 P. M.
WABC (326) N. Y. "The Philosophers," Caught in Cow Hollow.
WAMD (225) Mpls. St. Paul. Hip-Hap-Hop Hr.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS

9.00 P. M.
WLW (428) Cincinnati. Formica.
10.00 P. M.
WJZ (454) New York. Hotel Penn.
10.30 P. M.
CFCF (411) Montreal. Denny's.
11.00 P. M.
WHK (265) Cleveland. Crystal.

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The "New" Sharples "Marvel" Cream Separator

No. 12	275 lbs.	$43.50
No. 13	375 lbs.	54.75
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Egg, Olive and Nut Sandwiches

Six hard boiled eggs, 1-2 cup chopped nuts, 6 ripe olives, 1-2 cup raw mayonaise. Chop eggs, olives and nuts very fine. Mix well with the mayonaise. Spread thinly sliced bread with butter. Spread one slice with the filling and place on the other side a lettuce leaf. Press both slices of bread together, trim edges and cut in fancy shapes.

Valuable Property for Sale

Fourteen room semi-bungalow, almost new, with furnace and all modern conveniences, No. 49 Oriebar Street, also lot 50 x 150 feet and double garage.

If not sold by private sale before August 2nd, will be sold by public auction on that date at 12 o'clock noon.

Terms at sale.

Frank H. Roper
'Phone 308-L.

J. A. MacDonald,
Auctioneer.

Grand Celebratio n and Picnic

At St. James Parish

EGMONT BAY ON AUGUST 10th, 1927

An excursion of French Canadians organized by "Le Devoi," will visit the Parish on that date and to commemorate the event, there will be a reception of the excurtionists, speeches, a parade and a well organized picnic to accommodate the public who are cordially invited.

Please do not forget the date.

By Order of Committee.

C. M. ARSENAULT, Secretary.

MONTAGUE HORSE RACES

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10TH, 1927

$900.00 Dollars In Purses

The following are the classes:

2.17 TROT AND PACE, PURSE $300.00
2.20 TROT PURSE $300.00
2.27 TROT AND PACE, PURSE $300.00

CONDITIONS:—Entry fee of 5% must accompany each entry. Entries close Saturday, July 30th. Purses divided 50, 25 and 15. 5% additional charge to money winners. The management reserve the right to reject any entry or to change the class should circumstances warrant, otherwise national rules to govern. A large field of the best race performers in the Province is assured and the races will excell, if not surpass, the high standard always maintained at Montague. Excellent arrangements are being made to cater to the enormous crowd with well stocked meal tables. Special Attractions, dancing, band music, side shows and attractions in front of the grandstand. A boxing contest will be held in the new skating rink under the sanction of the M. P. B. A. A. U. of C., in the evening.

Remember the date. Arrange to meet your friends at Montague races Wednesday, August 10th, 1927. Admission adults 50c, children 25c.

J. A. McINTYRE
Secretary

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