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**SMILES**




**TOO SWEET FOR WORDS**

"She's too sweet for words."  
"Yes, positively dumb."



**WOULDN'T STEAL**

Housewife: If I can't pinch a piece of meat I won't buy it. Another (and a mean one): Well, I prefer to keep out of jail.



**AN AIRESDALE, OF COURSE**

"That aviator always carries his dog with him in his plane."  
"What kind of a dog is it?"  
"An airdale, of course."



**VERY SIMILAR**

Mouse Motorist: Well look at the lovely balloon tires, and so cheap, too!



**VERY SIMILAR**

A thumb button on the handle of a new square for woodworkers locks the blade in any of the five operating positions.

**Women's Danger**

Of offending under the oldest hygienic handicap now ended. New way provides true protection—discards like tissue

WITH the old-time "sanitary pad" women realize their constant danger of offense, plus the embarrassment of disposal. And thus spend unhappy days.

"KOTEX," a new and remarkable way, is now used by 8 in 10 better class women.

It's five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads!

You dine, dance, motor for hours in sheerest frocks without a second's doubt or fear. It deodorizes, too. And thus stops ALL danger of offending.

Discards as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrassment.

You ask for it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "KOTEX."

Do as millions are doing. End old, insecure ways. Enjoy life every day. Package of twelve costs only a few cents.

**KOTEX**  
No laundry—discard like tissue

**MISS NOBODY.**

By TIFFANY WELLS

Published by Arrangement With First National Pictures, Inc.

(Continued)

"And you suppose right," said Bravo. "If the foot had any brains they would have discovered that long ago. And let me warn you, my young romantic friend, not to be a feminist in pants. Some day you will find yourself paying off the taxi driver, while the guy who chucked her under the chin is kissing the girl good-night."

"You, no doubt," jeered Barbara, "are a chin chucker."

"I am," grandly corrected Bravo, "a cigar smoker."

"Not," he added, "that I can't do my chucking on occasions—when the chin is dimpled—or the tobacco is dry."

Barbara closed her ears and, dejected, let the monologist talk on. A dozen times in the course of the dinner he had forcibly established conversational subjects to remember from topic A. But the ladies had come back like lost cats.

She toyed disconsolately with the twin to Bravo's cigar and blew a martyr's mouthful. She grew aware of a glint in the monologist's eyes absent and followed his gaze.

A woman was dining alone at a nearby table. She smiled over a coffee cup. And the smile was an engraved invitation.

"With R. S. V. P. in her eyes," thought Bravo, "judgingly she admitted that the woman was passable."

"A full and rounded creation," observed Bravo. "A siren born, your man, if you get what I mean. Eh?"

"Oh, all right for a hick, Jason," said Barbara.

"What makes you so hard-boiled about the ladies?" he asked.

"They bore me," she said. He laughed. She leaned forward intently. "You think I know nothing about the ladies?"

"Well, suppose I told you that I lived with a woman once for years?"

"I'd say you're mighty precocious," he retorted. "Was she pretty?" he asked.

"She was a whole lot prettier than this one, that you can't keep your eyes off," said Barbara warningly.

"You must tell me about it some time, you little rascal," he said absently. Her heart sank. She knew the symptoms. She tried to master rage and sorrow.

How could she be jealous of this table dote hussy who so brazenly charmed him? The flirt was merely exercising her birthright. And Barbara had sold hers.

The siren rose and undulated out, with a flash of her teeth for Bravo. "I wonder if you could find some way to amuse yourself for the next two hours," she said suddenly. "I can, assuredly," she said. "As a matter of fact, I've got a date."

"What? When did you make a date?"

"A second ago," she said boldly. "Didn't you see her smile at me?" He burst into laughter.

"You little egotist! Smile at YOU? Don't be silly. She's old enough to be your mother. The lady smiled at me."

"It seems to me," she snapped, "that it's you who's the egotist. Suppose she did smile at you? What does that signify?"

"That," said Bravo, "signifies that I'm going to loaf out on the porch—the moon, my lad, being in the goofy and strike up what I trust may become an ardent friendship with a bewitcher."

"And leave me here—"

"To pay the check," he finished blandly. He tossed a greenback on the table. "You can tell the waiter to keep the change."

She made no attempt. She grinned—a crooked grin.

"Have another cigar?" she piped. He looked down at her with laugh in his eyes.

"No, thanks," he drawled. "The tobacco is dry."

He left her and strolled out, with not so much as one backward glance.

Disconsolate she sat alone. The waiter came and she paid the check. She walked out on the porch. They were together at one end of the long veranda. She heard Bravo's voice:

"Yes, Miss Raleigh, I've been to Nice often. A city of colored shadows—"

It hadn't taken him long. She approached and affected agreeable surprise.

"Oh, hello Bravo!" she chirped. He returned a vicious look. "Hello," he said shortly. Barbara calmly sat down on the porch railing.

"A lovely evening," she observed. "A night made for—"

"Romance," giggled Miss Raleigh. "Mr. Kohler has just telling me about Nice. Mr. Kohler has traveled all over the world, he tells me."

"Well, I've traveled quite a bit, myself," smiled Barbara.

Bravo growled in her ear: "Travel now, you damned butterfly! She ignored him severely.

"Won't you introduce me to your charming friend?" asked Barbara sweetly. The charming friend giggled. "I know it's rather unconventional—"

"One can't be conventional with a moon like this," giggled Miss Raleigh. "Do introduce your friend, Mr. Kohler."

"Miss Raleigh, Mr. Brown," said Bravo with poor grace. "And I can assure you that at the moment, my friend is distinctly a blot on an otherwise perfect night-scapes."

"Platter!" murmured Miss Raleigh. "Yes?" she smiled vaguely. "And what business are you in?"

"I'm a motion picture actor," said Bravo calmly. She winced as when one walks about. The ribbon

the win. "You remind me so much of Nita Naldi."

"Oh, do you know her?"

"I haven't seen her once."

"To what picture?"

"Love Will Find a Way," said Barbara.

Bravo spat.

"And you think I look like Nita Naldi?" breathed Miss Raleigh. "That's most remarkable. All my friends tell me the same thing. I've some photographs in my room, taken in Spanish costume. I really do think, in the photos, there is a resemblance."

"I'd love to see them," cooed Barbara.

The lady left and Bravo raged: "Why didn't you run off and see a movie or something? You've got an awful gall, horning in like that."

"We're partners, aren't we?" she demanded.

"Sure. But not when it comes to women. I am not a chucker. Why don't you run around town and get somebody your own size?"

"I like this one," she insisted stubbornly. She felt in her pocket and drew out her lucky dime. "Are you a good sport?"

"It has been on both sides," he accused, his humor restored by her impertinence.

"Come on," dared Barbara. "Heads!" called Bravo. They bent and looked.

"You lose," said Barbara. "Now on my solemn—and see a movie." She was alone by the time Miss Raleigh returned with her album.

"Here it is." She turned the pages. "Now this picture—"

Barbara interrupted.

"There's a little square down the avenue bit," she noted. "I noticed it as I strolled by earlier this evening. In the dusk it looked like a corner of the old park at Fontainebleau. Let's go there and see your pictures by the moonlight."

Barbara took Miss Raleigh's arm and guided her on to the grave.

The amateur lady killer thought back to her single experience with Mazie of Newburgh. An entirely different specimen, she warned herself. She wondered how she might handle this one. She pondered the various means she had heard discussed among the hoboes on the freight train.

Mr. Booth had been most nearly right. She considered his counsel.

"Woman is moody. Fit you to her mood, and she's yours."

One guess, the flirtations mood? "Would you have minded," asked Barbara, "if when you came down from your room, you had found me gone, and my friend waiting for you?"

Miss Raleigh tittered: "I don't know what you mean."

"Well, I mean this," said Barbara with Byronic melancholy. "Would you rather have me here, to look at your album, than him?"

"I think you're a sweet boy," said Miss Raleigh. "There's something different about you. I noticed it the moment you entered the dining room. Of course I noticed Mr. Kohler, too. Who wouldn't. But when I smiled it was for you."

Barbara heartily wished that Bravo might have been present to hear.

They were in the park. They found a secluded bench and sat. Miss Raleigh opened the album and began to confess her photographic past.

"I wonder what her mood is?" thought Barbara.

She acted on swift impulse. She leaned over and planted a kiss on the charmer's neck.

Miss Raleigh, when Barbara had done, started away in surprise.

"Mr. Brown!"

"I—Bob," said Barbara calmly.

"What made you do that?"

Barbara pointed to the picture. "Carmen wouldn't have asked that," she reproved. "Carmen

**TREE-TOP STORIES**

**STONES AND DIAMONDS**

JOHNNY was throwing stones. Bam! went one stone far across the road. Bing! flew another stone over into the meadow.

Pop! pop! pop! A small round stone skipped along the ground and stopped at a big flat rock.

Guess stones were just made for boys to throw. I know boys were made to throw stones. Johnny said as he threw a shiny stone at a fence-post.

Then he filled his pockets with small stones. Some of them were very bright and they sparkled in the sun like diamonds.

"I won't throw these," Johnny said. "They just MIGHT be diamonds."

**FORTUNE BRIDGE**

The Honor Roll for Fortune Bridge School for the Month of May is as follows:

Grade IX. 1. James MacKinnon and Donald Bryant 2. Lettie Coffin 3. Althea Coffin.

Grade VIII. (Sr.) 1. Hazel Wood 2. Minnie MacKenzie and Mildred Coffin 3. Daisy Johnston.

Grade VIII. (Jr.) 1. Lila Jackson and Stella Burke 2. Clara Burke. Grade VI. (Sr.) 1. Violet Coffin 2. Cyril Johnston 3. Fred Aitken. Grade V. 1. Minnie Burke 2. Gladys Aitken 3. Wallace Francis.

Grade III. 1. Bessie Johnston 2. Elma Rife 3. Guy Coffin.

Grade II. 1. Dorothy Johnston 2. Edward Francis 3. George Dixon. Grade I. 1. Alonzo Riley 2. Hilda Francis 3. Aussy MacDonald.

Miss Ching Prin. Miss MacKenzie Ass. (Patriot Please Copy)

**Fashion Fancies**



By Marie Belmont.

Milady not alone paints her lips and her cheeks in her boudoir. She adds more gay color to her personality by wearing one of the new painted negligees.

Fade yellow silk shows sprays of green, brown and orange verdure painted down the back and on the sleeves of one of the newest negligee models. Sprays of platted yellow georgette fall from the sleeves and form a deep flounce which swings outward in a graceful line as when one walks about. The ribbon

**GENUINE BARBADOS Extra Fancy MOLASSES**

"BEMA BRAND"

**BRIMFUL OF HEALTH AND ENERGY**  
Serve it at Every Meal

GOOD GROCERS SELL IT IN BULK ONLY

THIS trade mark on the head of every cask is your guarantee and your grocer's guarantee of the World's Finest Molasses.

**WATERFORD SCHOOL**

Grade X. 1. Patrick Kenny. 2. Mary Fitzgerald.

Grade IX. 1. Patrick Kennedy. 2. Frances Kenney 2. Mas Doucette 3. Wilbert Shea.

Grade VII. 1. Patricia Shea 2. Russel Kennedy 3. Louis Ellisworth.

Grade VI. 1. Daniel Kenney 2. Eva McKenna.

Grade V. 1. Rita Kennedy 2. Lester McAlduff 3. Margaret Kenney.

Grade IV. 1. Rita McAlduff 2. Imelda Kenney and Henry Fitz Gerald (equal) 3. Alfreda Shea.

Grade III. 1. Paul Kenney 2. Clara Shea.

**NOTICE**

Lobster Packers and Fishermen are advised that the Lobster Fishing Season has been extended to July 5th inclusive.

S. T. GALLANT, Inspector of Fisheries.  
9874-6-17-31.

**Annual Meeting**

**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.  
9879-6-17-31-61.

**Carding Carding**

Done at D. M. Johnston's Mill, Long River. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wool left at the following stores will be called for and delivered:—A. E. Doucette, Rusticville; A. Peters, Oyster Bed Bridge; Everett Johnston, Brookfield; P. J. Noy & Co., Hunter River. Oil furnished at mill.

9814-6-15-61.

**AUCTION SALE**

I offer by Public Auction, Tuesday, 22nd June, at 12 o'clock noon on the premises, my dwelling, 168 Water Street with garage, workshop, etc. PHILIP J. DOYLE, Auctioneer.  
9714-6-9-15-20.

**Gay's Plants**

Annual bedding flower plants—Aster, Phlox, Petunia, Verbena, Stocks, Cosmos, Lobelia, Alyssum, Kochia, Marigold, Zinnia, Balsams, Snapdragon, Seeding Daisy. The above 25c per doz prepaid by mail. Salvia, Seeding Sweet William, Seeding Marguerite Carnation, and Seeding Pansy 35c per dozen prepaid.

Wintered over blooming Pansy and Daisy \$1.00 per doz, extra early Tomato 40c doz, late Tomato 30c doz, by mail 10c doz; extra early Snowball Cauliflower, sold out—but will have late Cauliflower about June 20th at 20c doz, \$1.25 per 100; late Cabbage for fall and winter use 30c per 100, by mail 45c per 100; extra early cabbages can be planted as late as July 15th with good success, and they will be ready about June 20th. Carter's Seed Store

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AND DOG BISCUIT

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IMPERIAL

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