

Keep Your Stomach Young and Sweet



Every bite of food you eat MUST be digested, and the waste matter eliminated. That's sure. If your stomach is sluggish and old, from the excessive acids which keep eating away the gastric juices, you must dissolve them, or you never will be free from indigestion, sour risings, bloating and drowsiness after you eat.

Get a package of Pape's Diaprepin from your nearest drug store and chew one of the tablets after meals. Instantly the distress is relieved, it dissolves the acids, sweetens the stomach and you will have an appetite again like you had when a child.

All drug stores have Pape's Diaprepin. More than 5 million packages are used a year.

SMILES



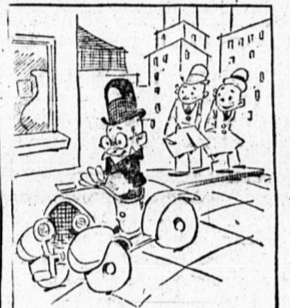
"Girls who go out to get the fresh air and sun generally get the job done and heir."



A DIRE THREAT
Cerm Lover: Be mine, Miss Roberts—refuse me and I plunge to my doom in yonder vat!



DESPERATE CHAP
"Day tells me ole Hick's done got a job."
"Yes; dat fella allus would do 'most anything for money."



KNOCK PREVENTIVE
"He says no one can speak intelligibly of his car."
"How come?"
"Because he uses no-nock gas."



Mary: Is he a man of much depth?
Jane: Well, when I waded into him in an argument I soon got over my head.



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At all Druggists' 125

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Idle ISLAND



By ETHEL HUESTON
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THE STORY
"Not now, not now. I'm busy," he said sharply, although he barely raised his voice above its wonted softness.

"Sir beg pardon—it is very important."

The captain, with a bare sign indicating Gay to move back into the shadow of the room and remain quiet, went to the door. A seaman passed him a folded bit of paper on a tray. The captain read it, nodded his head reflectively, glanced back at Gay.

"Send the chief engineer to me," he directed the man.

And then he came to Gay. The companionable frankness of his voice was gone, instead it dropped to its most silky fineness, a fineness she already learned meant danger.

"Now tell me, who knew that you came aboard this boat?" His eyes hypnotized her.

"Nobody," she said quickly. "I give you my word. Nobody knew it."

"Who would discover your absence, and search for you?"

"Nobody. I am an orphan, an artist, I live alone. The people on the island will think I have gone to New York for a visit. Nobody will seek me. I am a free soul. Ask Ronald Ingram. He knows."

The engineer touched the door, opened it and came in. He did not glance at Gay in the corner. The captain handed him the bit of paper.

"Shall we show them our heels?"

The engineer considered. "How are the papers? Everything tight?"

"Tight as a drum. Except this woman—who smuggled herself aboard. But we can fix that up. The papers are perfect."

"Then I say we lay to, and give 'em the gab. What to run for? Then they know it's the gull. Face 'em, and flaunt it, I say."

The captain smiled at him, nodded assent. "You're right, or course. All right, then. I'll be right down."

The engineer went out.

The captain came to Gay and took her hand. His voice was soft, his touch caressive.

"Now, Gay, this is your chance. A boat is drawing up to us to look over our papers. You can go back on it if you wish. Would you like to?"

Wild hope throbbled in Gay's heart, beat such a tumult of glorious relief she felt he must have heard its music. But she remembered what Ronald Ingram had said, she was warned by the silken softness of the captain's voice. Stilling as best she could the hope that swelled in her heart at the thought of rescue she said faintly:

"Oh, no. Not yet. Can't I just stay on—with the boat? Can't I wait till I am sure?"

"Are you sure you want to?" His voice was a velvet breath. "This may be your last chance to go back. Are you sure you wish to stay on?"

"Yes, please. I am not afraid now. You will take care of me. I took a chance and came. I'd rather take another chance and stay. If you'll let me."

"Good for you!" His voice was warm and hearty. "I see we're going to hit it off first rate. I'll fix it up with Ronald. Stick to the original story, Gay. You smuggled aboard—under my own bunk—I always tell the truth when convenient—and I didn't see you until I had finished my paper work ready to turn in. I was just going to marry you to Ronald when they signaled us to lay to. Now you've got balance, and you've got nerve. You'll get through it. Right?"

Gay nodded briefly.

"Stay here. I won't have you up at all unless I have to." He pulled a book from the rack on the shelf and threw it on the table. "Marriage service," he said. "Just ready to read the lines over you. That'll clinch it. Don't be frightened, Gay. They may be only run runners. They're nothing on us. Just sit tight, and—"

he kissed her hand—"I like you. Poor Ronny!"

"We'll look them over, if you don't mind."

Captain Garman gave a quiet order in an unruffled voice, and a man detached himself from the group and ran down to put it into execution.

"We are taking you back with us, captain," the officer went on slowly. "We have the goods on you. If you want to go peaceably, all right. If you want a scrap, we have the guns on you."

"What charges, sir?"

"Oh, a nice variety. Running Chinese, for one thing. Getting crooks out of the country on our side, and bringing them in on the other. Little matter of murder, too, if I am not mistaken."

Captain Garman's eye turned slowly out to sea, swept the horizon. His men were willing to fight, and the ship was built for speed as well as for endurance. But what chance, with six of the steel gray service dogs lurking watchfully at bay, hemming them in. Rather match wits with the lawyers in the courts, which he had done before, and come off never second best.

"You'll find everything O. K., I fancy," he said imperturbably. "but of course if you insist I will return with you."

The passengers were hurried up from below, huddled back against the railing, and with them Gay, once more in her dark slicker and leather cap, who had slipped amongst them as she passed the captain's door.

Gay's heart was glad in the knowledge that she was saved. But when, in the rear of that group on deck, she saw Rand, dignified, triumphant, smiling, her first feeling of heart-bursting joy that he was safe gave way to one of humiliation and shame.

Rand came in triumphant, with the United States navy at his back, to find her here, nickered and booted, like a thief among thieves, captured, disgraced and banded lightly from man to man. She sank back farther into shadow, almost preferring the hazard of the sea with Garman and the Roger Williams, to humiliation before his dear loved eyes of Rand.

"Go over the lot of them," came the crisp order. "Look for papers, especially, and weapons. Lieutenant, take the second detail, and search the ship."

Gay cowered farther into the corner. She heard the approach of a brisk young officer with horrified staring eyes. She bit her lips until she tasted blood; she would not move, she would let him handle her, let him search. At the sudden slap of his hand upon her hip she shrank back silently. Feeling the bulk of the pistol in her pocket, he thrust his hand roughly inside her coat.

"Oh, no!" Her faint gasp was irrepresible, instinctive. But soft as it was, it carried across the deck.

"See here!"

"With a bound, Rand leaped from his posture of careless grace against the rail, and hurled the astonished group from side to side before him.

He caught Gay's arm, and drew her about, amazed, incredulous.

"That's the glowaway," the captain explained silkily. "Found her under my own bunk. I was just going to marry her to my second officer."

"Gay," stammered Rand, "Gay, is it you? But it can't be you! But it is you!"

Gay covered before him. "Oh Rand," she sobbed, "I thought they had captured you and I came to be with you, and they hadn't, and you weren't, and—"

She was pitiful, ridiculous figure in the flapping slicker. The faint morning light showed her wan face, smeared with tears.

"Gay," Rand repeated, helplessly, staring at her, unbelieving. "It can't be you—it isn't."

"Rand," she pleaded tearfully. "Please! He can marry us the captain, he can marry anybody. Rand—just to please me."

"Gay do you mean—"

"Oh, Rand!"

"Well, there's no reason why he can't, is there?" Rand demanded quickly of the officer who commanded the capture.

"Not if you make it snappy," said the officer, laughing in huge enjoyment of this unexpected turn. "Before I take over the boat."

"Oh, we'll be snappy, that's the thing we do best. Gay, think a minute! Foul yourself together. Are you—sure?"

"Oh, Rand!"

"Well, how about it, captain? You've no objections, have you?"

"Marry her! Marry you!" ejaculated the captain, faced with the suddenness of this surprising new demand. "You! Good lord! Another one! Come on board after Ingram switched over to me, and now got the hooks in you. All right, all right. I'll marry anybody. She's the smoothest worker I ever saw. Jim, bring up the book from my desk, it's open to the page. We'll have Ronny for one of the witnesses. Good lord—another one—and been aboard less than two hours."



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OF THE
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Charlottetown, P. E.

AUCTION SALE

The undersigned offer for sale on Wednesday, the 6th day of February, 1929, commencing at the hour of 1:30 p. m. on the premises of the late Richard Stead.

50 acres of land at Winsloe North, being the farm of the late Richard Stead; also 1 horse, 12 years old; 2 cows and 4 young cattle. Harness, about 70 stooks of grain, quantity of hay, buckwheat, turnips and potatoes. Also household furniture and other personal effects of the late Richard Stead.

If day proves stormy, sale will be held on Saturday following at same hour.

Terms made known at sale.
HENRY McQUARRIE and JOHN McINNIS,
Executors of Estate Richard Stead.

4282-2-1-31.

Executor's Notice

The undersigned executor of the last Will and Testament of Isaac Beer, late of Crapaud, in Queens County, in Prince Edward Island, Merchant, All persons, Deceased testate, hereby notifies all persons indebted to the said deceased, to make immediate payment to him at the residence of John L. Nicholson at Crapaud Corner, in Queens County, and all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same duly attested to the said John L. Nicholson within twelve months from this date.

Dated this twenty-eighth day of January, A. D. 1929.
JOHN L. NICHOLSON,
Executor.

4287-2-1-31.

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SUMMERSIDE

CANADIANS HERE AND THERE IN CALIFORNIA

By Richard E. Delaney, M. D. in Oakland Maple Leaf

Humboldt County and Elsewhere
Charles McLean, son of Mrs. John McLean of Caledonia, P. E. I., is the store manager of the Elk River Mill and Lumber Company at Falk, near Eureka. He has been 29 years in the Golden State. His wife is a native daughter.

In San Diego
Mrs. James B. A. Brennan of San Diego hails from North Sydney, C. B. She is a daughter of Michael McMillan and Annie Crowley. Mr. Brennan is a native of Charlottetown, and received his education at Saint Dunstan's College. He is the wholesale buyer of a grocery house in San Diego. They have one son four years of age, and enjoy every comfort. I also had the pleasure of meeting Miss Kathleen Bell, a first cousin of Mr. Brennan. She lives with her aunt, Mrs. Kathleen Clearman, in Coronado and attends college in San Diego. Mrs. Clearman is formerly from North Sydney.

Bonald Cameron, who hails from Dundas, P. E. I., is proprietor of considerable real estate in Eureka. He has been 27 years in California, and now lives retired. His wife is a native daughter. His sister is the accomplished wife of H. N. McDonald of Eureka, who also hails from P. E. I. People of Grand River, P. E. I., will be proud to hear that Robert Cameron of Eureka, one of their former neighbors of the Island, was elected last August as the fire chief of the city of Eureka, Humboldt County, California. He has been a resident of Eureka 29 years and a prominent house builder and contractor all those years. Mrs. Robert Cameron is the

daughter of the late Charles Christie, who was a grain merchant in Eureka for many years. Her father was a native of St. Stephen, N. B. Her maiden name was Josephine Christie. Mrs. H. M. Macdonald of 1804 C street, Eureka, who takes a leading part in educational affairs, is Robert Cameron's sister. The Camerons are living with every modern comfort.

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE
To Mrs. Walter Gorrell:—
We, the members of Dunblane Women's Institute, desire to express our sympathy with you in your recent bereavement. We realize that in a time of trial such as you have sustained through the death of your

Demand

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