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DOMINION OF CANADA
Province OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In The Probate Court

18th George V., A. D., 1927

In Re Estate of Albert P. Prowse late of Murray Harbor in King's County in the said Province deceased testate

By the Honourable A. Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, &c., &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of King's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of William Alberta Prowse, Widow, William Frederick Prowse and Albert Samuel Prowse, Merchants, all of Murray Harbor aforesaid, the Executrix and Executors of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Thursday the sixth day of October next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of N. W. Lovthorn, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Georgetown in King's County aforesaid, in front of the Hall at Murray Harbor aforesaid, and at the store of Prowse & Sons, Limited, at Murray Harbor aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid, may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court this 29th day of August, A. D., 1927 and in the eighteenth year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) A. B. WARBURTON,
Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Friday the Twenty-third day of September A. D., 1927 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon ALL THAT parcel of land situate lying and being on Township Number Fifty-three in Kings County in Prince Edward Island bounded and described as follows: That is to say: Commencing on the north side of the road leading to Grand River from Cardigan at the southeast angle of a farm now or formerly in possession of Thomas Revell, thence according to the magnetic meridian of the year 1761 running north one hundred and eight chains or until it meets the north west boundary of a farm now or formerly in possession of Angus Dogherty, thence following the course of the said north west boundary a distance equal to eight chains east thence south to the road thence following the course of said road west eight chains and forty four links to the place of commencement containing eighty-three acres of land more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date 20th day of October A. D., 1893 and made between Patrick Casey of Grand River, Royal Township Number Fifty-three in Kings County in Prince Edward Island farmer of the first part and Walter A. O. Morson of Charlottetown in Queens County in said Island barrister of the second part, and assigned by the said Walter A. O. Morson to Lemuel M. Poole of Charlottetown aforesaid, Lumber Merchant by Indenture of Assignment bearing date 26th day of July A. D., 1904, default having been made in payment of principal and interest due under said mortgage. For particulars apply to McLean & McKinnon, Solicitors &c., Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown.

ETHEL B. REDDY
&
ANNIE M. FULTON,
Surviving Executrices Estate of
Lemuel M. Poole

SMILES



"A stepper occasionally beats time an breaks a record."



Mrs. Owl - I'm terribly worried about our daughter, running around to those horrid day clubs.



NO APPRECIATION
"Say Gert, do you think Venus had such a wonderful shape?"
"What of it if she did? Look at all the fun she missed."



PLENTY OF NERVE
"I've seen anything to beat that by dentist? He's got a nerve, I'll say!"
"Right - he's got several of nine."

BOSTON
by Steamer

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Every Wednesday steamer leaves St. John 9.00 A. M. Atlantic Time, Eastport 1.30 P. M., Lubec 2.30 P. M. Eastern Time, arriving Boston Thursday 10.00 A. M. Daylight Time.
Every Friday steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston.
Leaving St. John 7.00 P. M. Atlantic Time, due Boston next day 2.00 P. M. Daylight Time.
Connections at Boston with direct steamer to New York
Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers
EASTERN
STEAMSHIP LINES

CURSE O' LOVE
A Story of Love
and its Ties
A MILDRED BARBOUR

CHAPTER 14
THE FLAW

Norma was not entirely happy. She had been married three days to the man she had loved for two years. During that time, she had despaired of his asking her to be his wife. She had told herself that she would be in the seventh heaven of ecstasy, should he confess that he loved her. And she was, in a way. But there was something—a shadow—something she couldn't fathom which dimmed the radiance of her spirit.

No one could have been a more splendid bridegroom, a more tender lover, a better companion and playmate than Phil. They spent long, luxurious days on the beach, putting on their bath-suits directly after breakfast and plunging into the cool green surf. For hours they lay on the sandy beach under Norma's gay parol and talked—or rather, Kendall talked and Norma listened rapt, adoring, though the long lashes of her Irish blue eyes were lowered, that he might not see too much.

In the late afternoon when the heat of the day had passed, they took long walks on the cliffs and watched the sea that washed languidly below. At night there was

Norma had had her way, and now she blessed her wisdom. The bungalow was a veritable paradise for honeymooners.

And yet, there was a flaw in her happiness.

Her bridegroom had moments so distraught that she felt forgotten, forlorn, shut out of the love he professed for her. She was intuitively aware that something troubled him and she dared not ask what it was. Even now she could not overcome her shyness with him. She was reserved, a little tense and breathless. She longed to give, and give; to open her whole heart to him and have him open his to her.

Though she didn't guess it, Kendall was in much the same quandary. He loved her with all his heart, but the happiness that had come to him through her was marred by his shame over that bargain with her father. He had sold himself—there was no other word for it. And he had wanted to give himself to the girl he loved. His manhood demanded the right to win her, not to have her thrust upon him, in a manner of speaking, much as he wanted her. He had lived his life in a clean, orderly, precise way, according to his strict code of honor and he felt that his arrangement with Collins was not honorable.

Did she know—was she a party to the shameful bargain he had made with her father? That was the question that haunted him night and day, even when she was in his arms.

Her shyness, her reserve, made



Her bridegroom had moments so distraught that she felt forgotten, forlorn, shut out of the love he professed for her.

at moonlight, the scent of flowers, the voice of the ocean, the star-studded sky.

They were alone, except for an old Chinese cook, and he vanished as soon as the meals were served. Norma loved the bungalow by the sea. It had been of her own choosing and was modest, simple and cool. Her father thought that it was scarcely suitable for a person of his wealth; he would rather have built a marble palace, with a dining-salon that was a reproduction of a certain famous sea-grille in an Atlantic City hotel, where the glass ceiling is filled with water, and fishes of exotic coloring swim languidly about. But

him believe that she did know. Not in the least understanding her awe of him, he attributed her reserve to the fact that she didn't love him in the least; that she had married him solely to satisfy an ambition that he, with the modesty of a man who is a Man, could not comprehend.

So, with each thinking and acting at cross-purposes, the honeymoon continued. And only in the moment of their kisses was the shadow forgotten.

One afternoon Norma, plucking up courage, asked suddenly: "Phil, why did you come that afternoon so suddenly and ask me to marry you? You—never hinted at such a thing before."

He averted his gaze from hers, as she regarded him gravely, and let the white sand trickle through his fingers. They were sitting on the beach under her crimson sunshade that cast a rosy glow over her clear pallor and struck purplish lights in her dusky hair, still moist and curling from their swim.

"I came," he said, measuring his words carefully, "because—I was afraid of losing you." And he hated himself with his whole soul for this lie.

She flushed. "Oh, then you'd heard?"

"Heard?"

"About Sydney—Sydney Stokes. It wasn't my fault, really. I never encouraged him. It wasn't my fault, if he proposed to me and I told him I couldn't marry him, and he told every one that he was going to commit suicide."

Kendall was silent. He had not heard about Sydney Stokes, though he knew him well. He was a gaunt young man, employed in the bank that handled Collins's investments, and had been, for several years, a suitor for the hand of Norma Collins. He was just the type that would get drunk and make a ridiculous threat of suicide.

After a moment, feeling that he must say something, Kendall asked: "You didn't love him, Norma?"

She shook her head, shyly, stretched out her hand to him, and drew it abruptly back.

"No, I—I loved only you."

He turned to her quickly, but already her gaze was averted, and

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Solo Singing
At 80 Years

At Victoria United Church on Sunday, Sept. 4th., there were several features of interest in the evening service.

Mr. Jabez Lea, one of Victoria's most prominent citizens, reached his 80th birthday on that day, and fulfilled a promise made months ago to sing a solo in the church. For over fifty years Mr. Lea's deep bass voice has been the backbone of the Victoria choir, always powerful and never failing in its effectiveness, but never before did he blossom into a soloist. His thankfulness for health and strength at the age when most men who live so long are weak and sickly, was very fittingly expressed in what is usually termed "The Glory Song".

When all my labours and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

The large gathering listened with deep appreciation to Mr. Lea's first solo effort which was splendidly rendered. During the past 50 or 60 years, Victoria has missed a great deal by not having heard more solo singing from one who has yet such a splendid voice. Everybody wishes for Mr. Jabez Lea many more years of strength and buoyant health.

Another feature of the service was an instructive address by the Rev. J. M. Murchison, the Maritime Secretary of the Canadian Bible Society.

Mr. Murchison by illustration from China, Japan, India and Africa, etc., showed the great need of the Bible Societies activities and proved conclusively that the church both at home and abroad would be handicapped very considerably but for the co-operation of the Bible Society.

After Mr. Murchison, who certainly has the information and enthusiasm required for his task, had finished his address he further delighted the audience with a solo "Grace Enough for Me," by Rev. Geo. F. Sears, minister in charge of the congregation thanked Mr. Murchison for both song and message and wished Mr. Jabez Lea many more years of health and solo singing.

He sighed and began to dig in the sand with his long, sensitive fingers. Inwardly he prayed for a diversion—anything to keep her from returning to her question as to why he had proposed to her so abruptly and married her—all in one afternoon.

His prayer was answered when a small boy appeared on the beach and came toward them. He handed Kendall a telegram. It was from King Carson.

Hope sprang into Kendall's heart, as he read a message that was typical of his friend.

(To be continued)

VERY HARD
LARGE PIMPLES
Spread Over Face and Hands. Cuticura Heals.
"My trouble began with a few pimples on my face and hands and soon spread all over them. The pimples were very hard, large and red, and festered and scaled over. They itched and burned so that I scratched them, which caused eruptions. My face was disfigured, and I could not put my hands in water and could hardly do my work."
"A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some, and in about two months I was completely healed."
(Signed) Miss Jennie Ducharme, 481 Groux St., Norwood, Man.
Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for every-day toilet and nursery purposes.
Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Bathhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c, Ointment 50c and 10c, Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

THE AVON
QUEEN HAD
ROUGH TIME

Charlottetown-bound Vessel Encountered the storm which wrecked so many others and miraculously escaped.

The four masted vessel Avon Queen, in command of Captain MacLean, arrived in port on Monday from Norfolk, Va., being twenty-one days out, with a cargo of 1500 tons of coal for A. Pickard & Co. The Avon Queen was one of the many vessels caught in the hurricane which had swept all along the Atlantic coast, taking toll of many lives.

The Captain says that when they set sail everything was running along fine, not the least sign of a storm, but later on they got word over their radio, that a hurricane was raging and was sweeping Northward.

No sooner had his crew begun to take in the sail than the storm struck them, tearing everything to pieces, smashing his wheel box, cabin doors, windows, tore his masts to pieces and smashed the foremast, also washing most of his provisions overboard. The waves were towering one hundred feet into the air, his cabin began to fill with water and it seemed hopeless to save the vessel. For two days and a night the crew worked manning pumps and buckets, while two of them were lashed to the wheel. They were at the time of the storm between Georges Point and Sable Island, that graveyard of the Atlantic, where many a ship and her crew have gone down to a sailor's grave.

"Never in my forty years of going to sea," the captain said, "I experienced such a storm and hope to never again. My vessel was like a chip on the waves, being almost at the mercy of the sea."

The Avon Queen is a 1000 ton vessel, having been built in Parrsborough, N. S., and is owned by Capt. MacLean, is one of the largest and finest in Canada, the Guardian representative having had the pleasure of being shown through her. The Captain had on board with him, his wife and family, who are not feeling extra well yet after their trying experience.

The Captain also owns the three masted vessel, Harry A. MacLean, which has come to this port many times.

The Avon Queen after she discharges her cargo here will sail for Chatham, N. B., where she will load lumber for New York.

Twelve pleasant-sounding chimes came from the ornamental clock in the London hotel lounge, and the manager, a Swiss, yawned and murmured: "Noon, Noon all over the world."
"No, sir, that is incorrect," protested a testy old gentleman from his armchair. "It's two o'clock just now in Constantinople, half past one in the morning in Honolulu, five o'clock in the afternoon in India, half-past ten in—"
But the manager interrupted his guests with another friendly yawn. "Well," he said complacently, "thank heaven I live in a town where noon is noon and nothing else!"

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COCOA MADE WITH CARNATION—Three tablespoons cocoa (or 2 tablespoons for children), 2 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 cup hot water, few grains salt, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk diluted with 1 1/2 cups water, 1/4 teaspoon vanilla. Scald diluted milk in double boiler. Mix cocoa, sugar and salt and add the 1/2 cup hot water. Cook over low flame 10 to 15 minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Add to cocoa the scalded milk; return to double boiler and continue cooking for 10 minutes. Whisk with Dover egg beater just before serving. Place a marshmallow in cup and pour hot cocoa over. This serves four. Chilled, then iced, this makes a delightful, hot weather drink.

Send for a free copy of Mary Blake's Cook Book. Address Carnation Milk Products Company, Limited, Aylmer, Ont.

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—By Arthur Chapouille