

STOMACH PAINS?

Get rid of them Permanently with "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" will rid you of gas, flatulences, or pain after eating, and make life worth living again. Mrs. Annie Gipezer, Ottawa, writes:

"An sufferer from indigestion, constipation, general stomach pains, I tried 'Fruit-a-tives'. Soon these ills were a thing of the past."

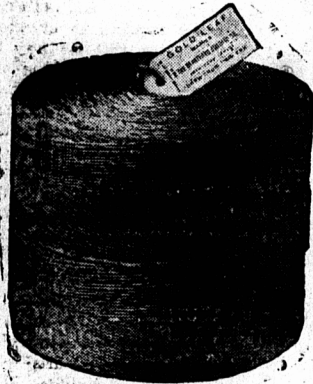
"Fruit-a-tives" acts naturally on the system. Gently and quickly it strengthens the whole digestive tract. It awakens liver, bowels and kidneys, soothes the stomach. Get a 25c or 50c box at your druggist's today. End digestive troubles.

Magnificent Property For Sale By Auction AT 27 KING SQUARE

ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 27th AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON, SHARP

One of the newest located properties in the City. All modern improvements. Large garage. All you have to do is to see it to make you buy. This property was formerly owned by the late Ed. Chandler. Would make nice Apartment House. Inspection any time on premises. Phone 1087. Apply J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer.

759-8-20-71.



BINDER TWINE FOR 1929 CROP

3 carloads just received. We are sole distributors for P. E. Island for the celebrated and well known

"Silver Leaf" Brand Manufactured by the BRANTFORD SODAGE CO., LTD., of BRANTFORD, ONTARIO.

Wholesale and Retail

Sold in both large and small balls, every ball guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. Send us your order. FACTORY PRICES, FREIGHT PAID.

CARTER & CO., LIMITED.

EYES TESTED

AND GLASSES FITTED E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR Oculometrists 142 Richmond Street

Professional Cards

Mark R. McGuigan, B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McLeod & Bentley J. A. BENTLEY W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law Office: 189 Richmond Street MONEY TO LOAN Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McDonald & McPhee B. A. J. A. McDONALD, R. F. MCPHEE BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Eiley Building Charlottetown

Stewart & Lowther J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. 81 Great George Street MONEY TO LOAN

Dr. D. T. Wayne DENTAL SURGEON 139 Richmond Street Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Office Hours Phone 543 P. A. M. to 1 P. M. P. M. to 5 P. M.

Finda They Can't Help Themselves || Dorothy Dix || Why Do Men and Women Remarry?

"Experience Seems to Teach Nothing in Matrimony — Whether People Have Been Happily or Unhappily Married, it Doesn't Keep Them From Wanting to Repeat the Experience"

Why do men and women marry a second time? Herein lies the greatest mystery of the human heart. According to statistics, one marriage in six ends in divorce. All of us can count on the fingers of one hand and still have digits to spare, the number of really happy congenial, satisfied married couples that we know. The large majority of marriages degenerate into nothing but endurance tests, in which disgruntled and antagonistic husbands and wives stick together for the sake of their children or from a sense of duty or for financial and social reasons. No other human undertaking ends so often in failure as marriage.

You would think that the attitude of these men and women who have been so bitterly disappointed in marriage would be "never again" and that wild horses could not drag them to the altar a second time. You would think that those who had found marriage a hell on earth would never again venture within a thousand miles of the brink of that pit once they had scrambled out of it.

You would think that the man who had to listen day after day, month after month, year after year, to the nagging of a peevish, fretful woman and who had had to furnish an alibi for every hour he was away from home would never voluntarily put his head in the noose again after he had escaped to freedom.

You would think that the woman who had been married to a surly brute who had knocked everything she did and doled out nickels to her and who made of her nothing, but an unpaid servant would be a burnt child who fears the fire and who would never run the risk again of falling into the clutches of a domestic tyrant.

You would think that even those who had been happily married would be afraid to risk it the second time. You would think that they would fear that Lady Luck would not always be with them and that they would apprehend that their second venture might not be the glorious success that their first had been and that they would not again get a wife who was tender and sweet and gentle and amiable and a good cook and a thrifty manager, or a husband who was affectionate and considerate and generous and understanding and a good provider.

But such is not the case. Experience seems to teach nothing in matrimony. Failure and miser, erect no red-light warnings of danger. Whether people have been happily or unhappily married, it doesn't keep them from wanting to repeat the experience. Even the divorced are game for a second try.

One might account for the remarriage of widows on the "meal-sicket" theory. Few domestic women have been taught any trade by which they can support themselves, and so about the only way they can make a living is to marry it. They know how to fry the bacon, but they have to have a man to bring it home to them. They cannot go out and get it for themselves. And so matrimony becomes to them about the only gainful profession that they can follow.

However, the rich widows are just as eager to marry as the poor ones are. Many a man who has been a tightwad husband whose wife has had to get every penny out of him with a corked key leaves her a fortune when he dies, and you would think she would be so gay and feel so free and independent spending her insurance money that she wouldn't chance getting another husband who would deride and to know what she did with that quarter he gave her week before last, but no.

She can have a beautiful house and furnish it with period furniture and Persian rugs and everything else her heart craves and that she has never been allowed to have before, but she finds that a husband is even more necessary in a home to give it atmosphere than pictures and draperies. Somehow a woman can't put any pep in getting up a dinner unless a man is to eat it, even if he does growl over it. Somehow the day falls flat if a man isn't coming home at the end of it, even if he is going to start something the minute he puts his key in the lock.

Widowers, according to the records in the Marriage License Bureau, are even more given to matrimony than are widows. Few of them, either grass or sod, remain in a bereaved state longer than a year or two. That they should be so eager to resume the bonds that death or the courts have broken is one of the mysteries that no one can fathom, because men are wanderers by nature, not many of them during their wives' lifetime, electing to bear their company by the fireside and most of them complaining loud and long of the burdens of matrimony of its slavery and of its bills.

Nevertheless, let wife pass on, either to another husband or to the better world in which there is no marriage or giving in marriage, and instead of clinging with both hands to his new-found freedom, Mr. Husband is putting a wedding ring on another woman's finger.

Why? Goodness knows. Perhaps he finds out that after having been thoroughly housebroken he has lost his taste for the wild. Perhaps like a small boy, he finds it no fun to play hookey when there is nobody to bamboozle and nobody cares whether he goes or comes. Nothing takes the spice out of adventure like the lack of danger.

Perhaps he grows tired of even the best restaurant and club cooking, where he has to order his own meals and long for home cooking. Perhaps he is lousy without somebody to take care of him and look after his laundry and put the buttons in his shirt and rub his trousers and tell him to put on his overshoes. Perhaps he misses having somebody to scarp with always on hand. Perhaps if he has been happily married he cannot endure the loneliness of not having some one to love and to love him.

Be all that as it may, it is a fact that whether people are happily or unhappily married, marriage does something to them that unites them for single life. That is why widows and widowers try it the second and the third time, hoping always to draw the capsize prize in the matrimonial lottery, but sure that even if they miss it they will get a consolation prize that is better than nothing. For even if matrimony is not always happy, it is never dull.

DOROTHY DIX

Etiquette By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it all right for two people to stop on the street for a chat?

A. Yes, but never block the sidewalk. Always step to one side.

Q. If a woman's husband is a junior, should she use the affix in her letters?

A. Yes, if her mother-in-law is living in the same city, unless the mother-in-law is a widow.

Q. Is it ever permissible to tip a

For The Cook

MEAT CAKES

One pound ground skirt steak, 1 large onion, ground with meat; 1 egg, 1 green pepper chopped and fried a bit before adding to meat; salt and pepper to taste. Form into cakes, roll in flour and fry in generous bit of drippings or any kind of fat.

how to plate containing any kind of liquid food, when eating?

A. Never; it is ill-bred to do so.

BROKEN WINGS

By Barbara Webb

CONTINUED

"POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

He shook himself and grinned. Snubs rolled off Bill Daly like hail from a tin roof. He decided to hunt up his friend Cliff Wells, and ask some questions. Cliff was one of the secretary-organizers of the Airclub. He had the lowdown on all members and prospective members and would know about the boys.

Bill found Cliff sitting alone behind a counter filled with aviation literature.

"Smatter, Bill? Somebody give you the air?"

Bill grinned. "Somebody gave me this." He held out the check for Cliff to see. Cliff whistled. "Did you sell a plane, Bill?"

"Did I? Absolutely—and got sleep on my wings doing it."

Cliff inspected the check closely and grinned. "Franklin S. Boyd, I don't wonder. The old man's all right, but the old lady's a climber. She pulled all the strings in heaven and earth to get into the Airclub. Wouldn't have made it, either, but for the fact that the daughter just got engaged to Jackson Hastings, 3d. Hastings is so blue-blooded he could fill his fountain pen by pricking his finger. Poor of course; the Hastings have all gone to seed and lost their money, but Jackson 3d. expects to alter that when he marries Katherine Boyd."

"I met the young lady," Bill said.

"So?"

"Yep—but she didn't fall for my line at all. Not in the least."

"She wouldn't."

"Tell me about her."

Cliff thought for a minute. "I don't know her very well, doubt if she'd recognize me if she saw me. But the Hazelton girls were at school with her and they've talked about her a lot. She really is a stunning girl, you know, and I think she has a few brains tucked under that golden crown of hers. But Boyd made money in oil when she was a baby, and that very instant Mrs. Boyd started out to make the Four Hundred or bust."

Bill nodded and lit a cigarette.

"It was pretty hard going. Old man Boyd's a good guy, but common, and doesn't care two hoots for the society racket. They put Katherine in the right schools, had her waited on the way we like to think royalty is waited on, spoiled her, petted her, bought her the moon when she cried for it, and I guess made her generally into the haughtiest, most selfish girl in New York."

"However, she's too smart not to see that her mother using her to get a boost up the social ladder and she uses that wicked tongue of hers to 'lib' at everything her mother holds sacred. I'm sort of sorry for the kid from what the Hazelton girls tell me."

"Sort of poor little rich girl stuff," Bill remarked.

"Exactly, and more than that; now that she's going to marry Jackson. He despises her family; makes no secret of it, but he's got to have money. I don't think he despises Katherine; he's probably even a little bit afraid of her, but it's on the up and up that there's no love lost between them."

"From the way she talked to him she likes to wave dollar bills under his nose and see him wince when the wind carries them off," Bill observed. "I'll bet he winces too. He's so stingy that he's pretty near a proverb. He's had to live from hand to mouth so long and play the social game at the same time that he hates to see good money thrown around."

"Ought to be a happy marriage," Bill said.

"Oh, very—still I don't know, she wants social advancement, or her family does. He wants money. It's a pretty fair exchange."

"Yeah—pipe down, Cliff, you've been circulating too much in this high-hat crowd. You need to get up in the clouds and have the social bobwabs blown out of your so-called brains."

Cliff laughed. "Why the warmth, old man? Did little red-haired Klity make Bill's heart flutter-flutter?" "Shut up!" Bill grinned. "I'll take you up tomorrow morning and dump you out—but listen, Cliff, what I really came down for is this I'd like to take the plane that girl's just bought up for a little joy ride. Somebody got to give it a tryout. D'you suppose you could fix that for me?" "I'll try. It's a slick little ship, isn't it?"

"Sweetest piece in the show—no kidding. She's going to call it the Falcon. Good name, don't you think?" "swell—I'll see what I can do about having you be the guy to take it up. You made the sale, you've got it coming to you even if you aren't one of the regular Flightcraft pilots."

"Thanks, Cliff. Well, guess I'll take off. I'm going to be awake tonight planning how to spend my commission." Bill yawned.

To Be Continued Tomorrow



Sheer, delicately-textured, the new underthings are more exquisite, more perishable than ever. Keep them like new with Lux!

Not robbed of your loveliness Saved from two enemies

GUARD sheer silk underthings from the two enemies of delicate fabrics! Keep your vests and pretty slips, your knickers always like new!

The first enemy is rubbing with cake soap. Rubbing quickly dims the soft new bloom of silk. The second enemy is the destructive alkali in so many soaps, regardless of whether they are

chips or cakes. Alkali fades color, shortens the very life of the sensitive silk fibres.

With Lux you avoid all ruinous rubbing. Its tissue-thin diamonds can contain no harmful alkali. Lux gives your precious things back to you as fresh and lovely as new! Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.



If it's safe in water--it's just as safe in Lux

THE LAND WE LOVE By FRANK LEIGH

LAURA SECORD

Q. Who was Laura Secord? A. Laura Secord was born in 1773 in Massachusetts. She came to Canada when 18, the family settling where Ingersoll now stands. Laura married James Secord and during the War of 1812 won fame by her twenty-mile walk through the bush from Queenston to Dewey's Falls, saving the day for the British and Canadian force against an attack by the American army.

A Morning Smile

A REAL DUFFER

Golf Pro—Now, one important thing for me to tell you, sir, is always keep your eye on your ball. Notice (suspiciously)—Oh, is that the sort of club I've joined?

A Friend to Women



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. Lynn, Mass., U.S.A. and Cobourg, Ont., Canada.

Household Hints By Roberta Lee

Protecting the Hands When necessary to keep the hands in soapsuds for any length of time, the skin becomes puckered. But if rubbed with either vinegar or lemon juice, it will make them soft and white and prevent chapping.

When Cake Sticks to Pan If the cake sticks to the pan and threatens to break to pieces when taken out, turn the pan upside down and lay on the bottom of it a cloth

AUCTION SALE AT HARTSVILLE

Valuable homestead farm, 19 acres, the residence of the late John A. McKenzie. Also stock, implement furniture, etc. Sale Tuesday, August 27th, at 1 p. m. Alexander McRae, Auctioneer 7418-1st



One cup of coffee may LOOK just like another but the quality may be entirely different. So it is with lamps. To be sure of getting the highest quality buy Edison Mazda Lamps.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS A CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

NOTICE!

Owing to the limited number of Hogs offering, until further notice we will receive live Hogs one day only each week, Tuesday forenoon.

Davis & Frase, Mon. P.M.