

Make this Test—FREE (use coupon)

Removes the Pain and the Cause instantly



Corns

PEOPLE who try to destroy corns by the risky practice of following old, antiquated methods, find they soon come back again, painful as ever. That's because such so-called remedies do not remove the cause—rubbing and pressing of shoes. Until the cause is stopped, corns will persist.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads Put one on—the pain is gone

Form for Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with fields for Name, Address, and City.

TOLEDO SCALES

No Springs, Coffee Mills, Meat Choppers, Bacon Slicers. Monthly Terms. N. E. MYRER, Agent, 55 Queen Street, Charlottetown.

AUCTION SALE

I will sell on my farm at Meadowbank on Wednesday, July 28th seventy acres of standing hay, three choice horses, one registered Holstein cow, some pressed straw etc. Terms made known at sale.

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. W. C. McLEOD, 137 Union Street, Hackensack, New Jersey.

FOR SALE

100 acre farm at West St. Peters, P. E. Island. Apply to AENEAS McINNIS, 137 Union Street, Hackensack, New Jersey.

FARM FOR SALE

AT ROSE VALLEY I offer for sale my farm of 100 acres, 80 cleared balance hard and soft wood. Will sell with or without standing crop, situated 2 miles from Bradablane Station, near to Church, School and Mills. If not sold will be offered at auction with crop, stock and implements. For date see posters later. WALTER MacKENZIE, Rose Valley, R. R. 4, 516-7-9-fmw61.

AUCTION SALE

OF CHOICE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AT 305 FITZROY The undersigned will offer for sale all household furniture, comprising parlor, dining room, kitchen and bedroom, also one antique table, organ and victrola, Tuesday July 20th at (1.30) one thirty o'clock.

HELEN A. HARPER, J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer

Business For Sale By Tender

The Land buildings and equipment of the Brick and Tile Company Limited, Richmond, is offered for sale by tender. This property includes about sixteen acres of Freshfield land, well finished dwelling, beehive Brick and Tile Kiln, drying shed, an equity in the local Railroad siding and all working equipment. A splendid chance for an ambitious, energetic man. Tenders close at noon on Tuesday, July 27th. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

If not sold, in block, separate tenders will be received for the following: (A) Dwelling House. (B) All the Kilns, Chimneys and Brick in connection with the plant. (C) Drying Shed and buildings, (excepting dwelling). (D) Engine and Boiler. (E) All Brick and Tile making machinery including barrows etc. (F) and consisting of sixteen acres more or less. P. E. ISLAND BRICK AND TILE COMPANY, LIMITED, MORLEY M. BELL, Secretary, Summerside, P. E. I. 733-7-17-21.

"These Women" BY MALCOLM DUART

CHAPTER XXI

Parrish was young and big and strong, but the blow staggered him. He stepped back a pace or two, covered his mouth with both hands, and stared at Audrey aghast. "Don't you do that again!" he said, his voice muffled by his fingers. "You unspeakable cad!" she cried. Her slim body was taut, as if she were about to spring on him. He retreated another step. Slowly she was taking the place of astonishment in his eyes. "If you do that again, I'll shake you!" he told her. "Just you try it! Just you try it!" she shrieked.

A sound from the rear caused her to turn. For the first time she saw that a knot of spectators was rapidly gathering. Delighted applause was in their eyes, and words of encouragement arose. She looked back at Parrish, swept the interested crowd with scornful eyes, and turning her back, almost ran to her own apartment building. Parrish stood watching her, until she was out of sight. Then, with several of the more enterprising members of the volunteer group following him, he plodded away on foot toward Morton's office.

He looked up with a smile. Then, nothing what she held under her arm, he tilted back in his chair, and his eyes half closed. "Shaking with excitement, the girl stood the picture on edge upon his table. Morton nodded. "You have been investigating already," he said, quietly. "So you liked my picture?" "You put it there," she cried. "Morton looked over, took the painting, and regarded it thoughtfully. His voice was a little heavy as he answered, "A quarter of a century ago!"

He laid the picture down, and turned to stare out the window. Audrey was on her knees beside him, her hands clasping his arm. "Oh, daddy, I never knew you painted! Where did you paint it? Why didn't you ever tell me you were a painter? Why did you stop painting?" He patted her head, absently. After a long pause, he said, "I never intended to tell you. But it was an old little trick of fate, wasn't it, that you should like my painting there in the art store? I hadn't seen it for nineteen years. She shook his arm. "But tell me, how did you come all about it?" He still looked out the window, his eyes fixed and apparently unseeing. "I was an artist once—a kind of an artist," he said. "But I had hoped to keep all that buried."

"THE BEACON"

Victoria, P. E. I., Private Hotel, ideally located on outskirts of Seaport Village facing seawards, bathing, boating, fishing, tennis, modern. Write or phone. 733-7-17-21.

Scotchfort Scotchfort Don't Forget the Date Wednesday, July 21st

No boasting necessary. You have been there before. Special train from Charlottetown at 1:30 p. m. Regular train from Souris giving four or five hours at picnic. Pipe Band and Scottish Dancers. Ticket from Tignish good to return following day from Charlottetown. By order of Cimtittee.

in the past—buried in the dark, dark past!" Audrey put her hand on his cheek, and turned his face toward her. "But dearest!" she exclaimed, "if you saw that picture the last time fifteen years ago, that must have been about the time you adopted me! Did I see it when I was a baby?" He arose hastily, and went to the window. His face was close to the glass, so she could not see his expression. She saw his body give a little convulsive shake. When at last he turned around, his face was composed.

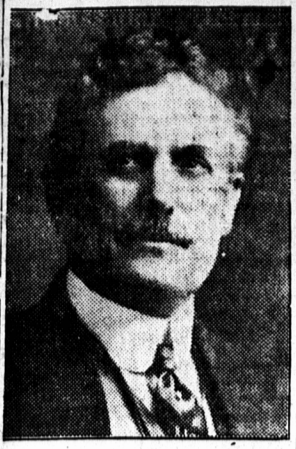
"Yes, sweetheart, you saw that when you were a baby—though I doubt if you knew what it was—" "But why didn't you tell me all about it—why didn't you tell me you were an artist?" He shook his head, and going to her, where she still sat upon her knees, he placed his hands on her shoulders. "Child," he said, gently, "It was for the same reason that I have not told you many other things—who your mother and father were; what your name was before I adopted you; who I was and where I came from. I have always wanted to keep shut the door of the past. Help me to do it, won't you, little one? It is full of pain for me!"

"I won't torment you any more, daddy—but I love your picture! Daddy, I slapped Mr. Parrish in the mouth." The lines about his eyes relaxed, and the lids opened wide as he looked at her. "You what?" "I slapped him, and I want you to discharge him right away," she went on. "Sit down," he directed. "Let's hear about this." She took one of the big chairs. There was rising indignation in her voice as she told him about her adventure. "He said you weren't fit to be my guardian, and I ought to go away from you, and I just up and slapped him."

"Hard?" Morton asked her, smiling. "As hard as I could," she said, a little proudly. "He staggered! You are going to discharge him right away?" "Not at all," Morton told her. Picking up the canvas that lay before him, he looked over it, idly, until a taxicab appeared. Into this she climbed with her picture, and ordered the driver to go as rapidly as possible to Morton's office. When the taxi pulled up at the building she leaned out threw a five-dollar bill to the driver, and without waiting for her change, ran inside. Upstairs, she brushed aside a clerk who was standing at Morton's door, and rushed into his private office.

He looked up with a smile. Then, nothing what she held under her arm, he tilted back in his chair, and his eyes half closed. "Shaking with excitement, the girl stood the picture on edge upon his table. Morton nodded. "You have been investigating already," he said, quietly. "So you liked my picture?" "You put it there," she cried. "Morton looked over, took the painting, and regarded it thoughtfully. His voice was a little heavy as he answered, "A quarter of a century ago!"

Ambassador Herrick



Whose protest on behalf of the United States against the demonstration of French mutilated soldiers on the war debt subject, failed to move them from their purpose.

"Don't I look nice?" "Of course you do," he said, "but you don't look as nice as you did before. You don't need any of that stuff on your lips, and cheeks. I wish you would take it off." She shook her head determinedly. "There has been something wrong with me, and I'm trying to make it right," she said. "You wouldn't leave me to go out with other women if I were as attractive as they are. I have seen them, and I see how they look and dress, and I'm going to do just the way they do."

"Then why do they go with women who paint that way?" she inquired. "Because they're amusing, I suppose," he said, "but great heavens! You don't suppose that any man is fooled by cosmetics, do you?" "I don't know what it is that makes those girls attractive," Audrey said, "but I'm going to keep on trying until I find out. And I'm going to do everything they do, and wear everything they wear, until I DO find out."

Morton gave up the discussion, and calling for his coat and hat, went out the door. Audrey stood thinking a moment, and then followed him. She caught the next elevator, and as she reached the street, saw him walking rapidly toward the corner. Without regard to Parrish, who was due at the apartment, she sped after her guardian, trying to catch up with him. He turned the corner, and stepped into a cigar store. When he came out she was at the door.

"Daddy, forgive me!" she said. "But I didn't want you to go away. I'm afraid you misunderstood me. I don't want to be a tough woman! I just want you to like me." He took her arm and turned with her toward home. "Well, go on back there, until young Parrish comes," he said. "Then you go out with him. Try your new scheme on him, and see if it works. If you're expert, and do the thing right, you may be able to find out a lot of things about men."

When they reached their building, Parrish was just entering the elevator. "Hello, Parrish," said Morton. "And goodbye." He kissed Audrey and hurried out the door. Parrish watched him until he was out of sight. Then he turned to Audrey. "Seriously he looked at her rouged cheeks and reddened lips and sighed. "Shall we walk?" he asked. "Together they turned back to the street again."



Sensitive Skins and Lux-Laundered Lingerie



THE same care you give to hands and face is due the skin from head to toe. Those intimate garments which touch, rub and sometimes chafe the skin should never be laundered with harsh soaps, or soaps of unknown quality. You can safely trust your lingerie to Lux. Lux, the world's purest cleansing agent for fine fabrics, will keep your dainty wardrobe clean, bright, fresh looking, and protect your skin. What pure water will not harm, Lux will not harm—even the skin itself.

Used according to directions printed on the package, Lux is the most economical cleansing agent you can use. For your protection Lux is sold only in packages, never in bulk. The smaller the wardrobe of fine things, the greater the need for Lux. Lux lengthens the life of all fabrics.

LUX

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Safety First Lightning Protector

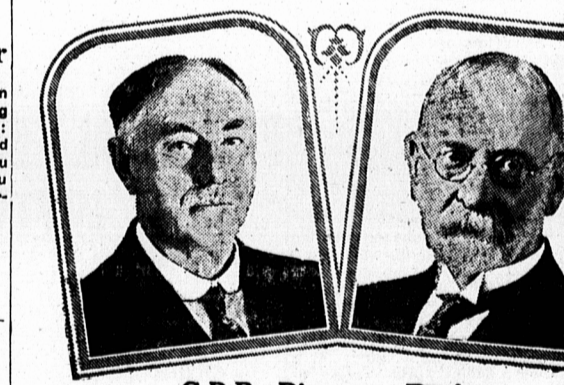
Nature provides protection from everything that attacks by using the means at your disposal, viz: Nature's Laws. Safety First applied to your bed or lounge protects you during lightning storms and you are safe. Sent by mail with directions for One Dollar per set. Address: SAFETY FIRST LIGHTNING PROTECTOR, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 286-6-30-161.

HAY SALE

I will sell at Suffolk, on Friday, July 23rd, 1926, at 3 o'clock p. m., fifty acres of choice standing hay. FRED W. GODFREY, J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer, 707-7-16fmw41.

BOSTON by Steamer

INTERNATIONAL LINE Fare from St. John \$10, from Eastport or Lubec, Me., \$9. Every Wednesday Steamer leaves St. John 9 A. M., Atlantic Time; Eastport 1.30 P. M.; Lubec 2.30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, arriving Boston, Thursday, 8 A. M. On Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, Steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston, leaving St. John 7 P. M., Atlantic Time, due Boston following day, 2 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Connections at Boston with direct steamer to NEW YORK Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers. EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.



C.P.R. Pioneers Retire

Contemporary with the inception of the Canadian Pacific Railway and having each a record of forty-four years service with the company, C. J. Flanagan, auditor of freight and telegraph receipts, and J. H. Shearing, auditor of passenger receipts, were presented each with an engraved gold watch by J. Leslie, vice-president and comptroller, in his office on the occasion of their retirement on pension commencing June 30th. Mr. Leslie in presenting the watches on behalf of the officers of the accounting department, stated that he looked upon Messrs. Flanagan and Shearing as two of the leading experts in their line and this view was generally shared throughout the Dominion in accounting circles. Although they were men of very different types, each of them had been an outstanding success in the administration of their respective departments. He stressed the pleasant relations that had always existed between himself and them. Presentations were also made to the retiring officials by their staffs. Mr. Shearing was given a malacca cane with a gold band suitably inscribed. The gift of members of his staff for ten years service and up and the presentation was made by A. Watt, member of the staff. Mr. Flanagan the recipient of a travelling bag, a case and a case of pipes, presentation made by W. J. Sutcliffe. The two officers joined the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1882. Mr. Flanagan was appointed chief clerk to the accountant eastern division in October of that year and, best travelling auditor in March, 1883. April 1885 he was appointed clerk in the auditor's office and in June 1887 promoted auditor of freight and telegraph receipts, a position he has held ever since. Mr. Shearing began his C.P.R. career as general clerk in the auditor's department, Winnipeg and in 1885 was transferred to Montreal. In November of that year he was appointed to the position of auditing department and was promoted auditor of passenger receipts in June 1887.

CANADA S. S. LINES LTD. S. S. "Ceuta" and S. S. "Hitherwood" Leaves Montreal Arrives Charlottetown and leaves for Nfld. S. S. "HITHERWOOD" July 15th July 19th S. S. "CEUTA" July 30th August 3rd CARVELL BROS., LTD., Agents

Comina Election Demands Large Conservative Convention Thursday