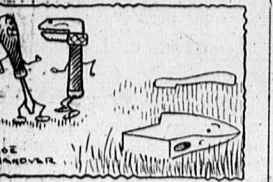


SMILES



NO PRACTICE NEEDED
Mother (severely): Do you practice flirting with men on the street?
Daughter: Why, of course not, mother. Do you think a girl of my experience needs practice in such light amusement?



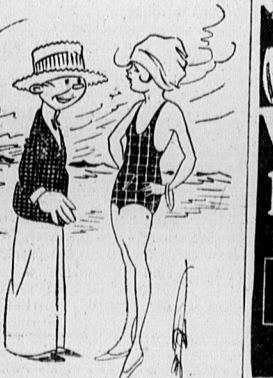
HARDWARE TALK
Wrench: What happened to Mr. Ax?
Screwdriver: Oh, he flew off the handle again!



SHE'D BE A RIOT
"Mr. Censor, if I'd go out on the beach in this costume, would I be annoyed by the police?"
"No, little girl, you'd be saved by the police."



FRENCH LEAVE
Mistress (to prospective cook): Have you ever taken French cooking?
Cook: No'm—never taken anything but French leave.



She: Girls are rather scarce around here.
He: So are their clothes.

According to tests in England the efficiency of workers in line tasks is increased by wearing properly fitted glasses even though their eyes do not require them.

The "New" Sharples "Marvel" Cream Separator

Table with 3 columns: Model No., Weight, Price. Includes models No. 12, 13, 27, 46.

F. O. B. CHARLOTTETOWN Extra Parts for all Sharples Machines
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HEARTS AFIRE

By Mae Christie

"Quick! Help me!" Nurse Brown pulled herself together, and darted forward just as the invalid slumped helplessly against the girl.

"He's fainted! How on earth he had the strength to get in here, God only knows!" mumbled the woman, helping Prudence to lay her patient on the floor.

"There was no holding him back I tell you. He had the power of Samson! But he'll never survive tonight's excitement, never in his condition!"

Prudence ran to shut and bolt the door, and as she did so, almost collided with a man upon the mat. Was it Traymore, back again to steal the papers?...back again to try and kill her?...

She gave a stifled cry, and then she saw that it was...heaven be praised!—Will Ogilvie!

"What's happened?" Will rushed past her and up to the recumbent figure on the floor. "Armstrong? ...good God! Who brought him here?"

"He came himself," said Nurse Brown, in a shaky voice. "Miss Page was attacked by a thief, and nothing would hold Mr. Armstrong back. He was out of his bed and at the front-door the moment he heard her calling. I tried to stop him, but he flung me back with the strength of Samson, I tell you. So I grabbed up the lamp and overtook him just as he got here—"

"Did the fellow hurt him?" Will Ogilvie knelt down on the stone floor while Prudence carried the lamp nearer. "A chap dashed past me across the fields just now, carrying hell-for-leather—"

"It was Bert Traymore, from the Towers," said Prudence, with dry lips.

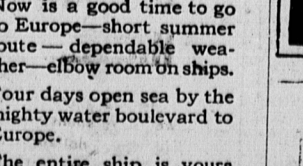
Between them they carried the sick man back to his bed, and then Will Ogilvie got a neighbour to hurry for the local doctor.

"I'm not going to leave you two women alone, for fear this scoundrel of a Traymore—or his pals, maybe—comes back and makes a second attempt," said he. "What was the rascal trying to steal? Queer, wasn't it, how Janet had a premonition that something was going to happen in her absence?—so she sent me back."

"Traymore was trying to get hold of Peter's invention. It wasn't patented, you know." Prudence gave a half-sob, leaning down at the unconscious face of the man she loved better than life itself.

"Then I'll run into the—what do you call it?—laboratory, and col-

dependable first-aid a few drops bring quick relief



vacation mishaps Absorbine Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT At all Druggists \$1.25

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MORSES TEAS ALWAYS PLEASE

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Prudence drew a deep breath of relief. And then she said: "It seems incredible that Traymore would try to do such a shocking thing!"

Will's sardonic grin widened. "Worse than stealing penicillin out of a blind man's hat, eh? But he didn't reckon that the blind man would have the strength of Samson, did he? I'll bet our pretty gentleman got the shock of his life when the invalid hurled himself into the fray! And it seems you were none behindhand, either, Miss Prudence. 'Till lately—the flushed a little under his sallow skin—'till lately, I didn't think much of woman, if you don't mind my saying so. [But you and Janet have made me alter my opinion a bit. I've got to hand it to you both—for nerve—and for sticking by a fellow!]"

This gracefully worded tribute would have made Prudence laugh at any other time.

But her ears and heart were keyed up to the doctor's footsteps coming from the patient's room. "He's such a big, strong fellow," she said, once or twice, rather glibly to Will. "It would be his going him the earth again, if he thought, 'if only it is true!'"

"And if he can't? What then?" supplemented the other. Prudence's face was like the countenance of some exquisite Ma-ma, as she answered, quickly: "Then I want nothing better than to be allowed to look after him, all the rest of his life and mine!"

A lump rose in Ogilvie's throat, shell explosion and had lost their and at the same time a shamed power of vision had later had their feeling took him when he remembered through some un-expected happening, such as a motor accident, a fire, or a concussion of some sort.

Had this same thing, then, occurred in Peter's case? And hered in Peter's case? Will Ogilvie sat with Prudence in the little parlour of the cottage, while the medico and nurse attended to the patient.

"Don't you believe what that Brown woman says about this excitement and effort being the death of a man?" volunteered Will Ogilvie. "Maybe it's just what was needed, to put him on his feet again!"

Prudence told him of the glad hope that was turning in her mind. "He recognized Traymore. So then he must have seen him. Isn't it wonderful?"

Will's rather sombre face lit up before. "Great! I've heard of such things from your sight, sometimes by a great shock of some sort, it will be restored again. Not always, of course," he added, afraid to bolster up her hopes too high, for the fact would be all the greater if such hopes did not materialize.

Then Will added, with a grin: "I don't blame him for rushing to the scene. He had everything at stake, hadn't he? The girl he loved...and these papers which you say are the record of his new invention."

He produced Peter's loose-leaf notebooks, and a couple of torn documents of some sort. "This is all I could find. I don't imagine the chap got away with anything at all. Even if he did, the thing would have to be complete before it would be of any use to him, I fancy."

Prudence and he examined the things underneath the lamp. "I used to be keen on lab. work as a boy," Will mused at the papers. "These look to me as though they were more or less in order."

Mrs. Vansittart sat in the great drawing-room of Wyndham Towers, with Janet Mercer opposite her, and little Lucia playing happily on a big bear-skin rug.

"They say," said Mrs. Vansittart, her white, much-beringed fingers moving leisurely among the tea-things, "they say that nothing ever happens in the country, and that country life is dull. But, after the past day or two, never again will I believe it!"

Janet gave a sympathetic smile. "It would almost make a story wouldn't it? Peter Armstrong's accident, and the cold-blooded way that creature, Virginia, flung him over, while the little Page girl stuck to him, through thick and thin. He always did care for her, you know." This was delivered with an air of having made a remarkable new discovery.

"He was well out of the Virginia business," said Janet grimly. "I always loathed that girl, and it's amazing to me how you didn't see through her sooner."

Mrs. Vansittart shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I'm no judge of character. And I can get along with anyone who will amuse me, and amuse my guests. But what came out in the police-court about Virginia simply flabbergasted me!"

pleased you. The doctors think that in a year or two, thanks to the massage and treatment, she'll quite outgrow any weakness of the back. But any massage would but demurred about the intended gift.

"It's pleased me as much as it's have done the same for her." "Rubbish! It isn't anybody that Lucia would have allowed to touch her. The child's sensitive to 'atmosphere,' and she recognizes the mother-instinct in you."

Janet glowed. Despite the weird occurrences of late, her own particular cup of blessing was running over. Will loved her. They were reconciled, and were to be married some day in the future. She—to have a home and husband of her own, and maybe...children!

"I'd like to give the little Page girl a splendid wedding-present, to make up for what she's suffered in the past. I hate myself for suspecting her about those ear-rings and the money. Of course, all the country-side knows now it was Virginia, but just the same, the memory must still be painful to Prudence. I've written, and apologized, and called."

Janet loved Prudence and she answered, quickly: "Oh, the child never did bear you any malice. She's got a remarkably sweet nature. D'you know, when the report of Virginia's local-paper trial came out in the police-court I showed it to her, instead of being delighted at the public downfall of a woman who'd injured her, and insulted her many's the time, the child's eyes filled with tears, and her voice was quite shaky when she said how sorry she felt for her, and she wished there was something she could do."

"Then she needn't waste her pity," retorted Mrs. Vansittart, helping herself to another cup of tea, and sipping it daintily. "Virginia's got a hide like a rhinoceros, though she did make such a scene in court, fainting dead away, and all that sort of thing, to get on the judge's soft side. When the counsel for the Crown, or whatever you call the man, read aloud her past record, it was I who nearly fainted, to think I'd been 'had' so long and in so many ways!"

The good lady stirred her tea so violently that some of it splashed over on the carpet.

"But you were awfully kind to her, even after she was arrested," sympathized Janet. "You withdrew the charges, and said you would forgive her, and let her have a new start in life. You even offered to help her passage to Australia, where she says she's got a sister living."

"But the local tradespeople, and the woman whose pearl necklace she stole at the Cumbermeres ball, weren't such simpletons," snapped Mrs. Vansittart. "They wouldn't let her off. It's true I wanted to drop the case, but it seems the police had been on the scent of Virginia's other thefts long before I got the detective to come here as a butler. That rather relieves my mind. Detestable as Virginia was, I wouldn't like to have been the direct cause of her arrest, you know."

Janet looked thoughtfully out of the window. "Several of them, I should say. She wasn't content with stealing, but she plotted the downfall of others. Take, for instance, her little trick of slipping those diamonds and the stolen money into Prudence's sash, the night of the party here."

"She'd worn them, dress before, and maybe left them in her sash, through sheer forgetfulness?" "Nonsense! Miss Jinny wasn't that sort at all. She had her eye on Peter Armstrong, and wanted to remove Prudence from her path. And she did drive the girl to run away to London, if you'll remember."

"Yes," Janet nodded. (To be continued)

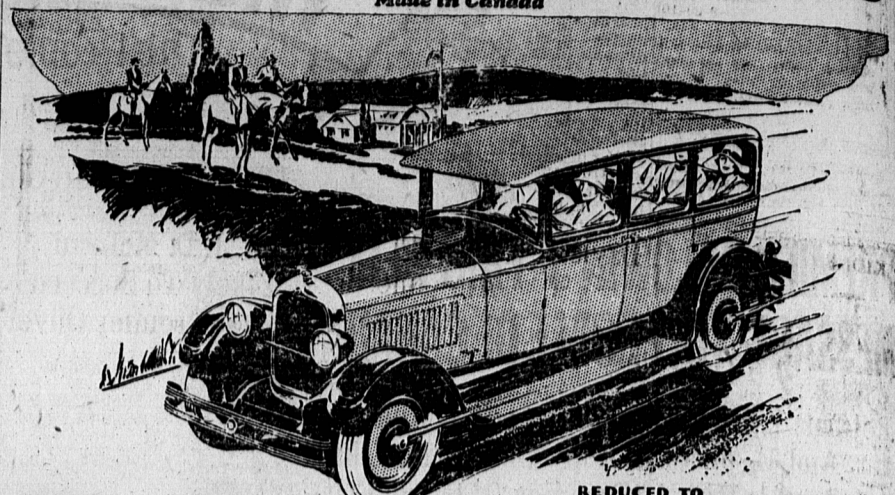
Minard's Liniment for cuts and bruises

NOTICE

A meeting of the Conservative Electors of the Bedford Polling Division in Queens County, P. E. I., will be held in the Ten Mile House School House, on the St. Peter's Road at the hour of seven o'clock p. m. on the 24th day of this present month of August A. D., 1927, for the purpose of nominating and appointing five delegates to attend the Annual Meeting of the Liberal Conservative Association of Queens County, which will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms in Charlottetown, on Friday the 26th day of August A. D., 1927, commencing at 1.30 p. m., as each poll is entitled and requested to send five delegates to the said meeting.

A. C. McLAULAY, President of the Bedford Poll in Queens County, P. E. I. August 18th, 1927.

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Augustine Cove Notes

Mrs. Roy Clarke and daughter, Violet, motored to Summerside on Saturday.

Mr. Wilfred Peters visited Kensington on Thursday.

The friends of Mr. Ernest Howatt in Augustine Cove are glad to know he is recovering nicely and hope to see him around soon about his work.

Mr. Artemas Cameron did some fine work cutting hay with his new tractor, on which there is a hay mowing knife attached.

Messrs. Wesley and Wilfred Cann spent the week-end visiting in the Cove, the guests of Mr. John Robinson.

Mr. Amos Peters spent the week-end at his home in Augustine Cove visiting.

Miss Beulah Robinson paid a flying visit to Crapaud on Saturday evening.

Miss Vera Leard returned home again after spending an enjoyable visit at her sister's, Mrs. Fred Reeves, Freetown, P. E. I.

Mr. Johnson Peters motored to Summerside on Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Clarke were

noticed among the motorists on Sunday evening in Augustine Cove.

Mr. Brenton Clarke motored to Summerside on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Michael Peters intends leaving for the West Friday, on the harvest excursion. "Eh! good luck, old top!"

Miss Jean Silliphant, Saint John, N.B., is visiting in the Cove, the guest of Mrs. David Howatt.

Mr. and Mrs. Urville Leard, Bordent, motored through Augustine Cove on Sunday en route to Tryon.

Mr. Peter Peters, Augustine Cove, is visiting in Bayfield, N.B.

Mr. Earle Clarke returned back home from Prince County Hospital on Tuesday afternoon. "Welcome back, Earle!"

REWARD

A reward of \$50.00 will be paid to any person furnishing information which will lead to the conviction of the party or parties netting trout in Keefe's Lake. Information furnished later. 8620-8-19-21.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

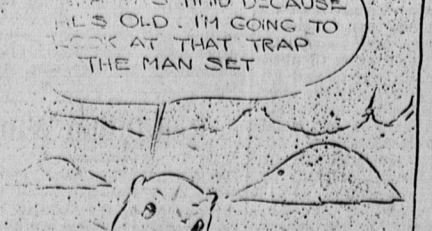
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4. AN ENGINEERING COURSE of two years, leading to admission into the Third Year of other institutions;
5. A COURSE LEADING TO THE DEGREE OF B. Sc. IN NURSING;
6. A TEACHER-TRAINING COURSE enabling students to qualify for licenses to teach in the schools of Nova Scotia;
7. A PREPARATORY MEDICAL COURSE through which students may qualify to enter without condition the leading medical schools of Canada and the United States;
8. COURSES IN COMMERCE—Accounting, Marketing, Sales Management, Foreign Trade;
9. SEVERAL GRADUATE COURSES leading to the degree of Master of Arts.
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THE BEDTIME STRIP—



Shot. —By Arthur Chapouille

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