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AN ATTIC SALT-SHAKER
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THE death of Sir Edmund Gosse, famous critic and essayist, recalls a story about him told by Walter Tille. For a very long time Gosse was served by the same barber, who was a great comfort because he did his work well and in utter silence. "One day," remarked Sir Edmund, "he astonished me by an inclination to talk. Asking me to pardon him for any seeming presumption, he proceeded: 'I merely wanted to remark, sir, that I have been hobnobbin' your 'air, for a rather longish period. Time was when I thought as 'ow you might lose it, but now, sir, I am sure you will die in your 'air. Yes,' he repeated, 'you will die in your 'air, sir.'"

A GOOD—and, I am told, perfectly true—story about Rudyard Kipling has it that an autograph hunter having read about Kipling never put his pen to paper for less than half-a-crown (sixty cents) a word, conceived the idea of sending five shillings (\$1.20) to the great man, together with his autograph album thinking to obtain the coveted two words. The album came back without the five shillings, but instead of finding the signature "Rudyard Kipling" as he fondly hoped, those two words greeted him: "Thank you."

BUT Kipling was once beautifully "had" by a village inn-keeper, who also drove the local bus. One day the latter had the misfortune to injure one of the trees in front of Kipling's house, by driving into it. Kipling wrote him an angry letter of complaint which the inn-keeper promptly sold to a guest of the inn. Not hearing in reply, the author wrote again, this time a more violent letter, which immediately brought him twice the price of the first.

A FEW days later Kipling called on the inn-keeper and demanded to know why he had received no answer to his letters. "Why, I was hoping you'd write me some more," said boniface. And then he told the author what he had done with the two letters. "They pay a good deal better than bus driving," he added.

A YOUNG farmer of Virginia with whom John Phillip Sousa was lodging during a quail shooting expedition, had never been twenty-five miles from his home, and he confessed to the famous conductor that it had been the dream of his life to go at least as far north as Washington. But he could never afford the trip, he said. "Of course you can," replied Sousa.

THEREFUPON, Sousa—who tells the story in his memoirs "Marching Along"—outlined a plan whereby the farmer was to accompany him on a horseback ride to the Capital and receive \$5 a day for his time as well as pay for the use of the horse. Sousa was to ride. The farmer was delighted.

"WE started next day," chuckles Sousa. "At noon we stopped at a farmhouse for luncheon. The farmer's wife said: "What will you have—fried chicken or ham and eggs?" "My friend chose ham and eggs. We stopped at still another farmhouse for the night and at supper when he was asked what he would like to eat, my companion repeated: "Ham and eggs." "Indeed, on that ten day trip to Washington, his invariable choice for breakfast, dinner and supper was ham and eggs."

"WHEN we finally reached the Capital we went to the Hotel Willard where I handed him the menu card with at least 150 items on it, saying: "This is a first-class hotel, Jim. You must be hungry as a bear, so just take anything and everything you want." "He looked it all over carefully, his face growing more and more serious, and then he said: "I've dropped the menu card." "Tain't here, tain't here." "What ain't here?" I asked. "Ham and eggs."

CECIL RHODES and General Gordon were great friends. But each possessed the utmost confidence in his own abilities and a fondness for having his own way. "You always contradict me," said Gordon to Rhodes once when they were discussing African affairs. "I never saw such a man for his own opinion. You think you are always right and everyone else wrong." "I have studied my subject from all sides," replied Rhodes. "But not from mine!" retorted Gordon.

"I LIKED Gordon," remarked Rhodes one day to J. G. McDonald—mining engineer—who knew the Rhodes scholarship founder intimately for many years, and who has just written a "Life of him"—and when he set out for Khartoum, he wired asking me to help him in his last struggle with the Madhi in the Sudan." Rhodes had to reluctantly decline the invitation as he couldn't relinquish his parliamentary work. Later when he received the news of Gordon's death he was deeply moved, saying: "I wish I had been with him. I wish I wish I had been with him."

WHEN Clare Sheridan, the sculptor-author, was over here she struck up a great friendship with Charlie Chaplin, and went to visit him at Hollywood, taking with her, her little

The new Whippet Six arrives
backed by a Series of gruelling Performance Tests that set up a
New World's Record

Setting
NEW WORLD'S RECORD
for Power and Endurance



Chick Murray

MOTOR-WISE BUYERS are no longer accepting claims. They want facts, not fancies. Actual tests—not loose talk.

For that reason the new Whippet Six was put to the most rigid tests before offering it to the public. It broke all speed and endurance records for cars listed in Canada under \$1200.

Chick Murray, Internationally known racing driver, made the tests with a strictly stock Whippet Six Coach at Indianapolis on March 17th, 1928. Each run was officially timed and checked, and an affidavit furnished. Here are the records:

1 24-HOUR RUN—1357.5 miles at an average speed of 56.52 miles per hour (elapsed time). To maintain this speed it was necessary for the new Whippet

Six to go at least 65.67 miles per hour—thus breaking all speed records in its price class. The former record of 54.103 miles per hour was held by a six-cylinder car selling for a price far in excess of the New Whippet Six.

2 HIGH-SPEED RUN—50 miles in 47 minutes 37.14 seconds. An average of 63 miles per hour. No stops were made during the run. At the finish one's finger could be held in the water of the radiator without experiencing any discomfort—thus proving the efficiency of the cooling system.

3 SECOND-GEAR RUN—150 miles in 4 hours, at an average speed of 37.5 miles per hour. To maintain this average speed it was necessary to go 41.25 miles per hour.

4 ECONOMY RUN—123.6 miles at an average speed of 25.5 miles per hour, using only 5 carefully measured gallons of gasoline, or an average (per American gallon) of 24.7 miles per gallon.

The New Whippet Six has not only a performance ability never before obtainable in any car of its size and price but it has a

7-BEARING CRANKSHAFT
(instead of the usual 3 or 4)
GIVES SILKY SMOOTHNESS

The heavy, rigid, drilled crankshaft is perfectly balanced and supported on seven bronze-backed, babbit main bearings—giving the utmost smoothness of power delivery.

The New Whippet Six offers, too, an array of other mechanical features worthy of a car costing twice its price, for instance: a high-compression engine... full force-feed lubrication... thermosta... air-cleaner... silent timing chain... four-wheel brakes... a staunch, dependable chassis... smooth-shifting transmission... finger-tip steering—all resulting from its new principles of design.

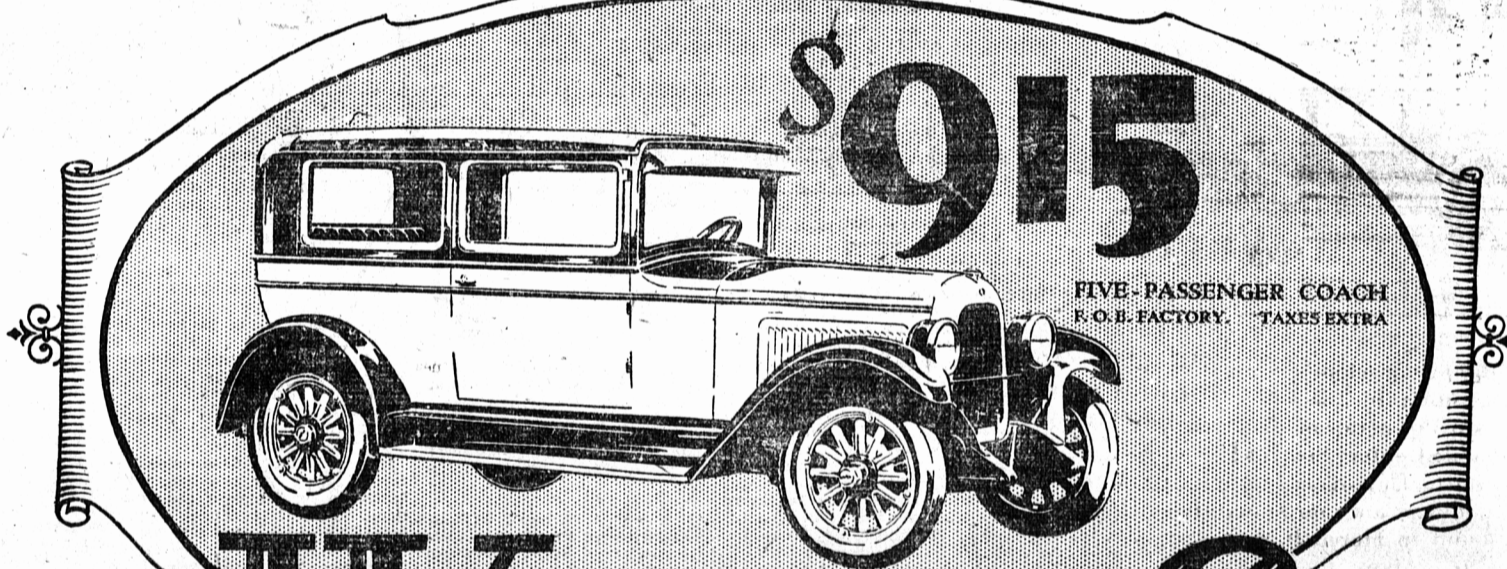
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With 7-Bearing Crankshaft

The New Whippet Six is in many respects the most amazing car of the year. Excelling not only in performance and flexibility (accelerating from 5 to 25 miles in 7.2 seconds) but in appearance as well. It is a car of most modern design. Long, low-slung bodies in harmonious lacquers, cadet-type visors, remote door controls and smart, extra-roomy interiors give a distinction and an air of luxury that will evoke your admiration.

We will place a new Whippet Six at your disposal. Drive and test it yourself. What you'll find will be a revelation. Buy no car until you drive this remarkable new automobile. Immediate delivery.

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| Touring | \$815 |
| Roadster | \$910 |
| Coach | \$915 |
| Coupe | \$915 |
| Sedan | \$985 |

All prices f.o.b. Factory. Taxes extra.



The new Whippet Six

McLAINE SERVICE STATION, Charlottetown
P. J. NOY, Hunter River. CORNEY BROS., Summerside.

lie sona Dick. Coming time for them to leave, Dick vehemently protested, says Mrs. Sheridan in her memoirs "Naked Truth."

"I want to stay here," he cried. "Do you like my house so much, then?" asked Charlie. "No, I like you," said Dick. "I think you're the funniest man in the world." "I am," said Charlie.

LEARNING that little Dick Sheridan had never seen a movie, Charlie Chaplin ordered "The Kid" to be screened immediately, and himself officiated at the organ. When the Kid was torn away from Charlie to be put in an orphan asylum, Dick threw himself upon his mother's neck hysterically. "I can't bear it! I can't look till the end," he sobbed. Charlie was quite alarmed, says Mrs. Sheridan. He paused in his playing to reassure him. "It's only play, Dick! It will come out all right in the end!"

ADMIRAL RODMAN was once sitting in the shore office of a Paymaster who had been tried three times for irregularities but each time acquitted, when a lady's card was handed to the Paymaster with a request for a private interview. "I can't bear it to retire," says the Admiral (in his book "Yarns of a Kentucky Admiral"), "but he asked me very decidedly to remain. On entering, the lady went to the point at once and said very positively: "Paymaster X, I advise you to grant me a private interview; I afternoon tea became a social func-

know all about your public life, your professional life and your private life."

ONCE more the Admiral signified his readiness to withdraw, but was again requested most positively to remain. The Paymaster then replied to the lady: "Madam, as far as my public life is concerned, anyone who reads the press is as welcome to it as the flowers in May. As to my professional life, I am naturally very proud of it, having been officially pronounced honest on three separate occasions. But, Madam, if you know all about my private life, I regret to state that you know a damned sight more than any woman ought to know, who calls herself a lady." "Curtain," pipes the Admiral.

THE world owes the custom of afternoon tea to an old-time duchess Anna, wife of the seventh Duke of Bedford. Before her day tea was unknown. People ate prodigious breakfasts. Luncheon was a sketch affair, a sort of picnic with no servants waiting. There was nothing else until dinner, a huge meal which lasted two hours, after which tea was served in the drawing-room.

ANNA struck out a new line. She had tea and cakes in the afternoon, and all the fashionable world, including the Court, copied the innovation. She took her tea at five o'clock, because, to quote herself, she had a "sinking." And as a result of Anna of Bedford's "sinking" afternoon tea became a social func-

tion almost the world over.

HARRY E. FOSTER, the "Tropical Tramp," who writes breezy books of travel and adventure, has a warm admirer in a youthful neighbor—a youngster young enough to be greatly impressed by the animal skins, poisoned darts and similar trophies which Mr. Foster has brought back from South America and the Far East.

THE youngster was overheard telling one of Mr. Foster's more mature neighbors about the books the explorer had written and what a wonderful man he was. "Oh, so that guy writes books does he?" commented the grown up. "I wondered what that damned loafer did for a living. He never seems to go to an office like honest people. Really now? So he writes books?"

BISHOP WILBERFORCE once met John Hare, the actor. The conversation turned upon dogs—Hare was a great lover of them. "Do you really believe, Bishop," asked the actor, "in a hereafter for dogs?" "Indeed I do," was the answer. "But do you mean that I shall meet my dog again?" "Undoubtedly, if you are good enough."

To find out if a cake is done, stick a clean skewer into the centre. If it comes out perfectly clean the cake is done.

VINEGAR MOTHER

A pinch of salt will keep "mother" from forming on the top of vinegar.

Bread and cake should not be put away in boxes or jars until they are thoroughly cold or mould will be the result.



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