

# IF

what you like about corn flakes is crispness and flavor, always insist on genuine Kellogg's—the original Corn Flakes. They have the goodness that can't be copied!



## Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

\*Always oven-fresh—made by Kellogg in London, Ontario

## SMILES

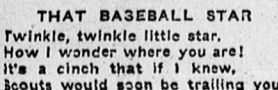
GABBY GERTIE



"A man who holds up a bank in broad daylight has no respect for the law—the Volstead law."



He: Mae's body was washed ashore yesterday.  
She: Foolish girl when she could just as well wash it in the ocean.



THAT BASEBALL STAR  
Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How I wonder where you are!  
It's a cinch that if I knew,  
Scouts would soon be trailing you.



"He acts like a prince."  
"The effect of his association with kings and queens at the card-table every night."



"Those athletes are a lot of irritable hayseeds."  
"Why do you think so?"  
"Freddie told me they were a bunch of cross countrymen."

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AND GLASSES FITTED  
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J. S. TAYLOR  
Optometrists  
142 Richmond Street

## FOR SALE

An excellent dairy farm in Mermaid, Lot 48, 7 miles from Charlottetown, near churches, schools and railway station, containing 185 acres, 125 under cultivation, balance wood and good timber, extra well fenced and water, fine buildings.  
Inspection invited. Owing to ill-health, bargain for quick sale with or without crop.  
JOSEPH POWER, Mermaid.  
7004-S-1-tuf-r-t.

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August 9th August 12th  
August 23rd August 26th  
September 6th September 9th  
September 20th September 23rd

## Carvell Bros.

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The Schooner "Jean F. Anderson" is now discharging a cargo of American Lackawanna D. & H. Anthracite in egg, stove and chestnut sizes. This is the time to put in your requirements while prices are lowest.

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## W. D. Gillis Co.

PHONE 176.

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Souris, P. E. I.  
3588-5-4-tuehrst4tms.

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## Valuable Farm for Sale

AT HARRINGTON, LOT 33

The subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres ten miles north of Charlottetown, watered by mill stream flowing through the premises. New dwelling house and good outbuildings, farm specially adapted to seed potatoes and fox ranching. Two-thirds of purchase price may remain secured on the premises. For further particulars, apply to Bell & Matheson, Solicitors, Charlottetown and Montserrat.  
D. L. MATHESON.

# BROKEN DOWN

by HERMAN LANDON

Axelson pushed her forward. "Step lively miss. You're pretty cute, but you've only made more trouble for yourself."  
She cast a glance over her shoulder. "Who is that?" she could not resist asking.  
Axelson chuckled maliciously. "No need of telling you. You know. You're a smooth pair, you two. He had us fooled for a while, but not for very long. Careful, miss. These steps are a bit steep."  
They were descending a stairway. Adele's mind was full of jarring perplexities.  
"Who you are talking about?" she asked, wondering if it were even remotely possible that she had correctly identified the voice she had heard in the dark.  
"Aw, you know. You had 'it all framed up between you. I'll say you're smart, you two. But he didn't get very far, and neither did the cops."  
"The cops?" she echoed as they started down another flight of stairs. "As if you didn't know! The Stamford cops, of course. How you got word to them is more than I can figure out. Anyhow, we fooled them."  
She listened with a sinking heart. The searchers who had passed so close to her must have been the police of Stamford, then. Some one must have communicated with them. But the other one; the one whose whisper had startled her after the searchers had passed? The sight of a black, still form haunted her imagination.  
Axelson opened a door and stood aside to let her enter. She walked into a large room illuminated by a candle on a table in the center.  
"Sit down and make yourself comfortable," the old man suggested sneeringly. "Dr. Moffett will be here directly."  
With that he closed the door. Dr. Moffett! Her heart skipped a beat, as she heard the name again, but she tried to collect her wits for the forthcoming ordeal. The room was sparsely fitted with old pieces of furniture. The candle's pale sheen fell on a dreary scene that seemed to have been set for some depressing ritual.  
Reluctantly she sat down in an old chair and with an antismacassar spread over the back. As if to fix her mind on the least depressing object in the room, she gazed at the tall candle in its holder of tarnished brass. It was a green candle. She stared at it as if it were a thing of weird symbolism. Another scene, with a voice speaking out of green light, filled her with a morbid fascination. And then the candle flame began to flutter. She became aware that a door had opened somewhere, that a current of air was sweeping lazily through the musty atmosphere. She gazed into the far corners of the room, but was dim and shadowy back there. And how a strange sensation was stealing over her. The atmosphere seemed to change. The dim corners of the room were brightening.  
She sprang up with a little gasp. A green illumination, rich and soft as velvet, was falling over the room, transfiguring the decrepit furnishings, touching the faded draperies with a caressing and rejuvenating film of verdant color. Her pulses were racing; she felt a tightness at the throat. Footsteps were coming toward her but she strained her eyes in vain. She could see no human form.  
And then she stared in stupefaction at the candle flame. Everything about her was strange, but what she now saw was stranger than all the rest. She clasped her hands to her cheeks. She shuddered with a sense of the inexplicable. The flame was still there, although now it seemed to burn less brightly than a few moments ago. She could plainly see the tarnished brass candlestick, streaked with tallow at the sides. But the candle itself was gone!  
She swallowed, opened her eyes wide. Was she going mad? No, the thing was actually as she saw it. There was the flame, a luminous wreath in the air, glowing in empty space. And six or eight inches lower down was the tarnished brass holder, but nothing—absolutely nothing—between the holder and the flame.  
A small, hoarse cry, an expression

of sheer uncanniness, sprang from her lips.  
In the back of the room bathed in a green sheen, a voice sounded.  
"Blow it out: We shan't need it at all, and it seems only to distress you very much."  
She continued to stare at the wraith flame. A flame without a candle! It seemed even stranger than the footsteps which were approaching her without the accompaniment of a human form. As if to smother something gruesome, she blew it out. The spectral flame vanished. Only the tarnished candlestick showed now and then, little by little, the candle appeared to return. There was a thin, elongated shadow a blurred shape of green all but submerged in a brighter and richer green.  
From sheer exhaustion she sank back into the chair. Her pupils were beginning to respond to the strange illumination. She could see the candle quite plainly now, but its outlines were still belogged by the surrounding emerald radiance.  
A chair creaked. As on the former occasion Dr. Moffett had sat down about half a dozen feet from her. She felt he was looking at her, but she could see no face, only a greenish amudge that blended elusively into the verdant light.  
"Queer about the candle, wasn't it?" he murmured. He spoke in the same deep, pleasant voice she had heard the other time, but again she perceived a slight twang which told her that he did not wish her to recognize his voice. "Yes, very strange. Yet it only seemed strange. It was perfectly natural. The same thing happens when you drop a ruby into a glass of red wine."  
To Be Continued Tomorrow

## Motoring With Mary

By MARY JANE MOORE  
Every revolution of the engine sends out wisdom for the woman who drives a car, one of them is discovered.

"Safety first" may appeal to the motor car owner as an excellent slogan to rally behind, but he does not place safety first among the desirable qualities of an automobile. That is the case as shown by the careful analysis of one of the greatest car manufacturers of that elusive thing labelled "buyer taste."  
Here is what the car buyer wants, and the order in which he wants it according to this companies experience:  
First, character or reliability.  
Second, appearance.  
Third, performance.  
Fourth, value.  
Fifth, comfort.  
Sixth, economy.  
Seventh, safety.  
When I read the list, the first time I was quite amazed. Could it be true? For an answer, I looked into my own experience. The answer coincided with the estimate placed upon safety by the car manufacturer.  
The dealer from whom we bought our car threw some interesting light on the subject a few days later when I dropped in to look over the latest models.  
"I'd say that the estimate was pretty close to correct," he said in answer to my question. "The average car buyer just takes safety for granted. Say four-wheel brakes to him or her, and that settles the matter. I don't know that it is such a bad idea to assume that the car manufacturer will provide safety in his product."  
"However, there's another angle to it that should be given consideration. It may not be wrong to assume that the manufacturer has taken care of safety initially, but to think that he has done it for all time is something else again. But a lot of car owners do not realize it. They start out knowing, subconsciously perhaps, that the brakes are good. Unfortunately, they keep on knowing it long after the brakes have stopped being good."  
"You see, safety starts low in the list and it keeps on being there. I have known many owners who put their car on the wash stand for washing and polishing when the actually did not need cleaning, yet ignored the fact that the brakes need tightening. With them, appearance started first and remained first."  
"It is the same with the motorist who buys performance and thinks of nothing else. There are many such motorists."  
"We have an owner who is a bug on speed and hill-climbing. He would

AUGUST 1929						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



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not think of tolerating a mechanical defect, however small, that would affect the car's picking up or its ability to dash up a hill. Now, you would think that a driver who wanted speed in this fashion would demand stopping speed of the same order. Over at the service station they know this chap, so they always look at his brakes when the car comes in. As for him, he never mentions them though he never kicks when we tell him we have worked upon them.

"I believe it can be safely said that after three months of service no motorist can take safety for granted. Maybe in a shorter time than that. Brake mechanisms are good, but they will not stay good of their own accord. Usage takes something out of them. It is up to every car owner to realize that.  
"If he does, then it will do no harm for him to rate safety last in his original estimate of the car's worth. The designer takes care of it then. After that, it is up to the owner."

## VETERAN CRICKETERS STILL GOING STRONG

BOSTON, Aug. 10.—From the babble of voices that attend any cricket match in this vicinity may often be heard words to the effect that "Cricketers may come and cricketers may go, but they go on forever." "They" are George "Pop" Nichols and his one time playmate, John F. Dixon. Nichols plays with the Mystical Lodge team and Dixon sports the emblem of the Everett team.  
These two have been out front in the cricket game hereabouts for years and years. Nobody seems to know just how long they have been

on the job, but George Nichols will be 70 his next birthday which leaves the world to figure it out. And judging from the vigor of his play he has many more years to go. He can still bowl them up in a very "easy" manner, with no apparent effort on his part.  
All that Nichols is, so is Dixon, except in addition to his part as a player, Dixon performs the duties of president of the Bay State League.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 10.—When the fishermen's races are held off this port August 31 and September 2, it is very likely that Captain Martin L. "Marty" Welch, most famous of Gloucester fisherman racing skippers, will be seen at the helm of one of the vessels.

The schooner Progress, owned by the United Fisheries Company, and reported to be one of the fastest of the present fleet in this section, has been entered for the races. Marian J. Cooney, who filed the entry, declared that unless some unforeseen development prevented, Captain Welch would be at her wheel when the gun booms for the start.

Captain Welch brought fame to the international races between Gloucester and Nova Scotia and retired when the old Elsie was beaten by the modern Bluenose at Halifax in 1921. The entry of the Progress brings the starting list to four. The others are the schooner Elsie, to be captained by Capt. Norman Ross; Lodge team and Dixon sports the schooner Thomas S. Gorton, Captain Wallace Parsons, and the Mary, Captain Ben Pine.

More than 25,000 men are working on highway construction in Italy.

Americans' craze for Manx cats threatens a shETAOISHRDYPPUNU threatens to cause a shortage of the tailless felines in the Isle of Man.

With the exception of pigs, livestock in England is declining, according to a recent official report.

Solly Isles claims to be the only district in England and Wales having no breakers of automobile laws.

The automobile club of Torreon, Mexico, has promoted the building of several roads in the Laguna district.

Toluca, Mexico, is charging a toll for use of a road connecting the city with the highway to Mexico City.

Indian laborers of Guatemala now must pay 83 cents a year toward the road improvement fund.



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