

Advance Presentation of

HOLT, RENFREW FURS

A preview of next winter's fashions in Holt Renfrew Furs will be offered to you at MOORE & McLEOD Limited, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Monday & Tuesday
June 23rd and 24th

You are cordially invited to visit MOORE & McLEOD Limited during this display and to examine the lovely models here assembled for your selection.

You are contemplating a new coat for next winter? Then make your selection now and your coat will be made in inimitable Holt Renfrew manner during the summer season. ready for you next fall. Mr. Jean-Jacques Cote will be in charge of this exhibit.



We will arrange for SUMMER STORAGE for your furs in the Holt Renfrew COLD AIR VAULTS

MOORE & McLEOD Limited
CHARLOTTETOWN

Seven Sailed For Pleasure

By Graham Yorks

Lady Kitty arose from her chair and went to her cabin. It was growing dusk and there were several things she wanted to do. The first of these things was to consult her face in the mirror.

It was not an unpleasant face but she noted that despite its pleasantness there was no mistaking her age. The little criss-crossed wrinkles under the eyes and the first signs of crow's feet told their own tale.

She shook her head sadly, and took her beauty box from its drawer.

Lady Kitty had never taken kindly to cosmetics. Her early years had been rather plim and equally plain, and it had only been with the advance of Sir Timothy in the world of social comparisons that she had indulged a little lipstick and permitted the natural bloom of her cheeks to be heightened by rouge.

But tonight she was determined to be different. She was going to look smart. She was going to show Ursula de Boynville that she, too, could use the chemist's artifice to cheat Nature's incursions. In the wardrobe there was a pretty little frock she had not yet worn. She had bought it on the spur of the moment and immediately regretted her folly. It was palest green in colour and fashioned from georgette. Cut low at front and back, it revealed the complete roundness of her arms and set off her impeccable shoulders in white perfection.

When she had completed her toilet she surveyed herself approvingly in the oblong glass. A satisfied smile came to her brilliantly crimsoned lips. Her delicately mascaraed eyes danced. She felt suddenly young... more buoyant. The experiment had lifted at least ten years from her age. She wanted to sing and dance. She would suggest to Sir Timothy that they should have a moonlight dance on the deck — the first since they had been stranded on the island.

The gong sounded below for dinner.

A New Lady Kitty

Sir Timothy heard the gong as he completed brushing his hair. He too, admitted himself in his mirror. His valet had done his work well, and despite his natural bulk, Sir Timothy looked neater and smarter than he had done for many a long day. Normally he had never bothered overmuch about his clothes. In the City he had more or less been correctly dressed. At home he had been less sartorially exacting. His lounge suits were always the despair of both his tailor and his valet. His manner of wearing them was slovenly and no matter how good the cut he always contrived to get them out of shape after the first week or two. It was the same with his evening clothes. His variable habit of sitting on his tails never improved his subsequent appearance, while his dress shirt fronts became buckled and bulged in an hour.

To-night, however, he was extra careful. His valet had never known his employer in quite the same mood before. More than that, he was in an unusually good humour and when the man had ventured to inquire how long they were likely to remain marooned on the island, Sir Timothy had been most genial and told him that he hoped something would be done to get them away in a day or two.

"I'm anxious to get back to London," he said. "Important things to attend to."

The valet, while satisfied with the remark, could not quite reconcile it with his sudden desire to appear particularly well-groomed and correctly attired.

Sir Timothy met Ursula de Boynville at the door of the saloon. Her small white teeth flashed an inviting smile.

They were the first down and crossed over to the cocktail bar for a drink.

"Here's to one woman," smiled the millionaire, lifting his glass. Captain Ventress rolled up and Sir Timothy noticed that the Captain's face was unusually grim.

"Good evening, sir," he greeted his employer bowing stiffly to Mrs. de Boynville. "I've been examining her heel, sir, and I'm afraid she's going to take more digging out than we've got labour to accomplish. Unless we can get that transmitter working, I can think of no way out of this."

But Sir Timothy was determined not to have his evening spoiled by the news.

"What of it, Ventress," he boomed genially. "We're all right for a bit yet. Don't take life so serious a man. If you go on like this you'll be an old man before your time. Look at me! Getting younger and more philosophical every hour. Have a drink. Do you good, Ventress. Cheer up. Don't worry about the ship. She's safe enough."

Captain Ventress raised his brows slowly; so slowly in fact that neither Sir Timothy nor his companion noticed the movement.

"It's difficult to take your advice, sir, but since I'm here to obey orders especially when they come from the owner, I've no option. Here's to goodluck, sir," raising his glass.

"That's better," agreed Sir Timothy. "Nothing like paying tribute to luck. I never forget what the Goddess has done for me."

Ventress swallowed half the contents of his glass at a gulp. It wasn't usual with him but over the rim of it he caught sight of an unusual vision framed in the doorway of the saloon. Sir Timothy saw it, too, and the reaction made him splutter inelegantly.

Lady Kitty came slowly towards them, a picture of quiet synthetic beauty. Her crimson lips smiled. Ursula de Boynville felt that something was wrong. Either Lady Kitty had taken leave of her senses or she was determined for some reason best known to herself to attract attention — something which to Ursula's recent knowledge, had never happened before. The result was almost stupefying.

Sir Timothy gaped openly.

"Well Timothy, how do you like my new frock?"

Lady Kitty asked the question with studied casualness.

"Don't you think it suits me?"

"Certainly, my dear! — certainly! Isn't that so, Ventress?" he answered, turning to the Captain for support. "I think you look charming, Lady Kitty!" Ventress acknowledged.

"Thank you!" Lady Kitty smiled. "May I have a cocktail?"

Sir Timothy gave the order. He was telling himself that there was something wrong. Never before had he remembered his wife arranging herself as she had done to-night. And her face! Something had happened to it. It was different. The eye-shading suited her even if it did impart more than a suggestion of artificiality. Mentally he began to compare her with the other woman beside him, and his mind grew chaotic — so chaotic that he called immediately for another drink.

As for Ventress, the Captain frowned inwardly. He had not been happy about Lady Kitty for the past week or more. As an old sailor he sensed that a storm was brewing; and a storm of that sort was more to be feared than a hurricane in the Indian Ocean. He knew from past experience that the wreckage of human life resulting from such tornadoes was worse than sea wreck.

Lady Kitty appeared strangely oblivious to the sensation her appearance had created, and she chatted amiably and indiscriminately to the trio until Claude Greatrix put in an appearance. "Hello, everybody!" he called. "Sorry I'm late."

Greatrix felt himself talking for talkings sake. He had intended Lady Kitty in his general smile of greeting a moment ago, and it was only conversation that kept him from standing and staring stupidly at her.

(To Be Continued)

Saturday Special

Sport Coats — Half Price

Yes Men—Saturday will be the day to save considerably on a new Sport Coat. —You'll want one for all sorts of outings—choice of many different shades and patterns in sturdy all wool fabrics. Styled in notch lapels—three-button, single breasted front with leather buttons.



HERRINGBONE TWEEDS — "Blues" — "Browns" and "Greens". 35 to 42. \$21.50 for **10.75**

PLAID OVERCHECK PATTERNS — in Blues and Browns. 36 to 42. \$19.50 for **9.75**

MOORE & McLEOD Limited
CHARLOTTETOWN

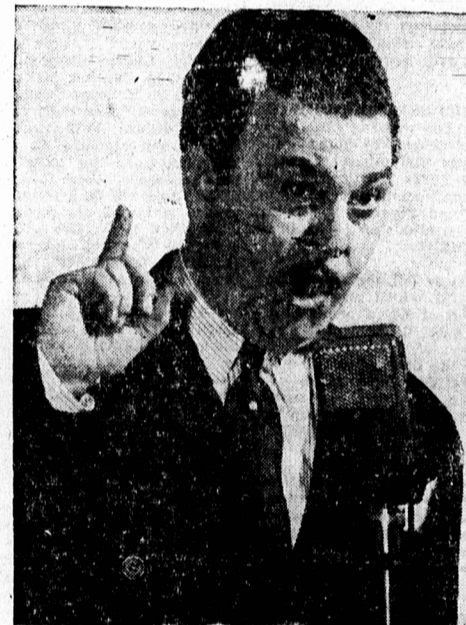
YES! Monday Is The Big Day --

FOR "FUNZAFIZZIN"

STARRING

STAN FRANCIS in a Novel "SHARE-THE-WEALTH" SHOW

A completely mad, fast-moving 2 1-2 hour show, employing quizzes, auction sales, black-outs, local stunts and gags. Stan Francis is supported by the three outstanding stage and radio personalities shown below.



STAN FRANCIS

The 2 1-2 hour show is centered around a Share-the-Wealth program with valuable prizes to the lucky participants. Bring the whole family to this never-to-be-forgotten evening of fun with the one and only Stan Francis, famous Master of Ceremonies of "Share-the-Wealth".

S H A R E T H E W E A L T H

S H A R E T H E W E A L T H



DOROTHY MERRAL, lovely young pianist and accordionist, star of the well known troop show, "The Life Buoey Follies."



RON LEONARD, tall, handsome Magician and creator of confusion.



RUSS TITUS, Canada's top Radio male singing personality.

TICKETS ARE NOW ONLY AVAILABLE AT MILLER BROS. AND THE FORUM, CHARLOTTETOWN. SEATS STILL AVAILABLE IN ALL SECTIONS (Including Sides). BETTER GET YOURS NOW AND BE SURE OF A SEAT.

EXTRA! Prior To The Main Show the Tuneful Down Towners Orchestra will present a program of Popular Music.

(Bus Companies Operating Buses to accommodate those attending the Show).

DOORS OPEN AT SEVEN—SHOW STARTS AT 8:30



Money Saving Specials

- Straw Hats from \$2.00 - \$6.00
- Worsted Pants, SPECIAL \$7.50
- Pyjamas, Flannelette, reg. \$3.50 for \$2.75
- Light Summer Caps 89c.
- Pullover Sweaters. Reg. \$3.50, clearing at \$2.00
- Fancy Short Sleeve Pullovers. Sale Price \$3.00
- Brushed Wool Zipper Jackets. Reg. \$6.00, sale price \$4.95
- Blue Denim Heavy Duty Smocks. Special \$2.50
- All Work Shirts 20% off
- 12 only Spring and Fall Topcoats. Reg. \$37.50 for \$28.00

JUST ARRIVED — MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERALLS.

KENNEDY'S
Men's Wear

GREAT GEORGE ST.

CHARLOTTETOWN

TRICKY OPERATION

BIRMINGHAM, England — (CP) — A skilful operation by a Birmingham surgeon in which he grafted a finger from the patient's left hand on to a mutilated right hand

succeeded here. The patient had four fingers on his right hand cut off in an industrial accident.

FIND OLD GRAVEYARD

SOUTH ELKINGTON, Lincoln-

shire, England — (CP) — Excavations here have uncovered 100 burial urns on the site of an Anglo-Saxon burial ground, believed to be the oldest in England.