

4 Sailings Weekly to BOSTON

Monday and Friday, S.S. CALVIN AUSTIN

Saturday, S.S. GOVERNOR DINGLEY

Mon., Fri. and Sat. sailings are from St. John at 7 p.m. (A.S.T. Time) direct to Boston, arriving 2 p.m. (Daylight S.V. Time) next day.

Wednesday Sailing, Via EASTPORT and LUBEC—S.S. Governor Dingley from St. John at 9 a.m. (A.S.T.), arriving Boston 10 a.m. (D.S.T.) next day.

Fare, St. John to Boston \$10

Connections at St. John via Canadian Nat'l Rys.

Return sailings from Boston, Sun., Mon., Wed., Fri. at 10 a.m. (D.S.T.).

For reservations apply agent Canadian Nat'l Ry. or ticket office Reid's Pt. Wharf.

Low rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

S. S. "HARLAND" EXCURSIONS

Orwell every Tuesday 3 P. M.
Victoria every Thursday 7 A. M.
East River every Friday 3 P. M.
West River every Saturday 3 P. M.
For further information Phone 773

FURNESS RED CROSS LINE S. S. "SILVIA"

Freight and Passengers.
Leave Montreal 10 a. m.
Arrive Ch'town and Leave for St. John's
Arrive Ch'town and Leave for Montreal
Aug. 8 Aug. 10 Aug. 17
Aug. 22 Aug. 24 Aug. 31
Sept. 5 Sept. 7 Sept. 14
Fortnightly thereafter.

CARVELL BROS. LTD
Charlottetown Agents.
4810-4-17-Irmonwed31tl.

Professional Cards

STEWART & LOWTHER
J. D. STEWART, K. C.
N. W. LOWTHER
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
84 Great George Street
MONEY TO LOAN.

MARK R. McGUIGAN
B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
MONEY TO LOAN
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

BELL & MATHIESON
B. E. Bell, D. L. Mathieson, LL. B.
Barrister & Solicitors
Money to Loan
Charlottetown and Montague

McLEOD & BENTLEY
J. A. BENTLEY
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
Office: 180 Richmond Street
MONEY TO LOAN
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McDONALD & McPHEE
B. A.
J. A. McDONALD, H. F. McPHEE
Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN
145 Great George Street
4734-5-20-1mo-daily

McLURE & MacKINNON
SILVER FOXES AND FURS
Representing
HUDSON'S BAY CO. OF LONDON
ENGLAND.
Office 112 Kent St. Phone 396

GEORGE J. ARMSTRONG
ARCHITECT
145 Great George Street
7620-7-22-mwflmo.

Prohibition Commission
Chairman
MR. GEORGE E. BROWN
Margate, P. E. I.

Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to J. J. Tramor, Commissioner, Provincial Police, Charlottetown, or to C. A. Miller, Inspector, Summerside, or to W. E. Hayward, Inspector for Queens, St. John's, Nfld., or to W. Platts, Inspector for Miramichi, N. B.

Death follows flies' foot-steps!



Largest Seller in 121 Countries

--SMILES--

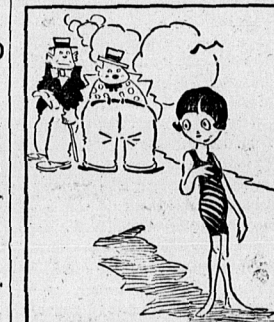


"This is awkward. I flirted with a young man at the seashore, and we both pretended to be rich. Now I find he lives in our city."
"But you needn't see him if you don't want to."
"I can't wait get out of it. It seems he collects the payments on our radio."



Friend: You seem to talk quite freely for publication, without actually saying anything.
Politician: That's the art of it. A man should always avoid letting his views get mixed into his interviews.

TAKING NO CHANCES
A traveling elephant never loses his trunk—and why? The sagacious animal ever keeps it under his eye.



"If Kate told you her age, you can secretly figure out when she was born."
"Judging from what she told me her age was, I should say she was born on her fourteenth birthday."



Farmer: You don't suppose we take boarders because we need the money?
Visitor: I had some such idea. Farmer: Not at all. We just get these people out from town to keep the mosquitoes from devoting all their attention to our home circle.

"Colonel Aubrey"

Colonel Aubrey 210 2-5 Reg. No. 3940 leaves Elmsdale Monday, August 10th to Wm. McFadygen's, Portage, noon; thence to Neil A. McDougall's, Summerside, over night. Tuesday to J. J. McKinnon's, New Annan, noon; thence to B. McArthur's Kensington overnight and remaining till Friday morning. Return trip to Neil A. McDougall's, noon; thence to Romanus McDougall's Grand River, overnight; thence to Howland over week end.

J. W. O'BRIEN, Elmsdale, Owner.
WM. MATTHEW S. HOWLAND, In Charge.
7707-8-13-21.

EYES TESTED
AND GLASSES FITTED
E. W. TAYLOR
J. S. TAYLOR
Optometrists
112 Richmond Street

What the Gray House Hid

The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion

By Wundham Martin

(Continued)

With a screech hardly human, Smucker dived into the nearest shadows and began a race for life. He heeded not where he went, so long as he could seek darkness and escape from the white and mocking moonlight. That he was approaching the house he did not notice until the lighted windows brought him to a stop.

He turned away and made for the bird sanctuary. The wire netting about it he climbed nimbly, and then, unheeding thorns and brambles, he crept like the hunted thing he was to its black center. Suddenly he stepped into nothingness. He felt himself falling. Then came a blow, and he was no more aware of time and space.

When Tim Hanby, intent on adding a white owl to his collection, had carefully aimed his twenty-two at the creature as it sat on an elm branch, he had not been prepared for the extraordinary intervention that saved his life. As his finger carressed the trigger, there came a blood-curdling scream, and some large animal had sprung from the base of the tree. Tim felt that it was no disgrace to flee immediately.

Hanby had not been near his office for two months. An hour's dictation cleared up his correspondence, and he went to the Hardware club for luncheon.

"Hello, Douglas!" he said, stopping at the table where an elderly, gray-haired man was sitting. "I called you up this morning, but you were busy."

"Glad to see you," Douglas replied heartily. "I've missed you. What's it like to be a landed proprietor?"

"The best life in the world," Hanby declared. "But a darned sight more to do than I thought. Why did you recommend me to buy those farms?"

"A sound investment. They'll be wanted for a country club some day. How are your improvements coming along?"

"They are finished, thanks to your admirable Appleton. Douglas, how could you let a jewel of a man like that go?"

There was a curious smile on the heavily lined face of the real estate man.

So Appleton has been up there again, has he?" inquired Douglas.

"Again? What do you mean?"

"The Gray house holds some singular fascination for him—that's what I mean. You ask why I let him go. You call him a jewel. I did that for more than thirty years."

"And yet you refused to raise his pay, and struck some jackanapes over him. I thought you were a better business man than that."

"Tell me just what he said," Douglas returned.

He listened to Hanby in silence. "Now hear me," he resumed. "I fired Appleton. I didn't refuse to raise his pay, and I put nobody over him."

"You fired Appleton? Douglas, you must have been crazy! What for?"

"Ostensibly because he was drunk and impertinent."

"Appleton? Why, he never drinks!"

"Another reason was because he had deliberately misled me as to his family life. Yet a third was because he had manipulated accounts. I don't mean that he took money from me. I mean that he had robbed Peter to pay Paul. I mean specifically that for years

he had been charging other clients for the money he used to effect repairs on the Gray house."

"On my house?" Douglas nodded.

"For years he has been interested in your house—for the last ten years, anyway. Another thing—Southard called me up a month or so ago to ask why I allowed a man like you, with a lovely family, to buy a house where people died from bad drains. For the last few years Appleton has kept clients from buying that house. You ask why. I can't explain. Ask Appleton. I did, and was told to go to—"

"The Appleton I mean is a man of sixty, plump, smiling, and married to an invalid to whom he is devoted. He calls himself Darby and his wife Joan."

"That's my Appleton, too. I took it upon myself to see her. There was another illusion gone. She is an invalid, but as to being devoted, he tells her openly he wishes she were dead, so that he could marry the younger woman he runs around with."

Hanby put his hands to his head. "This is too much!" he murmured. "Remember, I had him in my house for a month."

"I had him for more than thirty years. Up to the time he met this musical comedy person—she must be forty now—he was a good husband. Now he takes the women out to dance halls. He has money saved, but he's spending it. I have never been so utterly deceived in any one. His wife, who is religious, thinks he's possessed of a devil, and maybe she's right. She says he has any amount of money. I had his books examined, and he hasn't embezzled one cent. All he has done is to divert money from other houses to the upkeep and repair of the one you're in. You've no kick coming. He saved you money. What was he doing for you?"

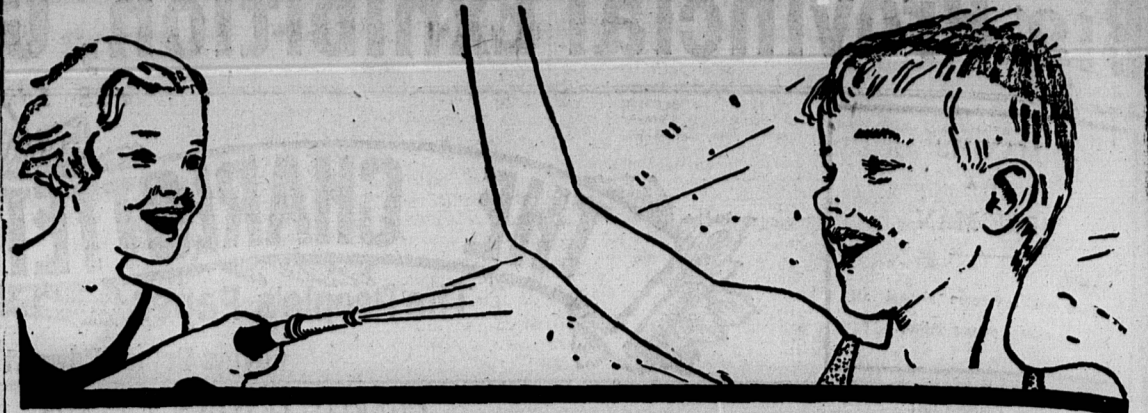
Hanby explained. He told Douglas what his improvements had been, their cost, and the time in which they were executed. The real estate man made calculations on the back of a menu card. Fortunately Hanby had exact particulars as to dimensions. (To be Continued)

\$20,000 Prize Contest Inaugurated By Kelvinator

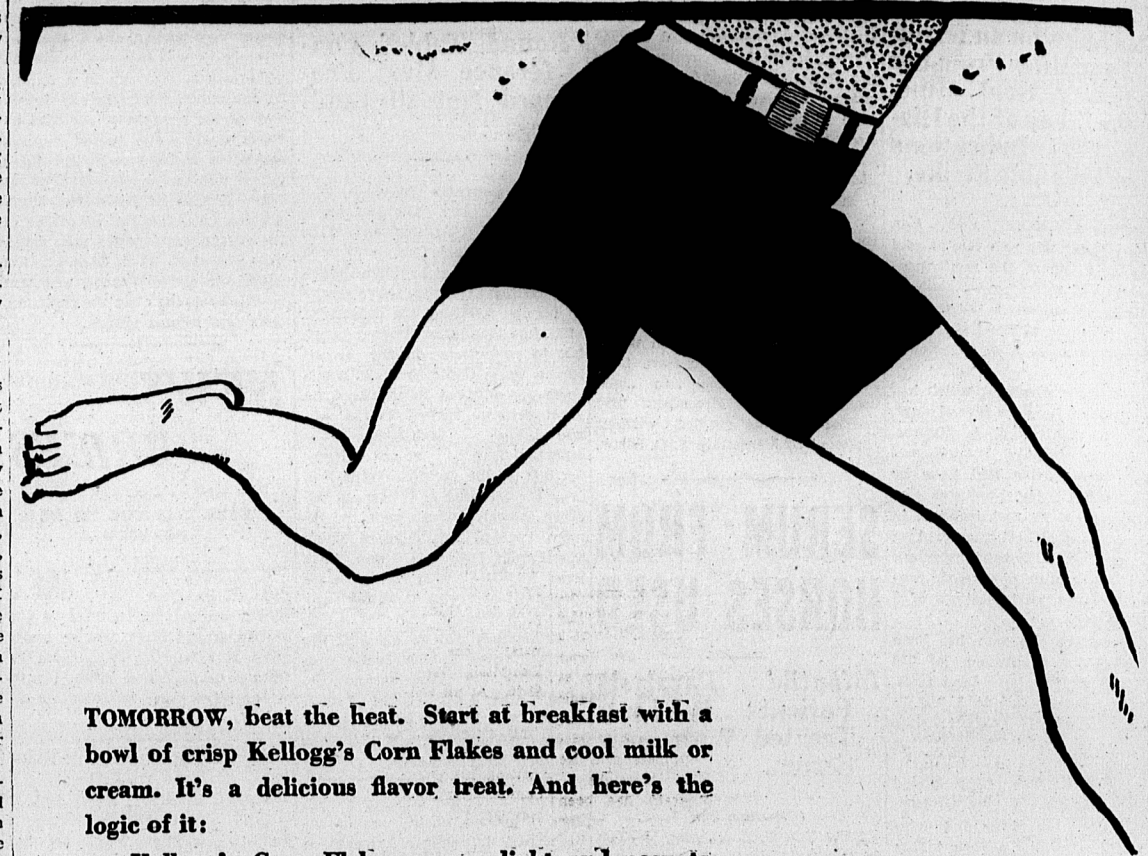
One of the most interesting contests ever inaugurated by any manufacturer was recently launched by the manufacturers of Kelvinator electric refrigerators. There are no strings attached to this contest. Contestants need buy nothing. They simply secure a Standard Rating Scale Score Card from their local Kelvinator dealer, check any Standard Model Kelvinator against this, and then write a letter of 200 words or less on "What I have learned about Kelvinator."

Prizes total well over \$20,000 including two cash prizes of \$5,000 and \$1,500 and a large number of De Luxe and Standard Model Kelvinators. There are also special prizes open to Canadian contestants only, including a cash prize of \$500.

Palmer Electric Co. Ltd., and General Creamers, Ltd., local Kelvinator dealers, can supply score cards and all details regarding this contest which closes on August 31st.



Beat the heat with a treat



TOMORROW, beat the heat. Start at breakfast with a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes and cool milk or cream. It's a delicious flavor treat. And here's the logic of it:

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are so light and easy to digest, they furnish energy without heating up the body. They help you feel cool.

Kellogg's are great for warm-weather lunches too. Delicious with fruits or honey. Fine for the children's supper. Ideal for a late snack. Always crisp and appetizing. Try them tomorrow and see if you don't feel fitter and fresher and cooler.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



You'll prefer the wonder flavor and crispness of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, the world's most popular ready-to-eat cereal. Flakes of crunchy corn. Always oven-fresh in the wastite red-and-green package. Sold by all grocers. Served by restaurants, hotels, cafeterias. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

VISITING MUSEUMS

(Canadian Press)

PLYMOUTH, Eng., Aug. 13.—Why people go to museums, and why, when there, they pretend to be interested, formed a topic of discussion at the Museums Association Conference here recently, and some amusing instances were given by prominent delegates.

Dr. Hay Murray, of the Free Public Museums, Liverpool, caused considerable laughter when he described how he questioned large numbers of visitors to discover whether they learned anything in the museum.

The almost invariable answer was that they had seen a great many "interesting" things. Everybody said "interesting." A young minister with a child was very angry at being asked, and said: "You would not expect to learn anything when you are showing a youngster around."

Sir Henry A. Miers, the president, said that he saw a girl look through a microscope and cry: "Look! Father, this is most interesting." Her father looked and said: "Yes, most interesting." Sir Henry himself then looked and found it was out of focus and all that could be seen were two bits of wire.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 12. (By the Canadian Press)—Half auto rick as companions on his trip and half-wagon, with a half-breed gopher and a pair of badgers, at the helm, a weird carriage is on its way "From Valmarie to Montreal or Bust." Two prancing grey horses draw the converted chassis which Alfred Choquette is driving from his farm at Valmarie in southern Saskatchewan.

Choquette, who formerly farmed in the Mariapolis area of Manitoba, left His Saskatchewan land after four years of crop failure. He carries as companions on his trip a

its way "From Valmarie to Montreal or Bust." Two prancing grey horses draw the converted chassis which Alfred Choquette is driving from his farm at Valmarie in southern Saskatchewan.

MR. AND MRS.

JOE, THE NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB WANTS US ALL TO TAKE OUR FENCES DOWN AND HAVE JUST ONE BIG GARDEN



Joe Makes A Decision Worthy Of Solomon

THE WOMEN FOLKS ARE TO DO THE GARDENING, AND WERE TO WEAR BEACH PYJAMAS. SEE! THERE'S MRS. BALL NOW!



AND THERE'S MISS WILLOWY, TOO.

AA-A-A-AH!



WELL, I'M IN FAVOR OF TAKING ONE FENCE DOWN—AND LEAVING THE OTHER UP

