

Every 10c Packet of **WILSON'S FLY PADS** WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$3.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

MAY SEYMOUR FOOT LOOSE

by BEATRICE BURTON

MAY SEYMOUR, whose husband, DR. JOHN SEYMOUR, killed himself because of her love affair with JIM CAREWE, returns to her home town after a year's absence.

Heavily veiled, she comes late one fall night to the home of her lawyer, DICK GREGORY, and GLORIA, his wife. She tells them how the story of Dr. John's suicide has cast a shadow over her life. And so she has made up her mind to "sell out" and go to Europe where no one will know her story. She asks ULYSSES X. FORGAN, a wealthy widower who is in the real estate business, to sell her house. Forgan advises her to live in it and face the people who have slandered her, but May says she wants to be footloose.

She tells Dick to sell her stocks and bonds for whatever they will bring. All she wants, she explains, is enough money to dress the part of a wealthy widow and "land" a rich husband.

A week later, with \$8000 in her handbag, May sets out for Atlantic City for a short rest. There she meets a divorcee, MRS. CARLOTTA FROLKING, and a middle-aged friend of Carlotta's, HERBERT WATERBURY.

Waterbury takes the two women to ADOREE's little supper club the first night he meets May. There they are joined by DAN SPRAGUE, an admirer of Carlotta's.

May accidentally drops her handbag, and when Waterbury picks it up and lays it on the table, May's huge roll of bills slips out. Sprague asks her if she has been robbing a bank.

THE STORY

Herbert Waterbury raised his eyes from May's roll of money, and glanced from her to Dan Sprague. There was a queer, twisted smile on his face.

"Imagine that . . . a woman carrying thousands of dollars with her, in a flimsy handbag!" he said. "Not even in travelers' checks, but in honest-to-gosh money! Doesn't that prove what I said to you the other day, Dan? Remember my telling you that no woman ought to be allowed to handle her own money?"

Dan nodded solemnly. "Is that so?" Carlotta piped up shrilly. "Because I've heard different! And if there's any better all-wool-wool collector in the country than I can lead me to her! Any day I'm not perfectly able to handle my own money I'll let you boys know about it by radio, Station HAN!"

"What do you mean, 'Station HAN'?" Dan Sprague asked. "Hard as nails," that's me," Carlotta answered cheerfully. "I'm a regular little Hotty Green—under my soft, sweet, smiling exterior she broke off, suddenly, and stared across the restaurant with her china-blue eyes.

"Oh, look who's here!" she exclaimed. "Your old friend, the camp, Dan!"

May turned, and saw a slim young woman who threaded her way toward them through the tables that packed the white room.

As she came, she looked straight at Dan Sprague with her large dark eyes, and smiled, showing prominent white teeth. Her skin was almost as white as they, and her straight black hair was gathered

tensely jealous of the thin, black-haired woman, and that she was not going to speak to her if she could help it.

But Dan and Herby jumped up and greeted the "hostess" with enthusiasm.

"Come on over here, Fran, and I'll give you the low-down on this Volstead stuff," Dan Sprague said.

Must be my bubbling self for them as she spoke, the lights all over the cafe began to go out, cluster by cluster. And only a great yellow spotlight shone in the middle of the dance floor like a sun.

Into it floated the figure of a red-haired woman in a billowy white silk dress. This was ADOREE, herself.

May turned in her chair and looked at her curiously. This tiny woman who had made a small fortune out of the tiny restaurant.

There was a tired look in ADOREE's painted eyes, and the broad smile on her scarlet mouth was strained.

"She's old!" May thought, and pitied her.

"You know, of course, that she has a grown son," the low voice of Herbert Waterbury said in her ear.

"She looks old enough to be somebody's grandmother," May answered.

Then presently she spoke again. "It's a terrible thing for a woman when she begins to get old," she said wistfully.

Herby laughed. "How do you know? A woman as young as you?" he asked.

May sighed. Oh, I'm not so young," she answered. "I'm twenty-seven. That's pretty old, isn't it?"

"What would you do if you were forty-five?" the man asked.

She shrugged her graceful shoulders. Her eyes dreamily followed the light, thistledown movements of the dancer.

Then, in the half-darkness, she felt a hand close warmly over hers, as if lay palm upward in her lap. She started slightly but did not move away.

"You are a little kid!" she heard Herby whisper. "You're just a kid, aren't you?"

Again he laughed. "To think of around in your handbag!" he said humorously. "If ever there was a kid trick, that's one. Why don't you put it safely away in a bank? What did you draw it out for, in the first place?"

"I didn't," May answered. "It's some money that my lawyer turned over to me."

She felt a movement beside her, and saw the slender figure of Francie Lee slip away toward the door of the restaurant.

He put out his hand and pulled a chair from the table behind him. "How are you feeling tonight? Rather Bacardi?"

Francie Lee shook her head. She looked from May's face to that of Carlotta, who sat at one frozen table. And she backed away from the table.

"No thanks, Daniel," she said. "I have a heavy supper date with three Chicago gentlemen who are in the bone-button trade, and I



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"Speaking of lawyers, reminds me that I ought to hear from mine, soon," broke in Carlotta. "He's down in Missouri collecting three months' back alimony from my former husband. Believe me, if that old boy doesn't crash through with the coin, I sure do-run him ragged!"

Just then the lights flashed up again as ADOREE whirled out in a little gust of applause. Herbert Waterbury gave May's hand a quick pat before he drew his own away.

The restaurant had slowly filled with the gay midnight crowd. And May looked around her curiously at the women with their marcelled

hair, their bright silk evening coats and their jewels.

Somehow they all looked alike. Surely they all wore a uniform—the uniform of Prosperity. And in their powdered faces, their eyes had no more life than the snow-dusted eyes of a rag doll.

Near the door, Francie Lee sat with the Chicago button manufacturers . . . heavy-jowled men, seriously intent upon having a good time.

May felt a sudden pity for Francie Lee. What a life hers was! To make a living by being a "hostess" in a place like this one that belonged to ADOREE!

To be pleasant and entertaining, night after night, to have heavy-jowled, middle-aged men! To have to listen to their dull, doubtful jokes! To accept their maudlin flattery! To earn a living by taking tips from these men!

She looked at Francie Lee's colorless, thin face with the stamp of worldly wisdom upon it. And then another face flashed into her mind—the fresh-colored, happy face of Gloria Forgan as she beat over her sleeping baby!

The women, like Gloria, who getted down and had their children. Were they, after all, the only women who knew the meaning of happiness?

Or was the greatest joy to be sprung from a fancy-tree, footloose life? These Nomads around her in the restaurant . . . these hotel typists . . . were they happy?

"I don't know," she confessed to herself, "I don't know."

But she had set her feet upon the open road that might lead to the very rim of the world, for all she knew. And she meant to follow it.

Somewhere there must be a by-path that would not be a blind alley. A by-path that would lead to happiness, or, at least, to something very like happiness. To ease and leisure.

She turned suddenly to Herbert Waterbury. "Let's go home," she said. "I think I'm tired of all this. And I don't get much sleep last night."

"You should have taken that little drink I offered you," he answered, something like a touch of hardware when you're feeling low."

In the dimly-lighted hall outside the supper-room, May and Carlotta waited while the men retrieved their hats from the pretty check girl.

May heard Dan Sprague say something to her in a low tone as he took his hat and coat from her.

He does that to make me jealous," Carlotta whispered to May. "But I just pretend that I'm deaf, dumb and blind."

She laughed, but the eyes that were fastened on Sprague's face were dark with misery.

Suddenly she walked over to him and took him by the lapel of his coat. "Come on, aggravating papa!" she cried.

"Why, she's really in love with him," May told herself. She wouldn't have believed that the soft pink mask of Carlotta's face covered an emotion so deep as the feeling she certainly had for Dan Sprague.

Waterbury took May's arm as they stepped out into the night, and Carlotta and Dan dropped slowly behind them. Once May looked over her shoulder, and saw them standing at the rail along the Broadwalk, deep in earnest conversation.

"Are they in love with each other?" she asked Waterbury.

He waited for a moment before he answered. "I honestly don't know," he said at last.

"Tell me about Francie Lee," May asked. "What is this hostess job of hers, anyway?"

"Well, it's a rather new profession for actresses out of work," Waterbury explained. "They hire themselves out to these supper clubs, and their job is to entertain the men patrons. . . . But, look here, I don't want to talk about the Francie Lees. I want to talk about you!"

He drew her very close to him, holding her arm above the elbow. "Doesn't it seem to you that we've known each other longer than just a few hours?" he asked.

May shook her head. "No," she said. "I feel that I don't know you at all. . . . as of course, I don't."

Waterbury laughed almost without a sound. "Well, then, I'm going to tell you something about myself," he said. "I'm just Herbert Waterbury, plain and honest. And because I am plain and honest, I'm going to ask you something. Won't you give me that money of yours to take care of, until you decide what you want to do with it?"

(To Be Continued)



From Your Grocer—With Your Groceries

Carnation Milk keeps pure and sweet—the milk that's never late. A day's—a week's—a month's supply compactly stored on your pantry shelf makes milk assurance doubly sure. Convenient? Yes—You can't run short—just telephone your grocer. Carnation Milk is pure, fresh milk, evaporated to double richness kept safe by sterilization. Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or by the case of 48 cans.

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From the rails to the trails

You'll enjoy the trip to the Canadian Pacific Rockies—500 miles of Alpine Scenery—50 Switzerland in one. Get off at Banff, Lake Louise, Hector (for Wapta and Lake O'Hara), Field (for Emerald Lake or Yoho Valley) or Glacier, B. C. Step from the rails to the trails which lead you by foot, horse or motor through the

Canadian Pacific Rockies

Glorious days in the balsam-sweet air of the forested mountains. Wonderful evenings around the open campfire, or open hearthfire at a bungalow camp, or in the ballroom at a Canadian Pacific hotel. Velvety sleep at night. Such a vacation peeps you up. Come this summer.

G. Bruce Burpee
District Passenger Agent,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Announcement

Doctors Seaman, Tidmarsh and McKenzie wish to announce the opening of a Polyclinic at 188 Prince Street. Phone 725. 2762-7-29m61

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.
BOSTON—ST. JOHN, N. B.—(International) LINE
Fare St. John to Boston \$10.00; Eastport or Lunenburg \$9.00
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Leave St. John Wednesdays at 9 A. M. and Saturdays at 7 P. M.
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S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR
Leave St. John Mondays and Fridays at 7 P. M., for Boston direct, following day at 2 P. M.
For additional information apply to agents at above ports.

AUCTION SALE

On Thursday, August 6th., 1925, at 2 o'clock p.m., of lot and dwelling house, on Brighton Avenue, Charlottetown, property of the late Mrs. Gertrude Fanny McDougall. Also, at same time and place, all household furniture of the late Mrs. McDougall.
For particulars apply to McLean & McKinnon.
HECTOR McDOUGALL,
Administrator,
BENJAMIN CARTER,
Auctioneer.
2717-7-25st161.

SALT

35000 bus. fishery to arrive early per Schooners.
"Daniel Getson" and "Annabel Cameron" CARVELL BROS.



P. R. A.

The 60th Annual Prize Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Provincial Rifle Association will take place at Kensington Rifle Range Charlottetown, August 4th, 5th and 6th. Firing commences at 8.30 A. M.
Programmes can be had from the Secretary.
Have your Entries in early.
F. S. MOORE, COLONEL R. L. President.
CHARLES LEIGH, LIEUT. COL. R. O. Secretary-Treasurer.

COME AND SPEND THE DAY AT ROCKY POINT

ROCKY POINT FERRY TIME TABLE
Commencing June 1st, the Steamer Hibernia will run between Charlottetown and Rocky Point during the Summer months, as follows:

Lvs. Charlottetown	Lvs. Rocky Point
7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.
8.30 a. m.	9.00 a. m.
9.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m.
11.00 a. m.	11.50 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	2.00 p. m.
2.30 p. m.	3.00 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m.
4.30 p. m.	5.00 p. m.
6.30 p. m.	7.00 p. m.

SUNDAY
Lvs. Charlottetown. Lvs. Rocky Point
9.5 a. m. 10.00 a. m.
12.45 p. m. 1.00 p. m.
2.00 p. m. 2.30 p. m.
3.00 p. m. 3.30 p. m.
4.00 p. m. 4.30 p. m.
6.1-d8mthe.
CHARLES NEWSON, Manager.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court 16th George V. A. D. 1925

In Re-Estate of Angus Neal late of Charlottetown in Queen's County, in the said Province, deceased, testate.

By the Honourable A. Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Angus McLeod of Charlottetown aforesaid, Merchant, the executor of the above named Estate praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queens Co. in the said Province on Monday the seventeenth day of August next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock noon, of the same day to show cause if any they can, why the accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on Motion of Donald McKinnon, Esq., Proctor for the said Petitioner, And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be

forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the City weigh scales and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia, both in Charlottetown aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have notice thereof. (L.S.)

Given under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1925 in the 16th year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd) A. B. WARBURTON Judge of Probate

2287-7-14-11.

Demonstration Live Stock Train for Prince Edward Island

This train of six cars will carry herds of Ayrshire, Holstein and Guernsey cattle, Yorkshire Swine, Sheep, Poultry, Eggs, Poultry Equipment and Wool. Judging, feeding, grading, marketing and other demonstrations will be held at each stopping place. Opportunity will be given to discuss any phase of these subjects. Come and take your family and see some of the best livestock in the Province. If possible arrange for a farmers picnic at the nearest stopping place. It will be an enjoyable outing and a profitable one.

Train in charge of representative breeders and expert live stock men. For information write the Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown.

The following is the Schedule.

Date	Leave	Arrive	Train No.
Aug. 10	Charlottetown	Hunter River	2.23 P. M. 41
Aug. 10	Hunter River	Charlottetown	8.25 P. M. 41
Aug. 11	Charlottetown	Albany	8.45 P. M. 41
Aug. 12	Albany	Charlottetown	8.53 A. M. 297
Aug. 12	Charlottetown	Wellington	7.07 P. M. 27
Aug. 13	Wellington	Charlottetown	3.00 P. M. 27
Aug. 14	Charlottetown	West Devon	8.27 P. M. 27
Aug. 15	West Devon	Charlottetown	2.00 P. M. 27
Aug. 16	Charlottetown	O'Leary	9.00 P. M. 27
Aug. 17	O'Leary	Charlottetown	6.00 P. M. 27
Aug. 18	Charlottetown	Timothy	6.20 A. M. 41
Aug. 19	Timothy	Charlottetown	10.30 A. M. 41

50,000 HARVESTERS WANTED
\$24.60 War Tax Extra TO WINNIPEG
Plus half a cent a mile beyond to all points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Edmonton, Tannis, Calgary, MacLeod and East.
Special Low Fares Returning.

GOING DATES AUGUST 11th and 26th
SPECIAL TRAIN
Will Leave Charlottetown at 9 P. M., Monday, August 10th and run through to Winnipeg without change.
ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME
THROUGH TRAINS—COMFORTABLE COLONIST CARS—SPECIAL CARS FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Purchase your ticket to Winnipeg via Canadian National Railways, whether or not your final destination in the West is a point on the Canadian National.
Tickets and all information from nearest Agent.
W. K. ROGERS, City Ticket Agent. Station Ticket Agent.

Economical Recipes for the Kitchen

Prepared by Mary Blake of our Domestic Science Department will gladly be sent to you free on receipt of the coupon below. The Carnation Recipe Book, beautifully illustrated, is filled with interesting and helpful cooking hints. Send for it today. Meanwhile try these recipes:

CREAMED SALMON

2 cups salmon, 2 cups white sauce (see recipe below). Cut the salmon into fine pieces, add to hot white sauce and serve on toast. This serves six people.

CARNATION WHITE SAUCE No. 1

1/2 tablespoon salt, 1/4 tablespoon butter, 1/4 cup flour, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk. Melt butter until it stops bubbling, stir in flour and mix thoroughly. Add milk and water, stirring until thick and smooth. Add seasoning.

This coupon entitles you to one copy of Mary Blake's Cook Book which contains over 100 carefully tested recipes. Cut out this coupon and mail to Carnation Milk Products Company, Ltd., Aylmer, Ont.

Name _____
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