

New Advertisements

Teacher Wanted

of the first class for principal of Victoria School, No. 60. Supplement voted \$75.00. Midsummer vacation. Apply in person or by writing to E. BOSWELL, Secy. Trust Co. 7-841f.

Auction Sale! Building Lots!

We are instructed by the owners to sell at Public Auction, on July 12th, 1909, commencing at 12 o'clock, noon, 1 choice Building Lot, situated on Elm Avenue, adjoining Mrs McQuade's property. Also 1 Lot on Longworth Avenue. Terms at Sale. BENJ. CARTER & CO., Auctioneers 7-841f

For Sale

a nice six room house and lot with out buildings and garden. First sold by Tuesday the 13th day of July, 1909, it will be sold by Public Auction on that date on the premises, 34 Valley St., City, at 12 o'clock noon. For particulars apply to A. BOISNER, Auctioneer. 7-6710, 12, 13.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Persons trespassing on the Warren Farm, or Ringwood property, without a permit, will be prosecuted without further notice by the owner JOHN NEWSON, Charlottetown. 6-3612w.

Auction Sale of House and Furniture.

I am instructed by T. C. Frost, 23 Chestnut St. to sell by auction on the premises, on Friday, the 8th day of July, 1909, commencing at two o'clock p. m. his freehold house, good stone, cellar wall and out buildings, also all his household furniture, consisting in part of parlor suit, dining, kitchen and bed-room furniture, carpets, mats, oil cloth, window curtains, shades, poles and pictures, also about 1000 feet pine, spruce and hardwood lumber and 500 cedar shingles, also a good Singer sewing machine and about one dozen fowls. Terms for furniture and lumber, cash. For house and lot made known at date. A. BOISNER, Auctioneer. 7-4302, 2, 7, 8, 9.

Notice to Debtors of the Estate late John Connolly

All debts due the Estate must be paid or otherwise settled before the 15th day July 1909, all debts not settled at that date will be placed in the courts for immediate collection without further notice. MARY T. CONNOLLY, Administratrix. Settlement can be made at the store of the late John Connolly with manager. 6-1011w, 11, 12.

Effect Always Follows Cause

It needs no great philosopher to tell you that there can be no effect without a cause. The effect is sometimes more apparent than the cause, but the cause is there just the same. Conroy's Shoes

are not the product of chance or guess work. There is a cause for the superiority of my foot wear and for their ever increasing sales. Here it is—My shoes are made from the best materials, by experienced and expert work men, in one of the best equipped factories in Canada and are sold at the lowest margin of profit. (Prompt attention to Mail Orders)

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CARTER & CO., Limited. BOOK SELLERS

NEW WONDERLAND

Buttes Chaumont in Paris After a Snowstorm and Fatality--the Two New Pictures.

The new reel at the Peoples' Theatre tonight is one that will be sure to satisfy everyone. Buttes Chaumont in Paris is a very pretty piece of snow covered scenery and is intensely interesting. "Fatality" is one of those touching pictures that everyone is interested in and shows the sorrows and troubles of a poor man who steals to save a loved one at home. Death alters the case and he is about to

make restitution, when he is discovered and goes mad. The ending is very pathetic and this reel will no doubt be sure to please everyone. The other military picture "Is an Invasion possible" is the greatest military picture ever shown on canvas and this is a chance for everyone to see it. The illustrated song "Roguish Eyes" by Mrs. Tifts, makes up one of New Wonderland's usual first class programs.

LOVE AND THE LOCKSMITH

(Continued from page 7.)

For more than a week they had been having trouble with the lock that Barron had added to the fastenings provided by the landlord. There was a singular scare in the city, and apartment houses were the favorite points of attack.

Jimmie felt that, having spent the better part of Sunday afternoon putting the lock on, Nettie could not very

well expect him to keep it in repair. Thus had started the first quarrel they had had since their marriage, and Barron took the car downtown feeling anything but at ease with all the world.

The Chilver's interview was satisfactory in the extreme. It was late in the afternoon when the details were concluded, and Jimmie had entered upon a contract which meant the successful outcome of the business venture, in which he had engaged.

To cap the climax it had been arranged that Chilver, who was an out of town man, should spend the evening at the club with Jimmie, so it was past midnight when Barron reached home.

The elevator stopped running at 12 o'clock, and Jimmie tolled up the three flights of stairs to his apartment. Pinned to the door was a sheet of paper and on it the words, "I have gone to mother's."

Jimmie felt the cold perspiration beneath his forehead. It had come, then. He always had thought that "going to mother's" was merely a creation of the newspaper humorist, but it was true. Nettie had probably grieved over his refusal to fix the lock and had ended by going home to her mother.

Mechanically he turned and descended the stairs. He did not want to enter the deserted apartment. It was home no longer with Nettie gone. He did not know just where he wanted to go or what he wanted to do, but he wanted to get away from the place where they had been so happy together; he wanted to walk in the cool night air and to realize what it all meant to him. He was passionately attached to Nettie, and he had not dreamed that they ever could be separated.

He thought dumbly of the dark, silent apartment and shuddered. He would have to move from there and go to a hotel to live. He never could enter the deserted home again. It would be like violating the tomb of their dead happiness.

He did not blame Nettie, but he bitterly reproached himself. He knew how timid Nettie was. She had feared the surly looking janitor, and she could not even speak of burglars without a little shudder, and her husband had brutally told her that he would be darned if he would fix the door and had flung away, leaving her with only the insecure protection of the flimsy lock provided by the landlord. And this was a lock that even a child could open with the blade of a knife when the Yale lock would not work.

Perhaps the burglars had come. He rather hoped they had. He hoped that they had taken everything. It would be horrible to have to give directions

for the storage of the furniture which they had selected with such loving care.

There was a sentiment attached to every chair, and tears started in his tired eyes as he remembered the little footstool Nettie had insisted upon buying, though she would not tell him what she wished it so particularly for. It had become her favorite seat when he came in tired from the office, and she cuddled down against his side, the golden head resting comfortably on his shoulder while he told her the story of his day. He changed his mind about the burglars. He did not want them to carry off the little footstool.

As he pondered the situation Jimmie trudged onward and gave no heed to his direction. It was almost with a shock that he found himself turning in at a gate and realized that mechanically he had walked all the way to Nettie's mother's, three long miles.

There was a light in the window of

the room that had been Nettie's in their courtship days. He recalled the nights when he had passed the house just to see the light in the window and to know that all was well with her.

Now there was the light, but nothing was well. For an instant woman's form was silhouetted against the shade, and Barron came to a sudden decision. There was an all night drug store on the corner. He would call her up and sue for pardon.

It seemed hours before there was an answer to his ringing, but at last it came, and it was Nettie's sweetly serious voice that replied.

"It's Jimmie," he said brokenly. "I got your note."

"It served you right," said Nettie severely.

"I know it does," admitted Barron. "I really meant to send a man around, but the Chilver's matter drove the thought from my head and I forgot all about it."

"You have only yourself to blame," she reminded. "I asked you hundreds of times to fix the lock."

"Only about eight," corrected Barron. "but I was a brute not to do it the first time you asked. After this you won't have to ask me to do a thing a second time, dear."

Barron regarded himself in the mirrored wall contentedly. It was an inspiration to treat the matter as though there had been no separation.

"Did the burglars get in?" asked Nettie interestedly.

"I don't think so," was the eager response. "But look here, Nettie. If I promised that I will always do the things you ask me to will you—be friends again, dear? When I came home and found that you had left me I broke down. I walked out here from our place and never realized that I had walked so far until I found myself turning in at your gate."

There was a choking sound over the wire, and Jimmie looked hopeful. If she was crying it was a sign that she might relent.

"Where are you now?" asked the voice.

"Down at the corner," was the prompt reply. "Won't you let me come over and see you, dear?"

"You may come," assented Nettie, and Jimmie tore out of the place without even stopping to hang up the receiver. He sped up the street, and a few moments later he was on the steps and Nettie was standing in the doorway to welcome him.

As the door closed behind them a pair of soft arms were thrown about his neck and soft lips pressed his cheek.

"Jimmie, you're the absurdest boy," declared the little wife lovingly. "You didn't even try to get in the flat, did you?"

"What was the use when you were not there, sweetheart?" he asked fondly.

"You would have found out why I came to mother's," she explained. "Your horrid lock worked when I went out, but when I came home not even the janitor could make it unlock, and it was too late to find a locksmith, so I came on to mother's and left that note for you."

"And you were not angry? You didn't leave me?" demanded Jimmie.

"How could I?" she asked simply. "You were a bad boy, Jimmie, but I love you, dear."

Jimmie took her in his arms. "I want you always to love me," he said, "and I'm going to buy you a dozen locks in the morning. What is that quotation about love and the locksmith?"

Up a Starfish Ladder. Fishermen say that starfishes are gregarious; that you might find on the bottom an acre covered so thick with them that you couldn't walk without stepping on them, but not find another starfish for hundreds of acres around. This characteristic gregariousness the starfishes in captivity at the aquarium sometimes show, as when they assemble, as they may, all in one corner of the tank in the angle, tightly holding on there, one above another irregularly, but still close together from the bottom of the tank to the top.

And when they have assembled thus you may see another curious thing there—namely, green crabs climbing from the bottom to the top of the tank up this starfish ladder. The green crab is not one of the swimming crabs. When it goes anywhere it has to walk or climb, and so on the bottom it walks along, to climb when it comes to rocks or other obstructions. It cannot, however, climb up a vertical wall like that of a tank. But here the starfishes, one above another in the corner, make with their bodies and projecting arms convenient ridges that the green crabs can hold on by, and so they climb there up this starfish ladder, finding in this, it may be, some diversion, while as for the starfishes, they don't seem to mind it—New York Sun.

Where Clothes Value Comes In

Its most pleasing when shrewd customers select clothing in this store, after searching the town for better values. But we would not be satisfied otherwise. The foundation of our clothing business is full value for your money; or your money back. We won't sell you clothes unless you are satisfied. We want you to do our advertising. We are to the clothing trade what our hat department is to the hat trade—the centre of clothes value. Below we give some good suit values.

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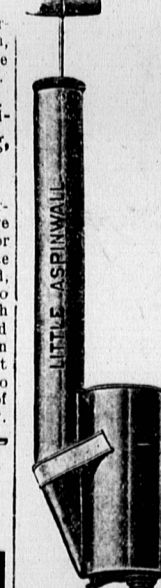
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In boys, clothing its the wear we want. When we select our stock we select each individual line the same as you buy it for that boy. We go right to the quality, analyse every important point. We don't think you can get better clothes anywhere. If you can get anything nearly as good you can be satisfied. Here's some prices. Sailor suits blue serge braided collars price \$1.50. 2 piece Norfolk assorted tweeds age 5 to 10 yrs a bargain at \$2.50. Buster Brown, dark fancy tweed, brass buttons, cloth belt \$4.00. 3 piece dark striped tweed 3 button, double breasted strong and durable aged 10 to 16 yrs. \$6.00. Ask To See Our Boys' Wear-resisting Pants



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