



# THE

world's most popular ready-to-eat cereal is made of native Canadian corn. 12,000,000 people daily enjoy corn in its most delicious form—in crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

## Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

\*The flakes with the "wonder" flavor!

### Furness Red Cross Line

S. S. "Rosalind" Freight and passengers.  
 S. S. "Imogene" Freight only.

Arrive	Ch'town & Sail for
Leave	Montreal St. John's
S. S. "Imogene"	May 30 June 2
S. S. "Rosalind"	June 6 June 9
S. S. "Imogene"	June 12 June 15
S. S. "Rosalind"	June 20 June 23

For space and rates apply

CARVELL BROS. LTD. AGENTS Tues.-fri.-lf.

### S. S. "Harland" NOTICE

Owing to tide conditions at Victoria the "Harland" will make only one round trip on that service viz. on the following dates May 15th and 20th. Also June 12th and 26th, leaving Charlottetown at 7 A. M. returning will leave Victoria at 1 P. M. During the intervening weeks the two round trips will be made.

### Professional Cards

#### AUDITORS

Accounts Audited, Income Tax Returns Prepared.  
A. E. MacNeill & Co.  
127 Grafton Street

#### BELL & MATHIESON

R. B. BELL  
D. L. MATHIESON, LL. B.  
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.  
Money to Loan.  
Offices—Charlottetown and Montagu

#### Eugene Permanent Waving

and FINGER WAVING  
All branches of Beauty Culture at the ELITE BEAUTY SHOPPE, Summerside  
3508-5-6-11-1110.

#### Mark R. McGuigan, B. A.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

#### 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

#### Stewart & Lowther

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

#### Dr. D. T. Wayne

DENTAL SURGEON  
130 Richmond Street  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Office Hours Phone 543  
P. A. M. to 1 P. M.  
3 P. M. to 5 P. M.

### SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"A man is all tears when a beautiful girl sings."



She: At times the ocean reminds me.  
He: Ah, so grand, eh?  
She: No. Only at low tide when it's all going out and nothing coming in.



She: There is an old admirer of mine over there.  
He: How old is he? If he's one of those old reprobates about 60 years old, I'll have to be careful.



"I suspect there will soon be a lot of castles in the air."  
"Why?"  
"Garages for the flying machines you know."

### For Sale

The site of the Victoria Hotel with building thereon, also building lot opposite.  
These two properties will be sold separately or en bloc. An attractive price will be given for quick sale. Apply to  
W. K. ROGERS,  
LT. COL. D. A. MACKINNON,  
Liquidators.

### Married Quarters

By DAVID LYALL

Continued

"I always think that would be rather fascinating," she said slowly. "And supposing I was your wife, would I be required since it seems to be a sort of family affair, to take my turn behind the counter?"  
"No," said Jim, and she saw him writhe. He could not just sense what she was driving at, or how the revelation had affected her. "That could not possibly happen. We should be able to afford a house outside of the town."  
"I know the kind of house, small, new, built of red brick trimmed with white, with brass rods in the window curtains which are always very white and stiffly starched. And I should have to get up early in the morning to clean the door-handle and the knockers and the steps. It would do very well for a little holiday, but oh, Jim, it's all clean impossible! What are we to do?"  
"God knows!" said Jim, and these two words adequately described his state of mind. Poppy dashed some angry tears from her eyes.  
"It all comes of your being so ridiculously good-looking, and so dear! It isn't right of God. People should be born with lables. Now, if you'd seen my brother Beau. He would have seemed in his proper place behind a counter while you look as if you'd belonged before there was a Pomeroy in Cudham Ferrars."  
Bradford made no answer to this perfectly futile statement.  
"Now I wonder whether there isn't a way out? Couldn't you break away?" she added wistfully. "So many strange things happen in the war. And you've done so splendidly two bars to your D.S.O.! I'm so proud of them, you can't think!"  
"I don't want to break away," Bradford answered steadily. "I'm not ashamed of my people; in fact, I'm proud of them. I can't begin to tell you why I'm proud, because you would never understand. You belong to another world."  
"But I might understand," suggested Poppy. "I'm a human being, I'm a human being. I suppose, the same as they are."  
"And I wouldn't hurt them for the world," he went on, "nor let anyone else hurt them."  
"Who wants to hurt them? Don't look at me, for goodness sake, as if I wanted to do it."  
Again the spasm crossed his face.

"It was cursed fortune after all that sent me here, Poppy. I wish to God they'd sent me to any one-horse show bar this. It isn't fair to chuck chaps like me into an environment like this, up against woman like you, and expect them to remain normal. I tell you, Poppy, this bit of the war is going to make more tragedy than any other bit of it. When the Bosche is dead he's dead, but this sort of thing goes on, world without end."  
Poppy's sensitive mouth quivered, and Bradford regarded her with a whole world of yearning and compassion in his deep, quiet eyes.  
"I feel I ought to ask your pardon, my dear," he said very humbly. "Not for loving you, that, I couldn't help. But for letting you know."  
"Oh, but Jim, there's me," she cried with all the abandon of a child. "I care just frightfully."  
She sidled up to his end of the seat, and bent her head till her cheek rested against his whole hand, and so they sat for a space, poor young things, in silence.  
"I want you to know, Jim, that I don't wish, like you, that it had never happened. It's been a different world since we've met, and life has all changed."  
"But not for the better, darling, since it looks as if we must part."  
"There would be what you call the devil to pay, Jim," she assured him solemnly.  
"Then you don't think there's a chance?" he asked wistfully, for now that the worst was over he could not let her go.

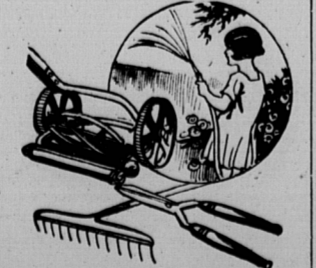
"I know the kind of house, small, new, built of red brick trimmed with white, with brass rods in the window curtains which are always very white and stiffly starched. And I should have to get up early in the morning to clean the door-handle and the knockers and the steps. It would do very well for a little holiday, but oh, Jim, it's all clean impossible! What are we to do?"  
"God knows!" said Jim, and these two words adequately described his state of mind. Poppy dashed some angry tears from her eyes.  
"It all comes of your being so ridiculously good-looking, and so dear! It isn't right of God. People should be born with lables. Now, if you'd seen my brother Beau. He would have seemed in his proper place behind a counter while you look as if you'd belonged before there was a Pomeroy in Cudham Ferrars."  
Bradford made no answer to this perfectly futile statement.  
"Now I wonder whether there isn't a way out? Couldn't you break away?" she added wistfully. "So many strange things happen in the war. And you've done so splendidly two bars to your D.S.O.! I'm so proud of them, you can't think!"  
"I don't want to break away," Bradford answered steadily. "I'm not ashamed of my people; in fact, I'm proud of them. I can't begin to tell you why I'm proud, because you would never understand. You belong to another world."  
"But I might understand," suggested Poppy. "I'm a human being, I'm a human being. I suppose, the same as they are."  
"And I wouldn't hurt them for the world," he went on, "nor let anyone else hurt them."  
"Who wants to hurt them? Don't look at me, for goodness sake, as if I wanted to do it."  
Again the spasm crossed his face.

### Rheumatism 23 Yrs Discovers Way to Banish all Pain

"Had rheumatism for 23 years. Hospital said incurable. Was in bed when I took 'Fruit-a-lives.' They have done wonders. Can do my work and no more pain." — Mrs. A. N. Field, Wynyard, Sask.  
Just one of thousands who say rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis fly away quick with "Fruit-a-lives." Chronic constipation and liver troubles end overnight. Bad stomach, biliousness, indigestion, heartburn, gas vanish like magic. Kidney and bladder ailments back go in hurry. Nerves quiet, sound sleep at once.  
Ten of nature's greatest remedies combined in handy little tablet. Marvelous discovery of famous Canadian doctor. Speedy results.  
Get "Fruit-a-lives" from druggist today. Sleep fine, wake up great.

### Mackerel Barrels

We can now supply your needs at lowest prices. Wire or write for quotations before booking your orders.  
ELMER E. SHARBELL,  
Portage, P. E. I.  
3997-5-27-31.



### HELP FOR LAWN AND GARDEN

It's time now to give a thought to your lawn and garden. And we are ready with the implements you will need to give them proper care. Our stock of garden hose, lawn mowers, rakes and other equipment for improving your landscape was never more complete and varied than NOW.

### The Rogers Hardware Co., Limited

### "My Own!"

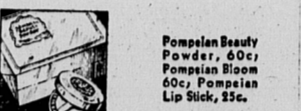


My very own!—sweet words from his lips. Words that promise years of adoration—words that come more quickly where Beauty lends her aid.

And to be beautiful is such a simple matter! Fifteen minutes a day and—POMPEIAN. For remember, beauty is not a matter of classic features—but of beautiful skin.

### LET POMPEIAN HELP YOU—INEXPENSIVELY.

FREE: Pompeian 1930 Art Panel. Write today. Enclose 10 cents for various trial sizes of Pompeian Beauty Aids and bottles, "Your Type of Beauty." Address: Pompeian Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada.



Pompeian Beauty Powder, 60c; Pompeian Bloom 60c; Pompeian Lip Stick, 25c.

### POMPEIAN MADE IN CANADA

"I was cursed fortune after all that sent me here, Poppy. I wish to God they'd sent me to any one-horse show bar this. It isn't fair to chuck chaps like me into an environment like this, up against woman like you, and expect them to remain normal. I tell you, Poppy, this bit of the war is going to make more tragedy than any other bit of it. When the Bosche is dead he's dead, but this sort of thing goes on, world without end."  
Poppy's sensitive mouth quivered, and Bradford regarded her with a whole world of yearning and compassion in his deep, quiet eyes.  
"I feel I ought to ask your pardon, my dear," he said very humbly. "Not for loving you, that, I couldn't help. But for letting you know."  
"Oh, but Jim, there's me," she cried with all the abandon of a child. "I care just frightfully."  
She sidled up to his end of the seat, and bent her head till her cheek rested against his whole hand, and so they sat for a space, poor young things, in silence.  
"I want you to know, Jim, that I don't wish, like you, that it had never happened. It's been a different world since we've met, and life has all changed."  
"But not for the better, darling, since it looks as if we must part."  
"There would be what you call the devil to pay, Jim," she assured him solemnly.  
"Then you don't think there's a chance?" he asked wistfully, for now that the worst was over he could not let her go.

### NOTICE

No trespassing on my property in Newton, Lot 26. ALICE TRAINOR. 3765-5-15-thursat3wks.

### NOTICE TO HORSEMEN

The Charlottetown Driving Park track is now ready for training purposes. Tickets good up to August 10th, also permitting use of a stall should be obtained from the Secretary's Office. A fee of \$5 will be charged to partially cover cost of keeping track in condition.  
J. W. BOULTER, Secretary.  
Charlottetown Driving Park and Provincial Exhibition Association. 3584-5-6-1f.

### NOTICE

No trespassing on my property in Newton, Lot 26. ALICE TRAINOR. 3765-5-15-thursat3wks.

### NOTICE TO HORSEMEN

The Charlottetown Driving Park track is now ready for training purposes. Tickets good up to August 10th, also permitting use of a stall should be obtained from the Secretary's Office. A fee of \$5 will be charged to partially cover cost of keeping track in condition.  
J. W. BOULTER, Secretary.  
Charlottetown Driving Park and Provincial Exhibition Association. 3584-5-6-1f.

### C. M. Lampion & Co., Limited.

64 Queen Street  
London, E. C. 4, England  
Public Auction Sales OF RAW FURS  
Shipping bags will be furnished without charge by applying to R. T. Holman, Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I.  
represented by Alfred Fraser, Inc. 212 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

"With my people, you mean? Not an earthly. I should just have to choose between you and them."  
"It's a big thing to ask, and I won't ask it, Poppy."  
"You won't? Don't you care enough?"  
"Don't torture me, darling. You know perfectly well that what is wrong with me is that I care too much. And even if I cared twenty times more than I do, I haven't the right to ask such a sacrifice."  
"Not even if I wanted to make it?" she asked, pushing him to the outermost edge. She raised her head then, and looked deep into his eyes. What she saw there, the great pure passion of a man's soul, sent her head down again the flame on her cheeks.  
"The war has taught men to endure!" he said after a long pause. "It has shown us what can be fought down and lived through. Let's leave it at that."  
The girl sprang to her feet and stamped rebelliously on the gravelled path.  
"Oh why is everything so wrong and rotten? Why were you born Jim Bradford of Markyate-at-Stone and not Reggie Vandaleur of Pishetts Manor?"  
Then she would have married and lived happy ever after!"  
"Is he the man you've told me of?" asked Bradford.  
She nodded rebelliously. "The one they've made up their minds I'm to marry. Reggie has made up his too, only I haven't. I never will now, you see, because of you."  
A brisk step on the gravel recalled them to decorous behaviour, and it was their last moment together. Next morning four convalescents departed from the Place, a little party of nurses, some of them in tears, fluttering white handkerchiefs from the gallery window.  
Lady Stanton Pole paid them the signal compliment of accompanying them to the station and giving them a proper send-off. When she returned to the Place she spoke of them to her niece with genuine regret on her handsome face and vibrating through her well-modulated voice.  
"There were some of our very nicest, Poppy, don't you think so? It was hard saying good-bye. What a pity it has to be 'Finis' every time."  
When Poppy had nothing to say, Lady Pole regarded her rather anxiously. A childless woman herself, she was devoted to her brother's family, and Poppy was her particular pet.  
"You are certainly a bit of colour child; you must go down to Cudham next week. You need a breath of the sea."  
(To be Continued)

"With my people, you mean? Not an earthly. I should just have to choose between you and them."  
"It's a big thing to ask, and I won't ask it, Poppy."  
"You won't? Don't you care enough?"  
"Don't torture me, darling. You know perfectly well that what is wrong with me is that I care too much. And even if I cared twenty times more than I do, I haven't the right to ask such a sacrifice."  
"Not even if I wanted to make it?" she asked, pushing him to the outermost edge. She raised her head then, and looked deep into his eyes. What she saw there, the great pure passion of a man's soul, sent her head down again the flame on her cheeks.  
"The war has taught men to endure!" he said after a long pause. "It has shown us what can be fought down and lived through. Let's leave it at that."  
The girl sprang to her feet and stamped rebelliously on the gravelled path.  
"Oh why is everything so wrong and rotten? Why were you born Jim Bradford of Markyate-at-Stone and not Reggie Vandaleur of Pishetts Manor?"  
Then she would have married and lived happy ever after!"  
"Is he the man you've told me of?" asked Bradford.  
She nodded rebelliously. "The one they've made up their minds I'm to marry. Reggie has made up his too, only I haven't. I never will now, you see, because of you."  
A brisk step on the gravel recalled them to decorous behaviour, and it was their last moment together. Next morning four convalescents departed from the Place, a little party of nurses, some of them in tears, fluttering white handkerchiefs from the gallery window.  
Lady Stanton Pole paid them the signal compliment of accompanying them to the station and giving them a proper send-off. When she returned to the Place she spoke of them to her niece with genuine regret on her handsome face and vibrating through her well-modulated voice.  
"There were some of our very nicest, Poppy, don't you think so? It was hard saying good-bye. What a pity it has to be 'Finis' every time."  
When Poppy had nothing to say, Lady Pole regarded her rather anxiously. A childless woman herself, she was devoted to her brother's family, and Poppy was her particular pet.  
"You are certainly a bit of colour child; you must go down to Cudham next week. You need a breath of the sea."  
(To be Continued)

"With my people, you mean? Not an earthly. I should just have to choose between you and them."  
"It's a big thing to ask, and I won't ask it, Poppy."  
"You won't? Don't you care enough?"  
"Don't torture me, darling. You know perfectly well that what is wrong with me is that I care too much. And even if I cared twenty times more than I do, I haven't the right to ask such a sacrifice."  
"Not even if I wanted to make it?" she asked, pushing him to the outermost edge. She raised her head then, and looked deep into his eyes. What she saw there, the great pure passion of a man's soul, sent her head down again the flame on her cheeks.  
"The war has taught men to endure!" he said after a long pause. "It has shown us what can be fought down and lived through. Let's leave it at that."  
The girl sprang to her feet and stamped rebelliously on the gravelled path.  
"Oh why is everything so wrong and rotten? Why were you born Jim Bradford of Markyate-at-Stone and not Reggie Vandaleur of Pishetts Manor?"  
Then she would have married and lived happy ever after!"  
"Is he the man you've told me of?" asked Bradford.  
She nodded rebelliously. "The one they've made up their minds I'm to marry. Reggie has made up his too, only I haven't. I never will now, you see, because of you."  
A brisk step on the gravel recalled them to decorous behaviour, and it was their last moment together. Next morning four convalescents departed from the Place, a little party of nurses, some of them in tears, fluttering white handkerchiefs from the gallery window.  
Lady Stanton Pole paid them the signal compliment of accompanying them to the station and giving them a proper send-off. When she returned to the Place she spoke of them to her niece with genuine regret on her handsome face and vibrating through her well-modulated voice.  
"There were some of our very nicest, Poppy, don't you think so? It was hard saying good-bye. What a pity it has to be 'Finis' every time."  
When Poppy had nothing to say, Lady Pole regarded her rather anxiously. A childless woman herself, she was devoted to her brother's family, and Poppy was her particular pet.  
"You are certainly a bit of colour child; you must go down to Cudham next week. You need a breath of the sea."  
(To be Continued)

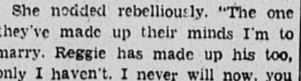
"With my people, you mean? Not an earthly. I should just have to choose between you and them."  
"It's a big thing to ask, and I won't ask it, Poppy."  
"You won't? Don't you care enough?"  
"Don't torture me, darling. You know perfectly well that what is wrong with me is that I care too much. And even if I cared twenty times more than I do, I haven't the right to ask such a sacrifice."  
"Not even if I wanted to make it?" she asked, pushing him to the outermost edge. She raised her head then, and looked deep into his eyes. What she saw there, the great pure passion of a man's soul, sent her head down again the flame on her cheeks.  
"The war has taught men to endure!" he said after a long pause. "It has shown us what can be fought down and lived through. Let's leave it at that."  
The girl sprang to her feet and stamped rebelliously on the gravelled path.  
"Oh why is everything so wrong and rotten? Why were you born Jim Bradford of Markyate-at-Stone and not Reggie Vandaleur of Pishetts Manor?"  
Then she would have married and lived happy ever after!"  
"Is he the man you've told me of?" asked Bradford.  
She nodded rebelliously. "The one they've made up their minds I'm to marry. Reggie has made up his too, only I haven't. I never will now, you see, because of you."  
A brisk step on the gravel recalled them to decorous behaviour, and it was their last moment together. Next morning four convalescents departed from the Place, a little party of nurses, some of them in tears, fluttering white handkerchiefs from the gallery window.  
Lady Stanton Pole paid them the signal compliment of accompanying them to the station and giving them a proper send-off. When she returned to the Place she spoke of them to her niece with genuine regret on her handsome face and vibrating through her well-modulated voice.  
"There were some of our very nicest, Poppy, don't you think so? It was hard saying good-bye. What a pity it has to be 'Finis' every time."  
When Poppy had nothing to say, Lady Pole regarded her rather anxiously. A childless woman herself, she was devoted to her brother's family, and Poppy was her particular pet.  
"You are certainly a bit of colour child; you must go down to Cudham next week. You need a breath of the sea."  
(To be Continued)

"With my people, you mean? Not an earthly. I should just have to choose between you and them."  
"It's a big thing to ask, and I won't ask it, Poppy."  
"You won't? Don't you care enough?"  
"Don't torture me, darling. You know perfectly well that what is wrong with me is that I care too much. And even if I cared twenty times more than I do, I haven't the right to ask such a sacrifice."  
"Not even if I wanted to make it?" she asked, pushing him to the outermost edge. She raised her head then, and looked deep into his eyes. What she saw there, the great pure passion of a man's soul, sent her head down again the flame on her cheeks.  
"The war has taught men to endure!" he said after a long pause. "It has shown us what can be fought down and lived through. Let's leave it at that."  
The girl sprang to her feet and stamped rebelliously on the gravelled path.  
"Oh why is everything so wrong and rotten? Why were you born Jim Bradford of Markyate-at-Stone and not Reggie Vandaleur of Pishetts Manor?"  
Then she would have married and lived happy ever after!"  
"Is he the man you've told me of?" asked Bradford.  
She nodded rebelliously. "The one they've made up their minds I'm to marry. Reggie has made up his too, only I haven't. I never will now, you see, because of you."  
A brisk step on the gravel recalled them to decorous behaviour, and it was their last moment together. Next morning four convalescents departed from the Place, a little party of nurses, some of them in tears, fluttering white handkerchiefs from the gallery window.  
Lady Stanton Pole paid them the signal compliment of accompanying them to the station and giving them a proper send-off. When she returned to the Place she spoke of them to her niece with genuine regret on her handsome face and vibrating through her well-modulated voice.  
"There were some of our very nicest, Poppy, don't you think so? It was hard saying good-bye. What a pity it has to be 'Finis' every time."  
When Poppy had nothing to say, Lady Pole regarded her rather anxiously. A childless woman herself, she was devoted to her brother's family, and Poppy was her particular pet.  
"You are certainly a bit of colour child; you must go down to Cudham next week. You need a breath of the sea."  
(To be Continued)

"With my people, you mean? Not an earthly. I should just have to choose between you and them."  
"It's a big thing to ask, and I won't ask it, Poppy."  
"You won't? Don't you care enough?"  
"Don't torture me, darling. You know perfectly well that what is wrong with me is that I care too much. And even if I cared twenty times more than I do, I haven't the right to ask such a sacrifice."  
"Not even if I wanted to make it?" she asked, pushing him to the outermost edge. She raised her head then, and looked deep into his eyes. What she saw there, the great pure passion of a man's soul, sent her head down again the flame on her cheeks.  
"The war has taught men to endure!" he said after a long pause. "It has shown us what can be fought down and lived through. Let's leave it at that."  
The girl sprang to her feet and stamped rebelliously on the gravelled path.  
"Oh why is everything so wrong and rotten? Why were you born Jim Bradford of Markyate-at-Stone and not Reggie Vandaleur of Pishetts Manor?"  
Then she would have married and lived happy ever after!"  
"Is he the man you've told me of?" asked Bradford.  
She nodded rebelliously. "The one they've made up their minds I'm to marry. Reggie has made up his too, only I haven't. I never will now, you see, because of you."  
A brisk step on the gravel recalled them to decorous behaviour, and it was their last moment together. Next morning four convalescents departed from the Place, a little party of nurses, some of them in tears, fluttering white handkerchiefs from the gallery window.  
Lady Stanton Pole paid them the signal compliment of accompanying them to the station and giving them a proper send-off. When she returned to the Place she spoke of them to her niece with genuine regret on her handsome face and vibrating through her well-modulated voice.  
"There were some of our very nicest, Poppy, don't you think so? It was hard saying good-bye. What a pity it has to be 'Finis' every time."  
When Poppy had nothing to say, Lady Pole regarded her rather anxiously. A childless woman herself, she was devoted to her brother's family, and Poppy was her particular pet.  
"You are certainly a bit of colour child; you must go down to Cudham next week. You need a breath of the sea."  
(To be Continued)

### FIRST-AID

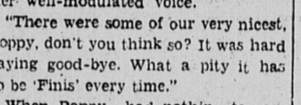
For all pains and aches, foot troubles, cuts and bruises, or general massaging purposes. Minard's simply can't be beaten.



MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

### "PEERLESS" Brand Fox Netting

Foxes are valuable, and in order to insure their proper protection you should have the best therefore you should have "PEERLESS," the best English Fox Netting on the market.  
Heavily galvanized before and after being woven, it will not rust. If any roll does not open up to your satisfaction, RETURN THE ROLL, we will gladly replace it or refund your money.  
We also carry a complete line of Fox Pans, Staples, Lacing Wire, Nails, Hinges, Fox Tongs, etc.



### SPINNING AND WEAVING

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn or wove into blankets the charge for spinning single yarn is 25 cents per pound and doubled 28 cents. Spinning and weaving a blanket \$2.25. Blankets are (white only) and all wool 72 x 90 inches unwashed wool must be washed clean and all burs and dirt picked out. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on shipments of 100 lbs. Put shippers name on all parcels and owners name, address and instructions inside, otherwise I will not be responsible for losses. The size of single yarn is medium and doubled yarn, fine, medium and coarse.  
WM. LANDRIGAN  
SOURIS, P. E. I.

# Accidents will happen!



## CONGOLEUM Beauty is Stain-Proof Spot-Proof

Nothing can permanently stain or mar the beauty of the long-wearing surface of Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs... a simple rub-over with a damp mop and the cheerful pattern is clean and fresh as new.

It means "good-bye" to tiresome heating and sweeping... and brings you golden hours of leisure to do the things you enjoy most.

What a wealth of beauty you can find in the new, master-created patterns for spring... at amazingly low cost... see them to-day at all good housefurnishings stores.

This coupon will bring you a booklet showing the full range of beautiful patterns in their true colours... it is free and involves no obligation—fill it out now.

## CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS

We carry all standard sizes in the latest designs in Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. See our large display at lowest prices.

## Prowse Bros. Limited

### "FARMERS" "PRICE OF WOOL IS VERY LOW"

Ship us all your washed wool to be manufactured into yarn, selling the finished article and thereby increase your profits.  
Our charges are as follows: Carding 8 cents per pound, carding and spinning single yarn 25 cents per pound, doubling and twisting 3 cents extra, coloring 10 cents per pound extra. We pay freight both ways on shipments of 100 lbs. or over, and guarantee satisfaction. Will be pleased to forward sample card and shipping tags on request.  
F. H. COPP WOOLEN MILL, Port Elgin, N. B.

### GET AWAY FROM THE DAILY ROUND Take advantage of LOW WEEK END FARES

It's wonderful the difference a few miles make. A short trip and you are in the great, cool, clean outdoors, on lake or stream or mountain.  
Take advantage of special week end fares effective May 2nd to October 31st. Get there and back for a fare and a half. Leave Friday noon or later. Return Monday.  
Special leaflets at all Canadian National Ticket Offices including W. K. ROGERS, City Ticket Agent, E. F. RITCHIE, Ticket Agent, Station, P. W. CLARRIN, District Passenger Agent.

### SPINNING AND WEAVING

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn or wove into blankets the charge for spinning single yarn is 25 cents per pound and doubled 28 cents. Spinning and weaving a blanket \$2.25. Blankets are (white only) and all wool 72 x 90 inches unwashed wool must be washed clean and all burs and dirt picked out. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on shipments of 100 lbs. Put shippers name on all parcels and owners name, address and instructions inside, otherwise I will not be responsible for losses. The size of single yarn is medium and doubled yarn, fine, medium and coarse.  
WM. LANDRIGAN  
SOURIS, P. E. I.

### The Rogers Hardware Company Limited

Shipping bags will be furnished without charge by applying to R. T. Holman, Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I.  
represented by Alfred Fraser, Inc. 212 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

## CANADIAN NATIONAL